

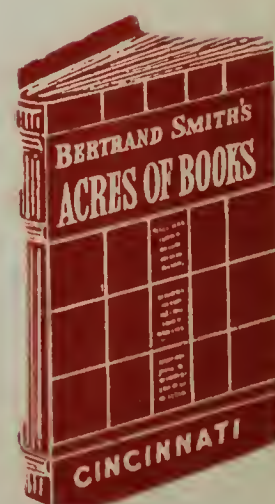
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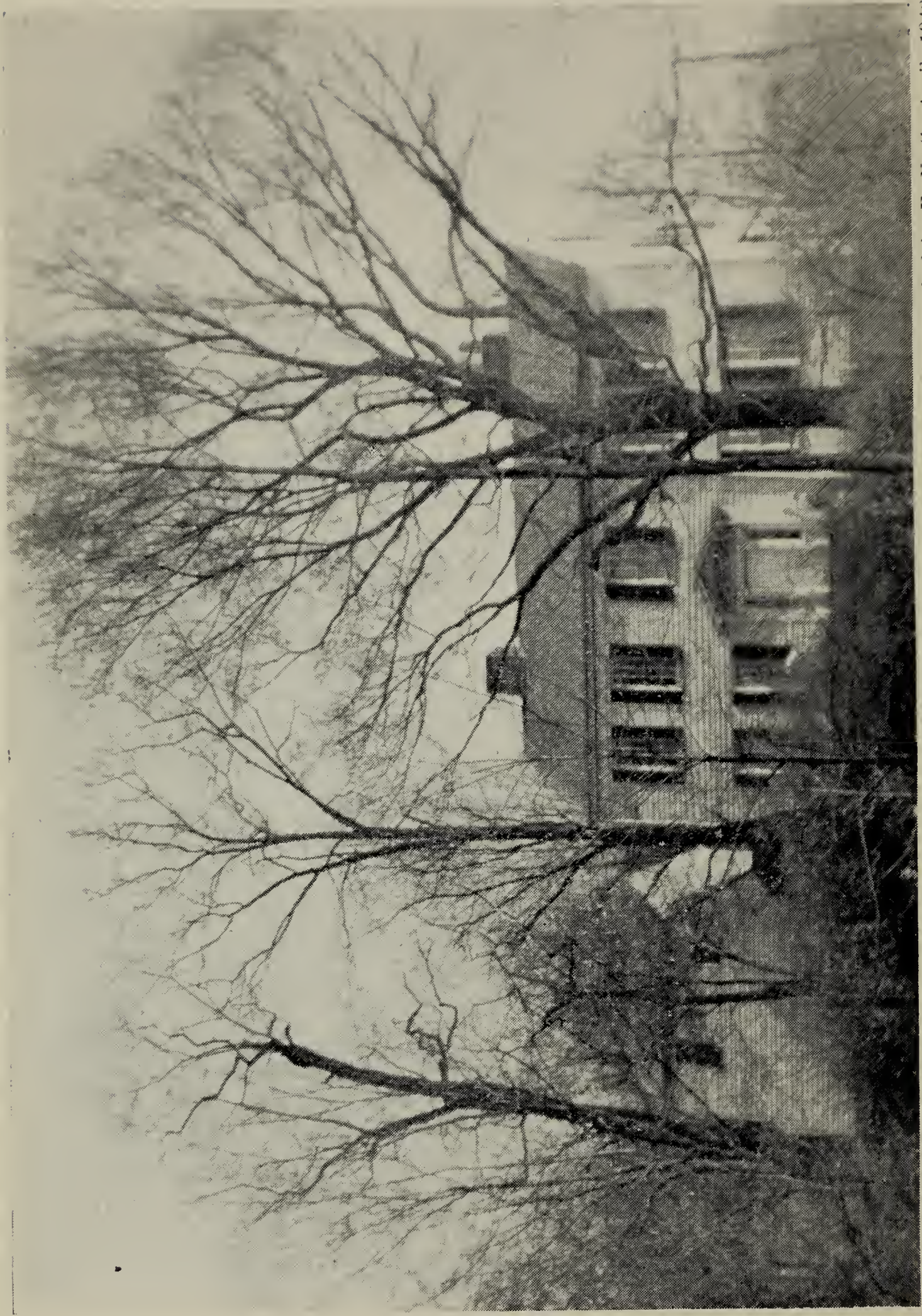












**BEECHWOOD**

Home of the Clopper Family in Cincinnati since 1830.

Photographed by E. N. C., April, 1942



# An American Family

Its Ups and Downs through Eight Generations  
in New Amsterdam, New York, Pennsylvania,  
Maryland, Ohio, and Texas  
from 1650 to 1880

By  
EDWARD NICHOLAS CLOPPER, Ph. D.

1950

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*"There are two kinds of history—the public history of the printed books, the battle monuments, and the steel engravings; and the private history of the letters tied in bundles and the flowers from the rainy graves. The attics of the forty-eight states are filled with the private history of the republic, as every good librarian knows."*

—Archibald MacLeish in *The Yale Review*,  
Summer, 1949.

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## PREFACE

The lives we lead are shaped by many influences. Each one of us, when he comes into the world, is set upon a potter's wheel and most of us never leave it until we die. Round and round we go through all our days, bumping into other wheels, with first one and then another influence pressing upon our clay and forming both our present and our future. A few extraordinary souls by sheer force of character walk off with the wheel for a time but they never part from it and, sooner or later, get back on it and must needs let it do with them what it will. Some force is at work upon us every day. Social and economic conditions give the lump a form sometimes attractive, sometimes repulsive. So do personal qualities, attitudes, tastes, and prejudices—our own and those of others. So does admiration or envy of our fellows. So does training. So does chance. All these, working together or at cross purposes, make or break us. Our beliefs and our doubts, our ambitions and our disappointments, our advantages and handicaps, triumphs and failures, pride and humiliation, joys and sorrows, make up our lives. They made up the lives of the Clopper family and through successive generations its members left records of all these conscious events in letters, diaries, commonplace books, contracts, accounts, wills, deeds, and law-suits.

This book is not a history of successful careers, nor a tale of recurrent triumphs with all human failings left out, but an unvarnished picture of struggle with fate, a mosaic of human experiences pieced together from the rejoicings and the repinings poured out in words upon the pages of missives, journals, and albums, both in prose and poetry. It is a narrative of attempts to vindicate faith, of visions which bewildered, of mirages which enticed, of judgment gone wrong, and of ships which seldom came in.

Each member of a generation was "successful" or not, depending upon one's criterion for determining this. Success in life has many definitions: the amassing of wealth—whose worship, fortunately, is not so abject now as it was; the being content with small means; preferment in office; recognition by contemporaries; usefulness in service; control of environment; serenity under misfortune; mastery of self. All have their partisans. Few attain to any one of them. Try as hard as one may, something nearly always happens to keep us from the goal. Like all actual histories of human beings, this tells of aims without wisdom, of blunders, of perseverance, of frustration and hope renewed, and at last, in a new generation, of faith justified. "Nothing succeeds like success" is the most ironic maxim in the English language. It has little application to this record.

E. N. C., Cincinnati, 1949.

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# AN AMERICAN FAMILY

## I

### A DUTCH FORGE IS LIGHTED ON MANHATTAN

FROM an unknown ship on an unknown day in an unknown year a Dutch blacksmith from Bergen-op-Zoom landed at New Amsterdam. He bore the appropriate name of Clopper, indicating that for generations his forebears had worked at the anvil—an odd name, now as rare in Holland as in America, perhaps even rarer, yet having a cosmopolitan character for it has even been made to do duty as an English verb in the song “Filon” beginning:

Already the moon has set, the days are asleep,

And somebody there cloppers beyond the woods.<sup>1</sup>

Here a noise, as of pounding or beating, struck one's ears, for the Dutch verb *kloppen* means to knock and a *klopper* is a knocker. One wonders how it came about that its initial letter was changed to a c but this happened long ago and the name was already spelled so in the middle of the seventeenth century when the Dutch blacksmith who bore it was living and laboring in New Amsterdam. Literature fixed its pattern and made it immortal when in his droll description of the Dutch attack upon the Swedes at Fort Christina on the Delaware in 1655 Washington Irving included it in his list of New Netherlanders:

“Then came waddling on the sturdy chivalry of the Hudson. There were the Van Wycks, and the Van Dycks, and the Ten Eycks . . . the Hoppers, the Cloppers . . . all fortified with a mighty dinner and, to use the words of a great Dutch poet, ‘Brimful of wrath and cabbage’.”<sup>2</sup>

Nevertheless the surrender of Fort Christina to the Dutch on this diverting occasion marked the end of Swedish rule in America.

A casual comparison of references in the Minutes of the Orphanmasters of New Amsterdam and other Dutch records in the City Clerk's office at New York might lead one to assume that the name was sometimes written Cloppenburg for one reads of both a Cornelius Jansen Clopper and a Cornelius Jansen Cloppenburg in the town during its early years and would naturally assume their identity not only because of the similarity of their



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names but also from the fact that both married women named Pieters. A more careful examination, however, reveals that the two belonged to different families. Cornelis Jansz Cloppenburg's first wife was Wibreght Tomasz by whom he had a son, Jan Cornelisz;<sup>3</sup> and his second wife was Leuntje Pieters who, as a widow on September 24, 1659, married Claes Gangolfs Visscher of Amsterdam.<sup>4</sup> This marriage took place nearly two years after that of Cornelius Jansen Clopper and Heyltje Pieters, both of whom lived together many years and reared a large family. Unquestionably the Cloppenburgs and Cloppers were distinct.

In *Baptisms and Marriages in the Dutch Church before the Revolution* there is no male person named Cloppenburg in either the list of marriages or that of fathers of baptised children. The church records set forth that Cornelius Jansen Clopper came from Bergen-op-Zoom in the Netherlands, but that sea-coast town holds no entry of his birth or baptism nor, indeed, any other record of him so far discovered, so he steps into the pages of history from his residence in America. His middle name leads one to believe that his father was John Clopper, and this is likely because through several successive generations in the New World John sprang from Cornelius and Cornelius from John—the custom was probably formed in the old country and brought over to the new.

Another of this name stands in the records: Jan Jansen Clopper who is mentioned in two causes reported in Vol. III of the Minutes of the Court of Burgomasters and Schepens, one on January 13, 1660, when two beavers in his possession were attached and the other on July 5, 1661, when his arrival in court is awaited, presumably as a witness. His name would indicate that he also was a son of John Clopper and hence a brother of Cornelius's, but it is more likely that he was Jan Jansen van Rotterdam, Cornelius's apprentice, whose father was dead and who became known as Jan Jansen Clopper from his association with the Clopper household.

There were Cloppers in the Netherlands in those days, too, in and about Amsterdam in the province of North Holland; they are referred to by genealogists as the family of Jacoba Margaretha Clopper of Amsterdam and as the Clopper family of Zaanland—the only ones known in the entire Low Country. It may be that Cornelius belonged to the North Holland family and, having sailed from Bergen-op-Zoom, declared upon arrival in America that he was from that town. The fact that he followed the trade of blacksmith seems to connect him with the North Holland Cloppers, for both those of Amsterdam and those along the river Zaan have coats-of-arms displaying three "klop" hammers such as a brawny blacksmith delights to wield. Jacoba was of a later generation, however, having been born in Amsterdam on June 16, 1671, when Cornelius Jansen Clopper of New Amsterdam had already become a prosperous burgher and the father of numerous progeny. Indeed, by that time the American city's



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name had been changed to New York and Manhattan had come under English rule. There was a Nicolaas Clopper too in the Netherlands in the seventeenth century and the American branch of the family has shown a taste for this appellation through several generations.

It is to David Valentine, clerk of the Common Council of New York, that we are indebted for having written the name of Clopper upon the scroll of our colonial history; in mid-nineteenth century he availed himself of public records, printed annals, and private memoranda, fashioning them into an authoritative account of the city's founding and growth. He states that although the city's boundary was marked by stockades erected in 1653 on the present line of Wall Street, several residents then had their dwellings beyond it, on the west side of the road which ran along the shore of the East River, where Pearl Street is to-day. He goes on to record that this road was called "The Smith's Valley" and ascribes the origin of this name to the circumstance that Cornelius Clopper, a blacksmith, established himself where now is the north-western corner of Pearl Street and Maiden Lane. "Here he intercepted the country people from Long Island and pursued a profitable business, making his shop a point of sufficient attention to give a distinctive appellation to the road on which it lay . . . Cornelius Jansen Clopper, who had long resided on the corner of Maiden Lane, was considered in his day as one of the wealthy citizens. At his death he left two sons—Johannes and Cornelius—and four daughters."<sup>5</sup> The first survey of the town was made in 1656 "to establish some regularity with regard to the streets" and The Smith's Valley was one of the seventeen thoroughfares defined by it.<sup>6</sup>

Now comes J. H. Innes, another student of early times, and questions Valentine's statement that the road's name was derived from the presence there of Cornelius Clopper's smithy because, according to his findings, Cornelius did not buy the house at the corner of the Vly and Maiden Lane until 1660, whereas this locality was spoken of as De Smid's Vly as early as 1641.<sup>7</sup> Indeed, Valentine himself states on page 307 of his useful book that the term "Smith's Valley" appeared on a conveyance of land as early as 1639. Innes describes the Vly as more than a road, translating the word as "flats" and applying it to the tract of low land which lay between the East River and the higher ground forming the body of the island, varying in width from 150 to 250 feet and extending a quarter of a mile from near Wall Street to Beekman Street or thereabouts.

It has been said that in the Dutch language "The Smith's Valley" was "De Smid's V'lei"; that this was shortened into Vly and then corrupted into Fly; and when public market sheds were built on land reclaimed from the salt marsh at the foot of Maiden Lane, the district became known as the Fly Market. The corrupted word is also preserved in Tenaflly, the name of an old Dutch town in northern New Jersey. The word *vlei* (pro-



nounced flay) is used in John Buchan's tale of South Africa, *Prester John*, near the end of Chapter XII, as a body of water: "There was a *vlei*, too, which many circumvented, but we swam, and this helped our lead."

"Maiden Lane, alias Maiden's Valley and Maiden's Path, has practically preserved its original attractive name, although two sections of it were once temporarily known as 'Oswego Street' and 'Smith's Vly', and its verdure at another time earned for it the epithet 'Green Street'. Smooth, grassy slopes whose contour fancy can retrace even now, rose from the eastern waterside north toward Golden Hill (now John Street) and south toward the Wall (now Wall Street). Through the landscape a rivulet gurgled down to the river and here, tradition says, the daughters of the busy Dutch housewives trooped on washing days to spread their clothes and bleach and dry them. It seems probable that by way of a little variety, the *vrowleins* went out to the meadows along the riverside and came home by the Breede Weg (Broadway) or vice versa, for their frequent going and coming in these two directions soon resulted in a beaten track which the boys, of course, were not slow to nickname *Maagde Paatje*, the girls' path or, as we now put it, Maiden Lane. In the valley at the foot of *Maagde Paatje* Blacksmith Cornelius Clopper caught the trade of all the farmers who came to town by the 'Waterpoort' or 'Watergate' at the East River end of the rampart; and the fame of the 'Smith's Vly, V'ly, Vleye, or Vlaie' traveled far and near, and simultaneously (!) the Dutch word for 'valley' underwent so many transformations that when a market was erected in the 'Smith's Valley' in 1699 it was universally designated 'Fly Market'."<sup>8</sup>

The house at the corner of the Vly and Maiden Lane stood on land which had, no doubt, been part of Cornelis Van Tienhoven's farm and was built in the year 1641 or 1642 by Captain Lourens Cornelissen Vanderwel of the ship "Angel Gabriel" who owned about an acre of land here; in 1643 he sold it with a half-acre lot for 1,600 guilders to Frederik Lubbertsen. Lubbertsen lived here with his family for a dozen or more years, then sold the place to Jan Peeck, a trader, whose wife later on was fined 500 guilders and banished from Manhattan for having sold liquor to Indians. In 1660 Peeck sold it to Cornelius Clopper.<sup>9</sup>

However, during the twenty-one years from 1639 to 1660 Cornelius may have had his forge and anvil on another spot in De Smid's Vly and there worked and saved until he was able to buy this house. He was in New Amsterdam long before 1660—on March 3, 1652, he was a witness to a baptism in the Reformed Dutch Church. His name is in the Tax and Contribution List for 1655 when the burgomasters taxed the trading skippers, merchants, factors, passengers, and burghers to pay for the strengthening of the city's outer defences against further Indian attacks, his assessment being fifteen florins.<sup>10</sup> Seventeen months later the burgomasters drew up a list of those who had not paid



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this tax and placed it in the hands of the Treasurer for collection by the Court Messenger; there were fifty-eight delinquents of whom Cornelius Jansen Clopper was one.<sup>11</sup>

On February 21, 1656, Cornelis was one of two referees named by the court "to value the labor and repair expended on a canoe, and if possible to reconcile the parties, or to report to the Board." This was the case of Pottebacker vs. Holgersen in which the plaintiff's wife claimed a canoe which she had missed and then found on the defendant's land; Holgersen, when accused, offered to give it up provided she paid him for the repairs he had made upon it, wages, and salvage; whereupon the court appointed the two referees.<sup>12</sup>

About three months later Cornelius took an apprentice, as this interesting indenture sets forth: "May 17, 1656. Oloff Stevensz, as co-guardian of the minor children of Jan Van Rotterdam, dec'd, and the deceased's son, Jan Jansz, about 15 years old, of the first part, and Corn. Jansz Clopper of the second part, enter into the following agreement: Jan Jansz, aforesaid, hires himself out to Corn. Jansz Clopper for three consecutive years for the purpose of learning the trade of blacksmith. During his apprenticeship said Clopper is to provide said Jan Jansz with board, lodging, and clothing and at the end of the three years provide him with a decent outfit of clothing and pay him the amount of 130 Carolus guilders."<sup>13</sup> On May 11, 1657, a declaration was made to the Orphanmasters to the effect that Jan, then about seventeen years old, son of Jan Corn. Van Rotterdam who had been killed in the Indian uprising of 1643, was living with Corn. Jansz Clopper, blacksmith, in New Amsterdam.<sup>14</sup>

The minutes of the Court of Burgomasters and Schepens for August 26, 1659, set forth that Cornelis Janzen Clopper and Marten Janzen Meyer, his servant, appear in court, and Cornelis Janzen Clopper exhibits a contract made by his agent in Holland with Marten Jansen abovenamed, to serve him here, saying he is unwilling to serve and does not abide by the contract. Marten Janzen answers that he agreed with the agent of Corn. Jansen to receive his earned wages in silver money and that his master will pay him in zeawant (wampum). The Court having seen the contract, "order parties on both sides to observe and fulfill it and Marten Jansen shall according to contract receive the payment of his hire half beavers and half seawant, the beaver at eight guilders and the seawant 8 white or 4 black beads for one stiver."<sup>15</sup>

From all of these activities prior to 1660 it is seen that Cornelius may have opened a smithy near the East River north of the stockade early enough to have been the craftsman whose trade caused the place to become known as De Smid's Vly.

On a day in April of 1657 the burgomasters inscribed Cornelius Jansen Clopper, smith, among those having the *Small Burgher Right* in New Amsterdam. Those having the *Great Burgher Right* were eligible to the higher municipal offices of schout, burgomaster, schepen, and orphanmaster; the small



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burghers had only the right to trade and to be appointed to minor offices. In the list drawn up at this time nearly all were small burghers, only twenty being of the higher rank.<sup>16</sup>

Cornelius owned a house in New Amsterdam before 1660. He had let it to Jan Hermzen who was to pay the rent quarterly; as Jan failed to meet this obligation, Cornelius brought suit against him, demanding either payment or the house. Twice the case was called but the defendant did not appear, so on September 9, 1659, the court ordered a third summons.<sup>17</sup>

As already mentioned, Cornelius had bought from the Peecks the house on the northwestern corner of Maiden Lane and Pearl Street, and now the turbulent Mary Peeck claimed 150 florins in beaver from him in payment of an installment on it. Anticipating this payment, perhaps, she had bought a bill of goods from the schepen Cornelis Steenwyck for which her husband had, on a September day of 1658, given an obligation for 143.18 florins. Not having been paid, the schepen sued Mary in January of 1660, saying that he had attached her beaver in Clopper's hands and requested permission to lift it in satisfaction. With a scornful toss of her head Mary declared that she did not trouble herself about her husband's affairs and if the schepen had an obligation of his he would have to look to him for payment. "But," retorted the schepen, "I sold the goods to Mary." The court was not disposed to humor the lady and ordered Cornelius to bring the money in consignment to the Secretary of New Amsterdam within three times four and twenty hours.<sup>18</sup> Apparently Cornelius was not prompt in obeying this order, as two weeks later the schepen again requested permission to lift under bail the moneys of Mary Peeck attached in his hands; and the court, with an eye to Cornelius's dilatoriness, granted the petitioner his request "when the monies shall come in deposit."<sup>19</sup>

Now comes Mary on this same January day of 1660 and demands of Cornelius the balance of the second installment on the house. Cornelius makes known that he is ready to pay whenever Mary shows a power-of-attorney from her husband and gives a conveyance and receipt. Mary, however, would like to be considered a free agent and insists that the matter does not concern her husband. The court, nevertheless, orders her to deliver to Cornelius a transport and ground brief according to the deed of sale; and directs Cornelius to bring within thrice four and twenty hours, the money to meet the payment due, in consignment to the Secretary of the city.<sup>20</sup>

Cornelius was often before the court demanding satisfaction from his debtors. In 1660 he sued Jan Ariaanzen for two beavers, thirteen guilders in seawant, and fifty guilders on an assignment; Jan acknowledged the debt and asked for time, so the court ordered him to pay Cornelius within fourteen days. A week later he was suing Hendrick Willem, a baker, for 76 florins, 11 stivers, for ironwork which Willem had ordered for the water-mill at Gowanus; Willem declared he had not ordered so much ironwork



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but only about 27 florins' worth and, seemingly, had referred Cornelius to Adam Brouwer for payment; whereupon Cornelius stated that he had already made it plain that he would not strike another blow on the ironwork if he had to look to Adam, and exhibited a certain writing whereon Willem had bound himself for the money—so the court ordered Willem to pay Cornelius the fl. 76.11.<sup>21</sup>

On October 25, 1661, there was further controversy *in re* his obligation to two of his apprentices, Albert Alberzen and Marten the smith. Apparently a commitment concerning Albert had been made by Cornelius's agent in Holland, binding Cornelius to the payment of a sum greater, perhaps, than that which was specified in the agreement concerning Marten. Cornelius, it appears, wished the sum reduced to correspond with the one fixed in the obligation for Marten. The court decided that the bond should remain in consignment with the Secretary of the city until letters should come from the Fatherland, and in the meanwhile the 150 guilders should be paid to Marten de Smitt.<sup>22</sup>

Cornelius sued Arien Symonsen in January, 1662, demanding settlement of his account amounting to 29 guilders, 1 stiver, in beavers. Symonsen acknowledges the debt and says he offered to pay within a month in zeawant at twenty guilders per beaver, whereupon the court ordered him to do so.<sup>23</sup>

In March, 1663, the court named Cornelius as one of two arbitrators to examine a wagon which Hendrick Jansen had made for Fiscaal Nicasius de Sille in order to determine whether it had been made according to contract, and to reconcile the parties if possible.<sup>24</sup>

He sued Hendrick van de Water in September, 1663, demanding six and one-half beavers for ironwork which he had made in accordance with an agreement between them and for which Hendrick had promised to pay. Hendrick pleaded that others besides himself were involved in the commitment but Cornelius contended that he had had nothing to do with anybody else in the matter nor was he to look to anyone else for payment. Hendrick answered that four others besides himself were concerned and, as he was no longer their treasurer, he could not pay, "but that the same remains ready"—meaning, no doubt, that funds for the purpose were available. The court ordered Hendrick to pay Cornelius according to promise.<sup>25</sup>

In January, 1664, he was a witness in the case of Smedes vs. Siecken. Smedes had sold a horse to Siecken and now sought payment for it. Cornelius testified that Smedes had twice brought the horse to him asking, "Cornelis, will you look once at my horse and see what ails it?" and that after having looked at it he had declared "It is sick; it has a sore throat." This testimony seems to have settled the matter, as the court dismissed the case and ordered both plaintiff and defendant to bear the costs.<sup>26</sup>

Again, in November of 1664, the court appointed him as one of two arbitrators to examine the claims which Tryntie



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Wessels, widow of Jan Rutgers Moreau, and Claas van Elslant, the younger, had against each other; to hear the parties; to determine the matter; to reconcile the parties if possible; and if they could not be reconciled, to report the award to the court.<sup>27</sup>

A man referred to as Cornelis Clopper held moneys of Eldert Gerritsen's in 1666; acted as attorney for his mother-in-law, Grietie Gerrits, in demanding of Huygh Barentsen a payment of rent in 1667; served on a jury in the case of Pietersen vs. Blanck in that year; and in June of 1668 was named as one of two curators of the estate of his mother-in-law, Griete Gerritsen, late widow of Pieter Andriessen de Schoorsteenveger (chimney-sweep).<sup>28</sup> Pieter had left his house and lot in Hoogh Street to his widow, Grietie, and in her turn Grietie had left them to her son-in-law, Cornelis.

This uncertain Cornelis Clopper was involved in a wearisome dispute over the dividing line between Pieter Andriessen's former property in the Hoogh Street (now 41 Stone Street), which he had inherited from his mother-in-law, and John Cooley's lot next door. The mayor and two aldermen who had been requested by the court to look into the matter, submitted their findings, recommending that the line run at the customary distance from Cooley's house and that the passage betwixt them be common to both. Then the court viewed the premises and approved the recommendation concerning the passage but urged the parties to agree betwixt themselves with regard to the dividing fence. Then Cornelis bristled up, insisting that the fence had for years been at the middle of the passage and marshalled the testimony of several "old standers" in support of his contention, whereupon the court threw up its hands and ordered that the middle of the passage should be the partition betwixt the two lots, adding this warning: "Wherewith both parties are to be satisfied Without troubling this Court any More in this Buissenesse."<sup>29</sup>

Griete Gerrits had been married more than once, her last husband having been Pieter Andriessen, the chimneysweep, whom she wedded in 1661 as Geertruyd Samsens. Whether Samsens or Gerrits was her maiden name or the name of a former husband does not appear. At any rate, the surname Pieters does not occur in the records in connection with her. She became the mother of a child in 1664, her husband died soon afterwards, and she herself died in 1668. It is recorded that this puzzling Cornelis Clopper represented his mother-in-law, Grietie Gerrits, before the Court of Burgomasters and Schepens in January of 1668 and that in the following June he was appointed an administrator of her estate, indicating her recent death; by this time Cornelius Jansen Clopper of De Smid's Vly had been happily bound in wedlock for a decade to Heyltje Pieters and was the father of several children by her.

This Cornelis Clopper may have been, of course, another immigrant from Holland—he was, like Cornelius Jansen Clopper of De Smid's Vly, a smith, according to the minutes of the Burgo-



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masters' Court for April 12, 1670—but it is more likely that he was either a former apprentice of the latter's, having not only learned the trade from him but whose surname also he had acquired through this association, just as Jan Jansen van Rotterdam had acquired it; or else he was the son of Cornelius Jansen Cloppenburgh and his last name had been, by common usage, abbreviated. In support of this last conjecture it may be pointed out that Cornelius Jansen Cloppenburgh had, by his first wife, a son named Jan Cornelius and that even the Orphanmasters in their official records refer to him at least once as Clopper.<sup>30</sup> The early Dutch scribes were far from meticulous in their entries and seem to have been guided in their setting down of names by current custom—Clopper is easier to say than Cloppenburgh and in common parlance was, no doubt, preferred; but it should be borne in mind, as already stressed, that Cornelius Jansen Clopper and Cornelius Jansen Cloppenburgh were different persons. Finally, this Cornelis Clopper whose identity is so doubtful was, if actually a Cloppenburgh, a younger man than Cornelius Jansen Clopper of De Smid's Vly, as shown by the appearance of his guardians before the Orphanmasters in his behalf on June 2, 1660, when Cornelius Jansen had been for years a man of standing in the community.

At the time of their marriage in the Dutch Church at New Amsterdam on October 28, 1657, Cornelius Jansen Clopper declared that he was from Bergen-op-Zoom and the bride, Heyltje Pieters, from Amsterdam. They may have become acquainted with each other in the old country and this possibility again suggests that Cornelius belonged to a North Holland family. He had worked at his trade in America for a period of years before he saw his way clear to matrimony and during this time he had had apprentices, had become a small burgher, had acquired real estate, and enjoyed the confidence of the community as shown by his having been chosen by the court as referee in certain cases. Three years after his marriage he bought from the Peecks the house and lot at the northwestern corner of the Vly and Maiden Lane where he made his home. Four more years passed and by that time Heyltje had borne three children and Cornelius was steadily building up a competency for their growing family. Then, suddenly and without warning, the storm of war broke upon the thriving, peaceful village.

Four English frigates with six hundred soldiers on board dropped anchor in the Hudson River off Nyack on September 5, 1664. The English commander demanded the surrender of New Amsterdam, promising to spare lives and property if no resistance were offered. Director-General Stuyvesant made ready to fire on the fleet but the dominees, in behalf of the people, begged him to forbear. Then, placing himself at the head of his little garrison, this fearless leader purposed to resist the landing of the English and gave up the attempt only after men, women, and children had petitioned him to surrender; their "formal remonstrance



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against further opposition was signed by most of the officers and many principal inhabitants, and the brave director was compelled to yield."<sup>31</sup>

Cornelius had joined other residents in signing this "Remonstrance of the People of New Netherland to the Director-General and Council" urging acceptance of the English commander's terms for surrender of the city and Fort Manhattans because, as he and the others believed, resistance would only bring about their destruction whereas through submission, according to the enemy's promise, they would not experience the least loss or damage.<sup>32</sup> His unwillingness to risk havoc to his family, property, and prospects is understandable; but his descendants would have been prouder of him if he had stood by Stuyvesant in this crisis. However, if he had done so, there might not have been so many descendants! As it was, he saw to it that there were Cloppers in abundance to carry on the family name, there being nine in all, three of whom died young.

Shortly after this English conquest Governor Richard Nicholls ordered the burgomasters and schepens to quarter a hundred soldiers on the inhabitants of the city, promising to pay weekly as lodging money for each soldier three guilders in sewan besides the weekly rations. The burgomasters and schepens sought lodgings but found no one disposed to furnish them for less than five guilders weekly, so they agreed to make up the difference out of the public funds—and then found quarters for the hundred soldiers without further difficulty. Army officers inspected these accommodations and reported all fit except fifteen which lacked double bedding and pillows; these were supplied by the obliging burgomasters and schepens, and the lodgings were placed at the disposal of the military. As Governor Nicholls was on the point of leaving for Boston, he suspended the quartering until his return in order to prevent difficulty between burgher and soldier in his absence but required the burgomasters and schepens to pay at once the two guilders a week in sewan which they had appropriated for the purpose; accordingly these officials made a general assessment in April of 1665 to cover a period of six weeks and among the residents of De Smid's Vly Cornelius Jansen Clopper was assessed 2.10 florins.<sup>33</sup>

Cornelius must have been fond of children, as from 1652 to 1666 he was a witness on six occasions at the baptism of others' babies besides having several of his own christened after 1657.<sup>34</sup> On an April day of 1661 he and Dirck Jansz were appointed guardians of Bruyn Bruyns, whose father was of a mind to remarry, the mother being dead; and about three years later Cornelius consented to having his ward cared for without charge by the other guardian who was the boy's uncle.<sup>35</sup>

The patron of children is Saint Nicholas, the generous giver of gifts, whose feast-day, December 6, is the children's holiday in the Netherlands. The day was observed in New Amsterdam also, of course, but after the English had taken possession and



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had changed the community's name to New York, they also changed the day for gifts to Christmas, taking along the saint as well, whose Dutch name of Sint Nik'laas they pronounced *Santa Claus*.

Valentine includes Cornelius among the owners of first class real property in De Smid's Vly about 1674 when the final cession of the town was made to the English, and estimates his wealth at that time to have been \$10,000; there were only twenty persons worth that much or more among the 211 whose wealth this author compiled.<sup>36</sup>

Witcraft states that Cornelius died before 1686.<sup>37</sup> In another publication his death is put near the end of 1693,<sup>38</sup> but Witcraft is unquestionably right because among the members of the Dutch Church in 1686 was Heyltje Pieters, *widow* of Cornelis Clopper.<sup>39</sup> By this time their oldest living child, Margaretha, was twenty-six years of age and married to Olphert Suert; their son John was twenty-one years old; and these three also were members of the Dutch Church.

No record has been found showing the date and place of Cornelius Jansen Clopper's birth, nor the time of his arrival at New Amsterdam, nor the year of his death. His will, made in 1669, is recorded in New York. It is actually a joint testament executed by himself and his wife on September 10, just five days before their daughter Petronella was born. It recites that Cornelius Jansen Clopper, master smith, and his wife Heyltje Clopper, living in New York, appeared before the secretary of the Mayor's Court, Cornelius "being sick and Heyltje of indifferent health, being in child bed."<sup>40</sup> By the terms of this will, whichever of the two died first bequeathed to the other "all the goods movable and immovable, accounts, credits, money, gold, silver coined and without coin, jewells, cloaths, linnen, wolen, household stuff, wampum, and all other things" with the condition that the survivor maintain their "under aged children" until these reached their majority or married and then give them such outfitting as the estate would bear in the survivor's conscience; in case the survivor should remarry, such portions of the estate as the survivor's conscience deemed proper must first be bequeathed to their under-aged children; if the survivor should die without remarrying their children are declared to be their only heirs. The survivor is to be tutor or tutrix (guardian) of the under-aged children, excluding the Orphanmasters, magistrates, and other persons in authority, the testators being "not willing that the said persons shall medle therewith, much less to have any Government or direcon over their children or estate . . . some laws and statutes notwithstanding, speaking to the contrary, which they with due deliberation and premeditation Dodge". Instead of their children's legal portion they give them maintenance and outfitting as already specified.

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Cornelius being deceased, Governor Benjamin Fletcher (who had taken office in August of 1692) approved this joint will at Fort William Henry on June 24, 1693, and, because none had been named in it, appointed the relict Heyltje as administratrix and ordered her to make an inventory of the estate and to exhibit it unto the registry of the prerogative court (probate court) in the Secretary's office by December 24, 1693. Heyltje Clopper "did swear upon the Evangelists" to execute the will and to cause an inventory to be made.<sup>11</sup>



## II

### ONE GENERATION PASSETH AWAY AND ANOTHER COMETH

A WELL-ILLUSTRATED article on "Old New York" published in Munsey's Magazine in 1898 devotes a few sentences to Cornelius, clearly based upon Valentine's history, and remarks that when he died he was one of the wealthiest men on the island, his fortune of ten thousand dollars causing his widow to be much sought. The anonymous writer of this article considered himself safe in picturing Heyltje as in demand but it turned out that she did not yield to the blandishments of any suitor until 1697 when she was in her sixties at least; she then gave her hand to Suert Olpherts, a mason who "had acquired a considerable property by his business, and resided on the east side of Broadway, second door below Exchange Place. He represented his ward in the common council and was a prominent man in public life. At an advanced age he married the venerable widow of Cornelius Clopper who had formerly resided on the corner of Pearl Street and Maiden Lane. This lady died within two or three years."<sup>42</sup>

Heyltje and Suert entered into an agreement on September 23, 1697, whereby Suert bound himself to marry Heyltje before October 1st following if the law of the church should permit and Heyltje should consent—Heyltje was willing, as by this very indenture she agreed to wed him. Then comes the consideration: Suert agrees that if Heyltje should survive him his executors shall pay to her £150 in full of all dower rights; and Heyltje grants to Suert during his lifetime the house and lot where she now dwells at the corner of Maiden Lane fronting to Queen Street and ranging with Maiden Lane as far as the west side of the next lot adjoining to her garden, but if Suert should remarry, then this house and lot shall go to her children. Moreover, she is to retain full control of all the rest of her property and to dispose of it by will or otherwise.<sup>43</sup> And dispose of it by will she did, on October 14, 1700, "being sicke"; this instrument begins by providing that "Whereas my husband Shuart Olpherts hath with me signed certain deeds, at my instance, for the better satisfaction of purchasers and my children, my children are to give him security to be held harmless in the same." It then divides the rest of her estate equally among her children or their heirs: one-sixth each to her son Cornelius Clopper and to her daughters, namely, Margaret, wife of Olphert Shuarts; Catalina, wife of John Stevens; Petronella, wife of Albertus van de Water; and

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Dinah, wife of William Cooley; and one-sixth to Ytje, Cornelius, and Anatje, the children of her eldest son John, now dead. Her son-in-law, Olphert Shuarts, is to have the ground adjoining his lot as far as Nicholas Antom Bogart's land extendeth. This will was proved at some time in 1700, indicating that her death ensued shortly after she had made it.<sup>44</sup>

Suert Olpherts died in 1702. Like most testators he did not make his will until he feared that death was nigh, for he begins it with the words "In the name of God, Amen. This 19th day of August, 1702, I, Shuart Olpherts, of the city of New York, being sick . . ." He makes his son, Olphert Shuarts, who had married Margaret Clopper, sole heir to all his estate. Cornelius Clopper, his step-son, was one of three witnesses. The will was proved on October 5, 1702.<sup>45</sup>

There are two Cloppers in the list of inhabitants of New York for 1703: Cornelius (son of Cornelius Jansen and Heyltje) who had been born in 1672, and the "Widow Clopper". Who was this Widow Clopper in 1703? She had a considerable household: two males, one female, two children, and one negro child. She was, no doubt, Margaret (Hagen) Clopper, relict of Heyltje's son John, who had borne two children—one of these two was Cornelius Clopper II, an ancestor of the present family in the direct male line.

Of Cornelius Jansen and Heyltje Clopper's nine offspring we are concerned chiefly with John whom we shall call John I in order to distinguish him from his grandson who bore the same name. He was baptised in the New York Dutch Church in 1665; married, first, Maryken Sourt in 1684 by whom he had one child, Ytje or Ilien, and second, Margaret Hagen in 1688 who bore him two children, Cornelius II and Anna. The records show that in 1685 he helped to appraise an estate and in 1692 made an inventory of another. It appears that he died early in 1695 when only thirty years of age, for on April 1st of that year Governor Fletcher granted letters of administration to his widow, Margaret. Three weeks later the Governor appointed three men to make an inventory of his estate which duty was performed on May 2nd, showing one house and lot where the widow lives valued at £175; one pasture bought of Harman Jansen, £12; one negro woman £35; a "boulting mill" £7; total amount £703; list of debts due the estate 7,196 guilders.<sup>46</sup>

A quietus was granted to Margaret as administratrix, her account revealing that the whole estate amounted to £848 and a few shillings, a considerable sum in those days. An entry refers to John's daughter by his first wife: "The said Ilien Clopper, having chosen her grandfather Shuert Olpherts as her guardian, has been paid £130 as her portion, July 9, 1697."<sup>47</sup>

Margaret Hagen Clopper long survived her husband John, dying intestate late in 1710 or early in 1711, as Governor Hunter on January 13, 1711 (New Style), granted letters of administration to her son Cornelius whom we shall call Cornelius II.



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Cornelius Clopper II was baptised in 1689; married Catharine Grevenraet in 1711; and according to the Dutch records, was buried on January 20, 1740, a goodly family of children surviving him. He witnessed the will of Evert Van Hook, New York cordwainer (leather worker or shoemaker), in 1711; that of Philip Schuyler, New York merchant, and that of Jacobus Goelet, New York stationer and shopkeeper, in 1722; and on July 10 "in second year of King George" (George I), with Jacobus Goelet and Walter Hyer, he witnessed the will of Samuel Clahaen, New York carman (carter or teamster).<sup>48</sup> In August of 1722 he was named an executor in the will of Rem Remsen who calls him "my friend Cornelius Clopper of New York".<sup>49</sup> In 1724 he was owner, with two others, of a large tract of land through which Vandewater Street now runs and extending west to Ferry Street, as revealed in the note accompanying the account of Margaret Vandewater's will.<sup>50</sup>

Cornelius Jansen and Heyltje Pieters Clopper had a son named Cornelius who married Aefje Lucas; from this union sprang Heyltie Clopper who, in March of 1736, married Jacobus Quick, a widower and cordwainer, whose house was on the corner of Pearl Street and Hanover Square. About five years later Jacobus made his will and, in the best traditions of our patriarchal civilisation, bequeathed to his lady an article of value which had already been hers and which had come into his possession along with the lady herself, leaving to his "wife Hyltie the silver tankard which was formerly her father Cornelius Clopper's, deceased, and came to her as part of her portion; to her for life, and then to my two children by her. I also leave her a feather bed and a negro woman. All the rest of my estate I leave to my wife Hyltie and my children . . . I appoint my wife and my cousins, John Roosevelt, Cornelius Clopper (son of Cornelius II), and my cousin John Stephens, executors." This will was proved on December 1st, 1741.<sup>51</sup>

It will be remembered that Cornelius II had a sister named Anna. Her first husband was Patrick McKnight and her second was John Thompson of New York. In 1748 she made her will, leaving the eleven lots of ground which she had inherited from her father (John I) and which were located in Montgomery Ward in New York northwest of Queen and Hague Streets as follows: Lots 7 and 8 with the house upon them to her nephew Cornelius Clopper and to her nieces Margaret Clopper Rutgers and Anna Clopper, all children of her brother Cornelius II; lot 4 to Cornelius Rosevelt, son of John Rosevelt; and the rest to others. "I leave all my wearing apparell to Hyltie, wife of John Rosevelt. And all the rest to Cornelius Clopper Jr." (her nephew)<sup>52</sup> This instrument was proved on May 15, 1750. At that time John Roosevelt was dead.

John Clopper II, born in 1712, was the son of Cornelius II and Catharine Grevenraet Clopper. In 1734 he married Elisabeth Ten Eyck, daughter of Coenrad Ten Eyck, a bolter of New York,

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who in 1744 executed a will leaving the residue of his estate to her, his testament being proved in the following March.<sup>53</sup> Coenrad's widow, Sarah Ten Eyck, wrote her will in February of 1747, bequeathing half of her estate to her daughter Sarah, wife of Anthony Ten Eyck, and the other half in trust to three friends for the support of her daughter Elisabeth, wife of John Clopper, while her husband was living, and if she survived him she was to have the whole; if she should die before him it was to go to her other daughter, Sarah.<sup>54</sup> This will was proved on July 8, 1748; its wording suggests either that John II was disliked by his mother-in-law or was unable to support his wife. He himself witnessed the wills of a tobacconist named Roome, of John Schuyler's widow, of Thomas Braine, and of Philip Livingston.<sup>55</sup> He died in 1786 at the age of 74 years.

His brother, Cornelius Clopper Jr., was born in 1716 and died in 1797. In 1749 he married Catharine Keteltas who died in 1777. They lived in Stephen Van Cortlandt's house in Stone Street. In his lifetime he witnessed several wills and was named as executor in several others—on March 1st, 1782, nineteen weeks after Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, John Pitcher of New York, Commissary of the Musters of His Majesty's Forces in North America, named him as an executor of his will, referring to him as a merchant.<sup>56</sup>

This Cornelius had only one child and for her he made ample provision, his will being especially remarkable for the consideration shown his negro slaves to whom he granted freedom as well as income. The instrument was drawn on August 20, 1796, and reads: "To my only child and daughter, Catharine Turnbull, the present wife of Colonel George Turnbull, for and during her natural life the rent or income of all my estate (excepting my dwelling house and lot of land hereinafter given to my negro woman Mary) . . . ; such part of my personal estate as shall consist of Bonds, Mortgages, and Notes, all my money in the New York Bank and the Treasury of the State or elsewhere shall immediately after my decease be collected and called by my executors; with the amount of the same (excepting £1,000, £600, and £300 herein after disposed of by me) they shall be fully empowered to purchase a house or houses being newly built and situated in the principal trading part of New York City, which house or houses shall remain and become a part of my real estate, and the rent from same to be collected and paid to my daughter in manner aforesaid during her natural life; to my negro wench named Mary and her child named Susan, as also the rest of her children, for and in consideration of their faithful service to me, their freedom so that they shall not be slaves any longer to any person after my decease . . ." The income from £600 was to be paid "to the said wench Mary during her natural life" and this principal sum was to be divided among her heirs at her death; "also to the wench Mary, my dwelling house and lot of ground situated in George Street, New York City . . . during



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her natural life and after her death I give the dwelling to her three daughters, Susan, Jane, and Betsey, their heirs forever; to my negro man servant named Thomas, his freedom . . ." and also the income from £300 during his natural life, this principal sum to be divided among his children at his death. He also bequeaths the interest from £500 each to Susan and Jane, daughters of his negro woman Mary, until they arrive at lawful age when each is to receive the principal of £500. If his daughter, Catharine Turnbull, should die before her husband, then £1,000 is to be given to Colonel George Turnbull and the residue to the testator's sister, Catharine Clopper Van Alen and her child, Cornelius.<sup>57</sup> In a codicil he leaves a farm to a nephew "for faithful service" but, as he had several nephews it is not clear whom he had in mind; and he also remembers Elizabeth (Betsey), daughter of his servant woman Mary, to whom he leaves the interest from £500, the principal sum to be paid to her when reaching her majority.

This Cornelius's sister, Catharine Clopper Van Alen, had two children: Catharine, wife of William Hervey Jr., who was ignored in the will, and Cornelius. The year after her brother's death she wrote her will, leaving half of her contingent bequest to her daughter together with clothing, furniture, and plate, the other half to be divided between her daughter and her son.<sup>58</sup>

Cornelius Clopper Jr. had stronger convictions on slavery than on political allegiance, for in his will he freed his slaves but in our War of Independence he vacillated from revolutionist to loyalist and back again according to whether the Americans or the British held New York. In this he resembled the Vicar of Bray. And even in the matter of slavery he kept his own interests first in mind, as it is to be noted that he did not give his servants their freedom until he was dead and could no longer benefit from their forced attendance upon him.

On May 1st, 1775, he and others, merchants, "were members of the first Committee chosen for the city of New York, and some of them active members of the Provincial Congress. They took the 'association,' the oath of allegiance to Congress, and abjured their Sovereign. When the rebel army abandoned Long Island and evacuated New York, these people remained in the possession of their estates, applied for and received pardons, renewed their oaths of allegiance, and lived under the protection of Britain until the evacuation of New York by the royal army. When the act of attainder passed, these gentlemen were all living within the British lines, connected with, or carrying on, trade, engaged in privateering, or disposing of the produce of their farms for the use of the British army. Not one of these persons is included in the act. Yet Isaac Low Esq., who was exactly in the same predicament, is attainted." The author asks why the others were not included in the act and states, "The answer is plain, the Legislature (of New York) was solely governed by malice, revenge, and political resentments."<sup>59</sup>



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In contrast to the Revolutionary War record of Cornelius Clopper Jr., that of his nephews is more pleasing to patriots. Peter, son of Peter and Elizabeth (Lefferts) Clopper, enlisted on February 17, 1777, for three years as a private in Captain John H. Wendell's company, first battalion of New York Forces in the service of the United States, commanded by Col. Goose Van Schaick, New York Line—1st Regiment, and on August 21, 1779, was granted a furlough of two months by Lt. Col. Van Dyck.<sup>60</sup> In 1782 he was commissioned a lieutenant. Seven sons of Hendrickus and Margaret (Keteltas) Clopper: Frederick, George, Henry, John, Conrad, Peter, and William, were all in the Albany Co. New York Militia under Col. Robert Van Rensselaer. Hendrickus Clopper was one of Cornelius II's sons.

Peter Clopper, the elder, was born in 1718 and died in 1802. In 1743 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Abram Lefferts, a New York merchant. He was himself a merchant in New York according to one source of information, and a saddler according to another.<sup>61</sup> His name appears in the list of freemen for 1743 and on April 1st, 1754, he was named executor in the will of Rene Het, a Huguenot merchant of New York.<sup>62</sup> On December 4, 1780, near the end of the war, he witnessed in New York the will of William Bownass, Matross in the Royal Regiment of Artillery.<sup>63</sup> His son-in-law, Samuel Schuyler, New York merchant, named him executor in his will dated January 26, 1789.<sup>64</sup> According to the New York Dutch church records, his burial took place on August 17, 1802.

In mid-eighteenth century there was a Cornelius Clopper Jr. who was a baker, as set forth in the will of Andrew Van Varck, New York hatter, on July 26, 1760, to which he was a witness.<sup>65</sup> Cornelius Clopper and Cornelius Clopper Jr. both witnessed the will of William Jamison of New York in 1746.<sup>66</sup> Other Cloppers in New York were: John, baker, 1735; Andrew, merchant, 1737; and Cornelius, cordwainer, who took John Van Aarmen as apprentice in 1707 for six and one-half years, agreeing to allow him every year three months of evening schooling, four new shirts, and four new neck-cloths.

Still another Cornelius Clopper flourished in the eighteenth century: Cornelius III, son of John and Elizabeth (Ten Eyck) Clopper, who was born in 1735, and as he was in the direct line which we are tracing, we continue the account with him although very slight is the fund of information concerning him.

On March 7, 1757, when he was almost twenty-two years of age, he was married by the Rev. Mr. Johannes Ritsema in New York to Rachel Low, daughter of Petrus and Rachel (Roosevelt) Low of New York City. Petrus was a brother of Cornelius Low Jr. who lived at Raritan Landing, just across the Raritan River from New Brunswick, New Jersey; and an uncle of Isaac who was a loyalist and of Nicholas who was a patriot in the Revolution. The bride had been born on December 23, 1740 (old style), and was therefore only sixteen years of age at the time of her marriage.



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It will be remembered that Margaretha Clopper, daughter of Cornelius Jansen and Heyltje (Pieters) Clopper, married Olphert Suert in 1682. One of their children was Heyltje Suert who, in 1708, married Johannes Roosevelt, ancestor in the direct male line of President Theodore Roosevelt. This Johannes Roosevelt was a brother of Rachel (Roosevelt) Low and also of Jacobus Roosevelt from whom President Franklin D. Roosevelt was descended. Johannes, Jacobus, and Rachel Roosevelt were children of Nicholas Roosevelt who was baptised in New Amsterdam in 1658 and was the youngest son of Claes Martenszen van Roosevelt of Zeeland, Holland, who came to America about 1649. It is interesting that Cornelius Clopper III married the daughter of a Roosevelt who was herself the grandniece of a Clopper.

In a Bible published in London in 1752, Cornelius III recorded the marriages, births, and deaths in his family as follows:

"Cornelius Clopper Tertius born the 16th of April 1735 old style and being married to Rachelle Low the seventh of March 1757 by Reverend Mr Johs Ritsema, Minister of the Gospel at New York. N. B. My wife born December 23, 1740 old style.

"1758 Decem. 16th Saturday morning between 2 and 3 oclock my daughter Elizth was born and was baptized the 19 in my house by the Revd Mr Johan Ritsema, John Clopper (his father) Godfather & Mother Low (his mother-in-law) Godmother.

"Octo 26, 1760 Sunday this morning between 5 & 6 oclock my son John was born and was baptizd the 29 in the old Church by Dom. (dominee, minister) Ritsema, Cornelius Clopper my uncle Godfather & Sister Margaret Low G-mother.

"1764 Nov. 20th Tuesday morning between 12 & one oclock my son Peter was borne at Rarritan Landing & baptized the 9th of December by Mr Johannes Lydt, Gov. Low Godfather in my house & his wife Gdm.

"1766 Nov. 3rd son Nicolas was borne at Rarritan Landing & baptized in New Brunswick by Mr. Johannis Lydt Dec 1st.

"1769 New York July 11th Tuesday morning . . . at 9 oclock my daughter Rachel was borne, and baptized in the new Church the 23rd by Mr. Johannis Ritsema, witnesses Peter Clopper (his uncle) & Margaret Rutgers (his aunt, Margaret Clopper, who had married Anthony Rutgers in 1741.)

"1771 New York Septm 18th Wednesday morning about three oclock my son Andrew was borne & was baptized in the new North Church by the Revd Mr John Livingston Octo 6th Andrew Clopper (his uncle, godfather) & Daughter G.mother.

"1772 July 27 This morning between 5 & 6 oclock my daughter Rachel departed this life and was buried in the evening in the family vault.

"1773 Nov 18th Thursday morning at about eleven oclock my son Edward Nicol was borne at Baltimore & baptized in my house the 9th of Dec by the Revnd Patrick Allison.

"1776 February 10 Saturday evening about eight oclock my son Abraham Duryea was born at Baltimore & baptized in my house the 1st of March by the Revnd Patrick Allison.

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"1780 Baltimore Aug 9 my wife died in full assurance of love . . . hope to be with Jesus. May God end my life like hers Cors Clopper.

"1783 Starband in York County (Penna) July 9 at 4 oclock I was marryed to my second wife Cristina Cassaart daughter of Francis and Marget Cassaart. N. B. She was a widdow of Martin Nevius deceased at Rarittan in the Jerseys.

"1784 Baltimore April 10 Easter Day my son Cornelius was borne & was baptized at Connenago (Conewago in Lancaster County, Penna.?)

"1786 Mont Joy in York County Pennsylvania July 26 my son Francis was borne & was baptiz the 2 Octo 178..... by Mr. Christophl Hooperigh Minister of Hannover (York County).

"1794 May 14 This day my son Cornels was drowned in the head of the Bason near Mr. Cristopher Hugh's waof (wharf?) and was buried in the Presbrytion yard on Thursday."

It is apparent from this record that Cornelius Clopper III resided in New York (where he had a tannery at the corner of Maiden Lane and Pearl Street) until 1772 or 1773 and then established his family in Baltimore. Here he and his sons prospered in the mercantile line and were spoken of as "the Medici of Baltimore." For the births of Peter and Nicholas his first wife seems to have gone to the home of her uncle, Cornelius Low, at Raritan Landing in New Jersey, opposite New Brunswick; and for the birth of Francis his second wife went to what was likely her parents' home in Pennsylvania—there is a town named Mount Joy in Lancaster County, about ten miles east of Conewago, and "Starband" may have been the home itself.

There are Cloppers galore in Washington County, Maryland, of which Hagerstown is the seat of government; however, they are not related to this family as their progenitor was Henry Clopper, a German who lived in Antrim Township, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, one mile north of Wingerton on the Greencastle Road, opposite Hollowell church and school.<sup>67</sup>

Cornelius III died in Baltimore in 1798 or thereabouts, without leaving a will. On February 17, 1800, his seven children by his first wife entered into an agreement at Baltimore with Francis, his only living child by his second wife, who was then thirteen years of age, reciting that their father had died owner of the northwestern corner of Camden and Charles Streets, the lot measuring 193 feet by 103 feet, and that this property had descended to his eight children as heirs at law; that no division having yet been made, in order to avoid all disputes and to settle it upon all of them in proportion, they have agreed upon a division; an estimate of its value has been made; a section fronting 26 feet on Charles Street (beginning 26 feet from the corner) with a depth of 73 feet, valued at \$600, has been determined upon as the share of Francis; and the other heirs in consideration of five shillings current money paid to them by Francis, accordingly give him a deed to this piece of ground.



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From this point on we follow more particularly the fortunes of Nicholas Clopper who was one of those who entered into the above agreement and from whom the writer of this account is descended.

Attempting to sum up anyone's character and life in a few words is a dangerous procedure and almost certain to be unfair; yet the records which one leaves behind must make some kind of an impression upon the student who examines them and this impression can usually be put into a sentence. One can hardly refrain from defining Nicholas Clopper in this way after having studied the records of his life. To the writer it appears that he was a promoter who failed—an unsuccessful speculator with a strong religious bias. He made a modest fortune as a merchant, lost it through speculation, and then spent the rest of his days speculating in efforts to recoup his losses. He was a rover, too, possessed with the notion that beyond the horizon lay the promised land. He accepted his reverses without complaint and kept firm his faith in his old-school Presbyterian god.

He was born on a November day of 1766 in the home of his granduncle, Cornelius Low, and was baptised four weeks later across the Raritan River in New Brunswick. His home was in New York City until he was six or seven years old and afterwards in Baltimore. In his fourteenth year his mother died and three years after her death his father married again. There is no record extant of his schooling nor of how long he remained under the parental roof, and the only reference to his boyhood is in a letter from his cousin, John Low of New York, two years younger than himself, who wrote to him in 1802 saying "it seems to me but as yesterday that you and me were mere boys." They had an aunt who turned out to be a fairy godmother on a modest scale—this was Elizabeth, daughter of Petrus and Rachel (Roosevelt) Low and sister of Rachel (Low) Clopper. Nicholas's mother; she had married Abraham Duryea, was well-off financially, and was always spoken of by Nicholas's children as "Aunt Duryea": she lived in New York and from there kept in touch with her wandering relatives.

On November 5, 1790, Nicholas Clopper and Rebecca Chambers were married in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and there resided for sixteen years. Nicholas was a merchant in this town but how he happened to go there is not known—one surmises that his father had something to do with it, as he had business relations over a wide area. Where and how he and Rebecca became acquainted with each other is also unknown; Rebecca may have been visiting her cousins in Chambersburg or friends in Shippensburg who knew Nicholas and who presented him to her. This was Chambers country.

### III

#### THE CHAMBERS FAMILY

AT THE beginning of the eighteenth century a family of Scottish origin named Chambers lived near Lough Neagh in County Antrim, Ireland. James Chambers was its head. His great-great-granddaughter, the late Annie B. Chambers of Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania, stated that a coat-of-arms had been granted to him on July 12, 1689; at this time William and Mary had been on the throne for about six months, hence it may have been conferred upon him in recognition of some service performed in behalf of the Protestant cause. On its shield a lion rampant implies that he had defended his king vigorously, and a fleur-de-lis that the act was in some way associated with France—which nation had given aid and comfort to the Catholic party.

In an attempt to regain the throne, the deposed King James II had landed in Ireland with French officers, ammunition, and funds in the Spring of 1689 and, with the Roman Catholic Irish army, had attacked the Protestants of the north at Enniskillen and had then besieged Londonderry; later, an English force came to the relief of the latter city. It is likely that James Chambers fought on the Protestant side in these actions, thus awakening a sense of gratitude on the part of the Protestant sovereigns who thereupon rewarded him with the coat-of-arms.

James had four sons who emigrated to America about 1724: Robert, born in 1703; Joseph and James, whose birth dates are unknown; and Benjamin, born in 1708. They came to Pennsylvania and in Philadelphia made inquiry concerning localities suitable for settlement. Striking out together towards the west, they at first chose a tract of land where Fishing Creek flows along the southern side of Blue Mountain and empties into the Susquehanna just above the present city of Harrisburg, in what is now Dauphin County. Here they built a mill.

The region west of the Susquehanna was not purchased from the Indians by the Penns—the Proprietaries of the Royal Grant—until 1736 but, with the tacit consent of its trustful owners, white men were encouraged to settle there before that year. From red men who came to their mill the four Chambers brothers learned of rich country towards the southwest, in the Kittochtinny Valley, now called the Cumberland, and decided to seek sites for themselves there.<sup>68</sup> So in 1730 they separated, three of them choosing different places in this valley and Joseph ultimately returning to Fishing Creek.



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Robert settled on 300 acres of land lying along Middle Spring Creek, not far from its union with the Conodoguinet, in what is now the western part of Cumberland County. Here he constructed a cabin, a barn, and a grist-mill; the ruins of the mill's foundation and the sluice which conducted the waters of Middle Spring to its wheel can still be seen. A farmhouse now stands near these ruins, on what may be the situs of the original cabin; or it may be that an old log-house which still endures close by is itself that very first residence—this old log-house is on land which belonged to Robert Chambers and serves as a dwelling to-day; at one time a family named Duncan occupied it; just beyond it, towards the northwest, was the mill. Within a short distance of this spot is the hamlet of Middle Spring with its Presbyterian Church, founded in 1738, and several old walled graveyards. Off to the northwest runs the high, even ridge of North Mountain, and towards the southeast the broken ridge of South or Blue Mountain, both a soft, misty blue in the distance, their color paling or deepening with changes in the light and air. The Proprietaries granted this land to Robert in 1737 and forty years later he sold it to a blacksmith named Christian Kisch; two centuries after Robert had acquired it, the Means family owned it.

James Chambers settled at the head of Green Spring, near Newville, Pennsboro Township, Cumberland County. Joseph returned to Fishing Creek in accordance with a plan which, it seems, was understood amongst them from the beginning. All four of the brothers were millwrights and depended upon the grinding of grain, in part at least, for their livelihood.

Benjamin Chambers selected for his site the area around the confluence of the Falling Spring (a lively brook) and the Conococheague Creek. He was accompanied by his brother Joseph at the time and here the town of Chambersburg was founded in 1730. The Proprietaries of the Province granted Benjamin 523 acres in 1742. The Falling Spring Presbyterian Church, organised in 1734, stands to-day on land which he donated for the purpose near the center of Chambersburg, the shire town of Franklin County.

The growing hostility of the Indians, incited by England's erstwhile enemies, the French, made it necessary for these Scotch-Irish settlers to organise for the defense of their families, homesteads, mills, and stock. The "Associated Regiment of Lancaster County, over the River Susquehanna" was formed with Benjamin Chambers as colonel; it was composed of thirteen companies, one of which was commanded by Robert Chambers as captain in 1747-8.<sup>69</sup> At this period Lancaster County included Cumberland County which was not erected until 1750.

Washington's surrender of Fort Necessity in western Pennsylvania in 1754 and Braddock's defeat in the following year alarmed the residents of the Cumberland Valley and, as their



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appeals to the provincial authorities for protection received little or no response so far as Chambersburg was concerned, Benjamin took matters into his own hands and built a stone fort there on which he mounted two cannon for the defense of his settlement; this work was erected with one of its corners over the Falling Spring in order to assure a water supply. As Indians were then burning farmhouses within a few miles of Chambersburg many of the families on outlying farms fled to Shippensburg where Fort Franklin had been built by townsmen in 1740 and had been garrisoned ever since by provincial soldiers. Fort Morris also was constructed there in 1755.

In these years of disturbed conditions Robert Chambers performed his military duty as captain and his name is chiseled on the monument erected beside the Middle Spring Presbyterian Church in memory of that community's soldiers, as one who took part in the Colonial or French-and-Indian War of 1754. Likewise the name of his future son-in-law, Jeremiah McKibbin, is cut on this monument as a soldier of that day.

William Chambers, Robert's son by his first wife, was killed in the battle of Sideling Hill in 1756. A band of Indians led by Shingas, chief of the Delawares, on April 1st, 1756, attacked Fort McCord, a private stronghold located a few miles northeast of Fort Loudon in Franklin County, set fire to the structure and killed or captured its twenty-seven occupants. Three bodies of soldiers and settlers started in pursuit of the Indians and one of these bodies, under the command of Captain Alexander Culbertson, overtook them on Sideling Hill, thirty miles west-southwest of Chambersburg; for two hours the battle raged, then the Indians were reinforced and the white men were put to flight with a loss of twenty-one killed, among whom were Captain Culbertson and William Chambers, and seventeen wounded.<sup>70</sup>

Captain Robert Chambers had time for other public duties also: in 1750 he was appointed to the office of justice in Cumberland County which had just been formed with its seat at Shippensburg. Here the first court was held on July 24, 1750, Samuel Smith presiding with eleven others sitting as justices of the common pleas court, Robert Chambers and his brother Benjamin being two of them. In the next year the court was moved to Carlisle which had been finally selected as the county seat.

One of the Middle Spring pioneer's great-grandsons, James Chambers of Mifflinburg, Commissioner for Union County from 1912 to 1916, told the writer that Robert Chambers once fought a stranger with his bare fists in a Shippensburg tavern. As the story goes, a powerfully built Virginian rode up on horseback from the south and inquired for Robert, saying he had heard of his great strength and had come to fight him and give him "a lickin'"; Robert made himself known to the stranger and said he had neither quarrel with him nor wish to fight, but the Virginian



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taunted him, claiming to be the better man and declaring that Robert was afraid, until finally the challenge was accepted and the match arranged. It was decided that a round should last until one or the other was knocked down and that the fight should continue until one or the other gave up. The Virginian won the first two rounds by knocking Robert down; then the latter learned how to defend himself against his opponent's peculiar method of fighting and began to knock the Virginian down—and this occurred so often that at last the Virginian yielded, admitted that Robert was the stronger man, paid the tavern bill and rode away.

Adjoining Robert's land on the side towards Shippensburg, was the property of Robert Caldwell; this neighbor's stone house and his mill just across the road from it are well preserved to-day and one passes between them in going from Shippensburg to Middle Spring. A daughter of this settler's, Mary Caldwell, then seventeen years of age, and Robert Chambers were married on April 12, 1753. This was Robert's second marriage; his first wife, whose name is unknown, bore him one child, the son William who was killed at Sideling Hill. On January 23, 1756, a son was born to Mary and they named him Robert. More than three years later, on March 4, 1759, a daughter came into the world; they called her Mary and it was this child who, on January 30, 1783, became the wife of Jeremiah McKibbin. A second son, James, was added to the family on May 19, 1761; at the age of nineteen years he met death as a soldier in the Buffalo Valley of Pennsylvania. On March 4, 1764, another daughter was born and was given the name of Kezia, after her whose coming to Job made his latter end more blessed than his beginning: she married Hugh Brady in 1782.

Rebecca, their third and last daughter, first saw the light on August 14, 1767, in their Middle Spring home. When she was ten years old the family moved to the Buffalo Valley in northern Pennsylvania and here, on a farm by the Sinking Spring three miles southwest of Mifflinburg, she grew up a comely lass, the beauty of the valley. At the age of twenty-three years she became the wife of Nicholas Clopper, merchant of Chambersburg. Across the dirt road, a short distance from the Sinking Spring, was the home of Rebecca's brother, Joseph Chambers, who had been born on December 23, 1771.

Rebecca's son, Joseph Chambers Clopper, visited the Buffalo Valley in October of 1855 and listened with delight to his aunt, Sarah Barber Chambers, widow of Rebecca's brother Benjamin who had died in 1847, tell of his mother's girlhood in that charming region, as he has recounted in the following lines:

Fair Buffalo Valley, broad beautiful plain!  
Thy pastures of green and fields waving with grain;  
Thy towns and thy hamlets, all teeming with life;  
The sound of thy "church-going bells"; and the strife

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Of man in the race after riches and fame—  
(In this, the world over, mankind is the same);  
Thy streams and thy rivulets, limpid and cold,  
Which down from the mountains for ages have rolled  
The wild Susquehanna's broad bosom to swell;  
Thy mountains, that threw o'er my soul such a spell  
Of exquisite pleasure, all gorgeous arrayed  
In hues by the tintings of Autumn were made,  
And standing like ramparts erected around  
To guard from intrusion some hallowéd ground;—  
These, these, should I never behold them again,  
Shall memory fresh on her pages retain;  
While often, as borne on invisible wing,  
In spirit I'll fly to thy shades, Sinking Spring,  
The *home of my mother*, calm, peaceful retreat,  
Of incidents full, and remembrances sweet;  
And feel it is bliss even thus to be near  
The scenes that in childhood to her were so dear;  
And list to the tales of her youth, and the time  
Her charms, like her virtues, were all in their prime,  
As told by dear Aunt, her companion and friend,  
And only feel sad when the stories shall end.

After Rebecca's birth two more children were added to the family at Middle Spring: Joseph in 1771 and Benjamin in 1774—it was from Benjamin that James Chambers, the Union County commissioner of Mifflinburg, was descended. The last child, John, was born on June 8, 1779, but whether in the Buffalo or the Cumberland Valley is not known.

On April 29, 1777, Captain Robert Chambers of Hopewell Township in Cumberland County, and Mary, his wife, sold to Christian Kisch, a blacksmith of the same township, two tracts of land for £2,775 Pennsylvania money. One tract contained 236 acres and was their home place, with the grist-mill, near Middle Spring, lying partly in Hopewell and partly in Lurgan Townships, which had been granted to Robert by warrant dated February 15, 1737; and the other tract of 71 acres lay in Lurgan Township, adjoining the first tract and being the same for which he had obtained order of survey No. 714 dated August 2, 1766.

In the year before this sale Robert had acquired 400 acres of land in the Buffalo Valley in what was then Northumberland and is now Union County, and started to take up another grant of 1,000 acres but Indians drove him off; this so discouraged him that he returned to Cumberland County with his wife and younger children, but where their residence was at this time is not known. He died in Cumberland County in 1782 and there is good reason to believe that he was buried in Falling Spring churchyard in Chambersburg, even though the church has no record of his interment. His granddaughter, Rebecca Chambers Clopper of Cincinnati, paid a brief visit in May of 1835 to Chambersburg (which was her birthplace), when on her way home from Baltimore, and has recorded in her journal that she spent most of the Sabbath there with Margaret (daughter of Joseph Chambers and wife of Rev. John McKnight of Chambersburg) and "visited in the evening the burial ground, a very



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romantic spot, where repose the mould'ring dead—some pensive thoughts while gazing on the various tombstones around—here lie a number of friends and relatives, my grandfather and three little brothers." Her paternal grandfather, Cornelius Clopper III, was buried in Baltimore, hence she was referring to her maternal grandfather, Captain Robert Chambers. No stone marks his grave nor does the Falling Spring Presbyterian Church have a record of his burial, but interment without record or marker was not uncommon in the eighteenth century in eastern Pennsylvania.

At the time of Captain Robert Chambers's death in Cumberland County the settlers in old Northumberland were still suffering from Indian depredations. Between 1776 and 1779 Jacob Grosjean, called French Jacob, had built a small log mill at Solomon Heberling's place in the Buffalo Valley and on a Spring day of 1780 red warriors were bent upon destroying it. Robert's son James was one of a patrol of five soldiers assigned to protect such property as well as farmsteads, passing daily in these troubled times between Titzell's (late Kelly's) mill and French Jacob's mill. This guard had arrived at the latter place on May 16 and were washing in the stream when the Indians attacked them. James Chambers and three others of the patrol were killed; the fifth, named Fisher, ran to the mill, stumbled and fell in the doorway just as a bullet struck above him, and so survived.<sup>71</sup> The body of James Chambers lies in Lewis graveyard not far from Mifflinburg and Sinking Spring, the stone which marks his grave bearing this inscription: "Private, Irvine's Penna Regiment, Revolutionary War, May 16, 1780." Next to him is John Forster Jr., another of the four who met death on that day, and on the other side rests James's mother, Mary Caldwell Chambers, whose stone sets forth that she was the wife of Robert Chambers and died on January 8, 1797, at the age of 61 years. Fisher, the fifth member of the patrol, lived to be an old man and was also buried in Lewis graveyard.

An official report of the attack is contained in the following letter from Matthew Smith, prothonotary of the court, written at Northumberland Town, May 18, 1780, and addressed to General Joseph Reed:

"I am unhappy enough to inform you the savage enemy have, on the 16th inst. made a stroke on the inhabitants of this much distressed county, at Buffalo Valley. At French Jacob Grozong's mills four men killed, viz: Jno. Forster, jr., ——— Eytzwiller, James Chambers, and Samuel McLaughlen. The enemy got only one of the scalps. The neighboring inhabitants, on hearing the firing, briskly turned out, and pursued the enemy very brave, but was not able to overtake them. The inhabitants have stood here, indeed, longer than could [have] been expected, were it not desperation. But, sir, unless some support can be instantly afforded, the State must shortly count one county less than formerly—which God forbid. I refer you, D'r sir, to the bearer, Gen. Potter, for further information, as he waits on horseback,



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whilst I write this imperfect, distress'd acc't. Provisions none, cash none, nor can it be had in this place. Gen. Potter's acc'ts from this place to the Hon'ble the Assembly, which I doubt not you will see, will fully satisfy you of the state of this place."<sup>71</sup>

Rebecca Chambers was in her thirteenth year when her brother met death at the hands of the Indians. Before she was born her half-brother had been killed in battle with the Delawares, and in 1822, when she herself had already passed on, a son of hers was slaughtered by Indians of another tribe in a distant land.

Her eldest brother, Robert Jr., served in the Revolutionary War as a private in Overmeyer's Frontier Rangers, Pennsylvania troops, under Captain George Bell. He married Mary Culbertson and, after her death, Kate Klinesmith, widow of Daniel Campbell, and was a resident of Penn's Valley, Northumberland County, as an instrument dated May 29, 1779, so describes him—this was a conveyance of property in Shippensburg by Robert Chambers to John Culbertson.<sup>72</sup> He died in the Buffalo Valley in 1825 and was buried beside his mother in the Lewis graveyard. In this same "God's Acre" lie two other brothers of Rebecca's: Joseph and Benjamin, together with their wives.

The founder of this vigorous family having been gathered to his fathers, letters of administration were granted to his widow, Mary Caldwell Chambers, and to their eldest son, Robert Jr., on July 23, 1782, and their account as administrators of his estate was passed on in August of 1783; Mary made her mark on this document, thus revealing her illiteracy, but her son signed his name. After having deducted the liabilities from the assets there was a balance in their hands, subject to a further settlement, of £694/14/1.

Two inventories of his personal property were made, one in Cumberland County and the other in Northumberland, indicating that he had not collected all of his goods and chattels in either place. Most of the items were in Cumberland County where he spent his last days, the appraisal, made in August of 1782, including two horses, two cows, two calves, three sheep, harness, bells, saddles, chains and wagon parts, ploughs and other implements, household utensils, furniture and bedding, spinning wheels, a potrack, a pistol, a silver watch, a silver stockbuckle, three razors, and a hone. Among the household utensils are six silver teaspoons valued at £1/10/0 which were afterwards given by his widow to their daughter Rebecca as a wedding present in 1790, carried to Cincinnati by Rebecca's children in 1822, given to Sally Chambers of Mifflinburg by two of those children (Caroline and Mary Ann Clopper) when she was visiting them at "Beechwood" in 1865, and then generously returned to "Beechwood" by Annie B. Chambers of Mifflinburg in 1925 with the comment, "I presume they stirred up many a Scotch toddy, ha! ha!—we don't make any," she hastened to add for fear that the Cloppers might disapprove of such indulgence! The sixty-four items in this inventory were valued by the appraisers at £134.



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The list of his goods left in Northumberland County, where the account was rendered in December of 1783, contains only twenty-seven items valued at £26/10/6 and, as this property consisted of merely old tools, implements, utensils, some pewter dishes, a few pieces of house furniture, a pair of andirons, a Bible and four other books, one gathers that their late owner had fully determined to quit the north and spend the remainder of his life in Cumberland County where he had the bulk of his goods.

James Chambers of Mifflinburg once told the writer that his great-grandfather was active until the very end of his life in spite of his advanced age. He was in the habit of mounting his horse not by first putting his foot in a stirrup but by laying his hand on the horse's back and then leaping into the saddle. One day he had bought a cradle in Carlisle for use in mowing grain and was preparing to return home when, in mounting his horse in his customary way, he so injured himself that he died in two days.

His widow and younger children returned to the north in 1783 and when the articles in the Northumberland County inventory were put up for sale they undoubtedly bought some of them—indeed, his tea-table which had been appraised at fifteen shillings is to-day in the possession of his descendants in the Buffalo Valley.

Time slipped by and five years later it became necessary for Mary and her son, Robert, to journey to Carlisle in order to submit a further account as administrators. They set out on horseback, leaving the other children at home, and after having traveled part of the distance they were overtaken by a neighbor who took Robert aside and told him that his youngest brother, John, had just suffered a horrible death—he had been playing too near the fire in the house at Sinking Spring, his clothing had caught and he had burned to death. The body had already been buried, so it was useless to return home and Robert had not the heart to tell his mother, hence they continued on to Carlisle, Mary in ignorance of what had happened. On their return journey they stopped in Sunbury and, mother-like, Mary bought a hat for her youngest, still unaware of the tragedy. Robert, however, broke the news to her as best he could before they reached home. So Mary and her children were visited by another calamity.

It was in December of 1788 that Mary and Robert submitted their further account, showing a balance of £610/16/0 for distribution among the heirs. To the widow was given one-third; to Robert, the eldest son, one-sixth; and one-twelfth to each of the six other children including John who, unknown to the mother, was even then dead. Mary again betrayed her inability to write by making her mark on this account; Robert signed his name.

Robert had the satisfaction of Christian Kisch's mortgage entered on the records of Cumberland County in April of 1800—the final act in the settlement of the Middle Spring pioneer's estate. The old home and birthplace of nearly all the children



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had been bought and paid for, and so had wholly passed out of the possession of the Chambers family. This last record is charged with a deeper sorrow, for Robert is referred to as the surviving administrator—his mother had rejoined his father and was at rest in Lewis graveyard.

The trustees of the Middle Spring Presbyterian Congregation were given a tract of 49 acres called "Mount Hope", together with the church building on it, in November of 1793 by several persons; among those who signed the deed was Robert Chambers of Northumberland County, yeoman—this, of course, was the pioneer's eldest son. The consideration was a Spanish dollar minted in 1778 which is now in the possession of Ralph S. Chambers of Covina, California.

Let us return for a moment to the Chambersburg family. Captain (afterwards General) James Chambers, son of the Benjamin who had founded Chambersburg, marched to the siege of Boston in June of 1775 and served in the American Army for nearly six years. He was at Valley Forge and in the Battle of Monmouth. "We gave the enemy a fine drubbing at Freehold Church," he wrote to his wife, Katherine Hamilton Chambers, after the battle. As an illustration of how families unknown to each other have associations in common: the town of Freehold at whose edge this action was fought, was subsequently the birthplace of Lydia Parker, grandmother of the writer's wife, and on that same field the writer's great-grandfather Este was wounded and several Kirkpatricks of his great-grandmother's family were killed.

General James and Katherine Hamilton Chambers had an accomplished daughter named Charlotte. In the Spring of 1796 there came to Fort Loudon near Chambersburg, where they were stationed, a young man by the name of Israel Ludlow who stopped there on his way from Cincinnati to Philadelphia. Nine years prior to this visit the United States Surveyor-General had appointed Israel to survey the Miami Purchase between the two Miami Rivers in Ohio, an area which the New Jersey Society had contracted to buy from the federal government,<sup>73</sup> and having performed this duty Israel established his residence on land in the Mill Creek Valley, five miles from Cincinnati, his domain including what is now Cumminsville, Spring Grove Cemetery, and a part of Clifton; here a blockhouse was built and also a residence called "Ludlow Station" where Chase Street, Chambers Street (named for the family), and the railway now are.<sup>74</sup> At Fort Loudon Israel fell under the spell of Charlotte's charms and, having proposed matrimony, was accepted; they were married when Israel returned for the occasion in the following November and, after a leisurely trip, arrived at "Ludlow Station" in February of 1797.

Nicholas and Rebecca Chambers Clopper were living in Chambersburg and had themselves been married for six years at the time of this wedding; perhaps they were present at the



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ceremony, Charlotte's father and Rebecca being first cousins, but in any case it is likely that they became acquainted with Israel Ludlow then. About a third of a century later, when Israel had long been in his grave and Nicholas was a widower, the Clopper children took up their residence on the beech-covered northern slope of Clifton hill which was a part of the Ludlow Station farm near Cincinnati, acquiring it from Israel's son and their cousin, James C. Ludlow, while their father, Nicholas, was chasing the will-o'-the-wisp *wealth* in Texas.

## IV

### LIFE IN CHAMBERSBURG

AT THE time of his marriage in 1790 Nicholas Clopper was a merchant in Chambersburg, doing business under the firm name of E. N. Clopper & Company. Edward Nicholas Clopper was Nicholas's brother, born in Baltimore in 1773 and therefore only seventeen years old when the wedding occurred. The year of that event was also the year of the first United States Census. The enumeration of residents began on the first Monday of August, 1790, and ended within nine months thereafter; Nicholas and Rebecca were married on November 5—half a year before the end of the period—and it is more than likely that they were counted after the ceremony and that the census return pictures Nicholas's marital rather than his bachelor household. The enumerator for Chambersburg must have been a Pennsylvania German, for he spelled names just as their pronunciation would be indicated by a German—Nicholas Clopper is set down as "Nicolas Claper". In the report of this enumeration the names of family heads are given together with the number of persons in their households, distributed according to sex, color, age, and condition of servitude. Among the residents of Franklin County, Pennsylvania, "Nicolas Claper" is returned as the head of a family consisting of four persons including himself distributed as follows: two free white males of sixteen years and upward (one of whom was Nicholas himself and the other may have been his brother, Edward Nicholas); one free white male under sixteen years (who may have been his brother, Abraham Duryea Clopper, then fourteen years of age, or a lad employed in the store); and one free white female (who was his wife, Rebecca, if the count was made after November 5, otherwise a housekeeper).

Although carried on in the name of a company, the mercantile business was actually managed by Nicholas alone. He had a store in Chambersburg and a branch in Shippensburg. The business was prosperous and before he was thirty years of age, Nicholas had laid the basis for a career as a substantial man of affairs. His prosperity had so impressed a young man whom he had employed early in 1798 that this youth wrote to a friend describing him as "a very great merchant of this place." The young man cannot be regarded as unimpeachable authority, however, inasmuch as the following named articles of clothing belonging to Edward N. Clopper were found in his quarters at about this time: four pairs of silk stockings, one pair of cotton stock-



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ings, six shirts, six vests, two pairs of pantaloons, two pairs of breeches, one pair of white silk gloves, one pair of knee buckles, and one bathing cap; all but the bathing cap and one pair of white pantaloons were returned.

The mercantile business was thriving but Nicholas had begun to undermine it by speculating in land, buying not only lots and farms in the vicinity but many thousands of acres in Virginia and Tennessee. A summary of his condition, drawn up by him in March of 1798 and pompously headed "Nicholas Clopper in account current with the whole world", showed assets of both personal and real estate amounting to £19,390 and liabilities of £8,892; hence, as in those parts the pound was equivalent to \$2.66 $\frac{2}{3}$ , he calculated that he was worth \$28,000 clear of all indebtedness. His real estate in Chambersburg consisted of his dwelling house and lot, a lot over the Spring, lot No. 34 York Street, fourteen acres of meadow and woodland, and a twenty-acre field. His stock-in-trade constituted about a sixth of his assets, bonds and notes another sixth, while "debts due ye firm" accounted for more than a fifth.

In addition to its transactions around Chambersburg, the company carried on a good deal of business with firms and individuals in the "Western Country" as the region west of the mountains was then called. Early in March of 1798 Nicholas entered their accounts in a pocket ledger which he handed to the company's agent who was bound west on horseback to call upon debtors. It is likely that this agent was Edward N. Clopper and that on this journey he became acquainted with residents of Greensburg where, later on, he settled down; Edward withdrew from the Chambersburg firm in the following year and went into business for himself as a merchant at 87 Bowley's Wharf in Baltimore. Or the agent may have been his brother Abraham, then 22.

There are many names in the ledger prepared for this journey and that of William Woods & Company of Pittsburgh occurs often. In his instructions to the agent Nicholas wrote: "You have a bond on James McCullough for £50 due this Spring, also a bond for £25 on John Rodeman due 1st April, he lives on the land I sold him on ye Glade Road from Greensburg to Somerset, partly on ye Chestnut Ridge near Ernfred's Tavern . . . On your arrival at Pittsburgh if you find James Neilson has not yet been there with money for me, write him to meet you in Washington [Penna.] and insist on something being done—you'll get something considerable from him . . . Dispose of bay mare at not less than £45 after her keeping is paid; if can't be sold we'll have her brought down after she has colted and is fit to travel." Among the entries is a debt owed by John Probst in the amount of £305 which was paid with two tracts of "Depresshon Land" in Leets Dist. No. 46 and No. 47 at £300 in 1799 when Nicholas himself was in those parts on a collecting tour.



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Chambersburg was an industrial town, manufacturing augers and other tools as well as buhr millstones, boots, shoes, and woolen hats. For many years Nicholas had dealings with William Fullerton and screw augers were frequently the merchandise in demand, not only in Pittsburgh but also at points down the river where Fullerton delivered them, orders coming even from Lexington, Kentucky. He had dealings also in linen with John Kirkpatrick of Greensburg in 1793. Robert Brown of Greensburg shipped flax, twilled bags, and tow linen to the branch store at Shippensburg in 1802. James Trisker of Turtle Creek ordered tea, coffee, chocolate, spice, and paper in 1797. John Young of Greensburg looked after Nicholas's interests in the "Western Country" in 1805 and wrote to him concerning the progress of suits for recovery, proceeds from sale of land, and other matters.

Horses and vehicles of different kinds were often bought, sold, and traded. In November of 1794 Nicholas paid William Irwin of Pittsburgh "value" for a wagon and three horses at Chambersburg; on the back of the receipt is Nicholas's order for a ton of iron from the Bedford Company and 65 bushels of fine salt delivered in Pittsburgh. In April of 1796 Nicholas bought a carriage and pair of horses from William M. Brown of Chambersburg for \$700, agreeing to pay him either with land in Morison's Cove, Bedford County, which Samuel Riddle was to convey, or with cash if Riddle should settle with Nicholas by paying cash under the terms of a contract between them—but if this contract should become void, Brown agreed to accept one-fourth of a tract of land held equally by Nicholas and George Chambers in the South Western Territory at \$500 and the remainder in notes endorsed by Nicholas! Jacob Snider of Chambersburg agreed in March of 1804 to sell to Nicholas for \$650 one wagon, gears for five horses, two stud horses, one black gelding, two bay geldings, feed-trough, bucket, bags, whip, and tar-can; in payment Nicholas was to give Snider one horse and one chair (gig) valued at \$210, 14 acres of land in Hamilton Township of Franklin County which had been reserved off the tract called "Denmark" (sold by Nicholas to William M. Brown) valued at \$280. and \$160 in cash.

Nicholas bought a bay colt from Jeremiah McKibbin in March of 1804. Observe his method of paying for it: he gave McKibbin an obligation to assign part of the bonds and notes which he was to get from James Blair of Carlisle in the course of six months, amounting to \$132. Bonds and notes expected from one man in payment for one thing, and part of them promised to another in payment for something else! That is one way of transacting business when money is scarce and bank deposits are wanting. After all, it is not so different from the buying of goods on the installment plan now in vogue. Negotiable paper still serves the purpose of currency.

Business was largely on a paper basis in those days—that is, notes and bonds were given in payment instead of cash whenever a trade was made, and if the indebtedness was not dis-



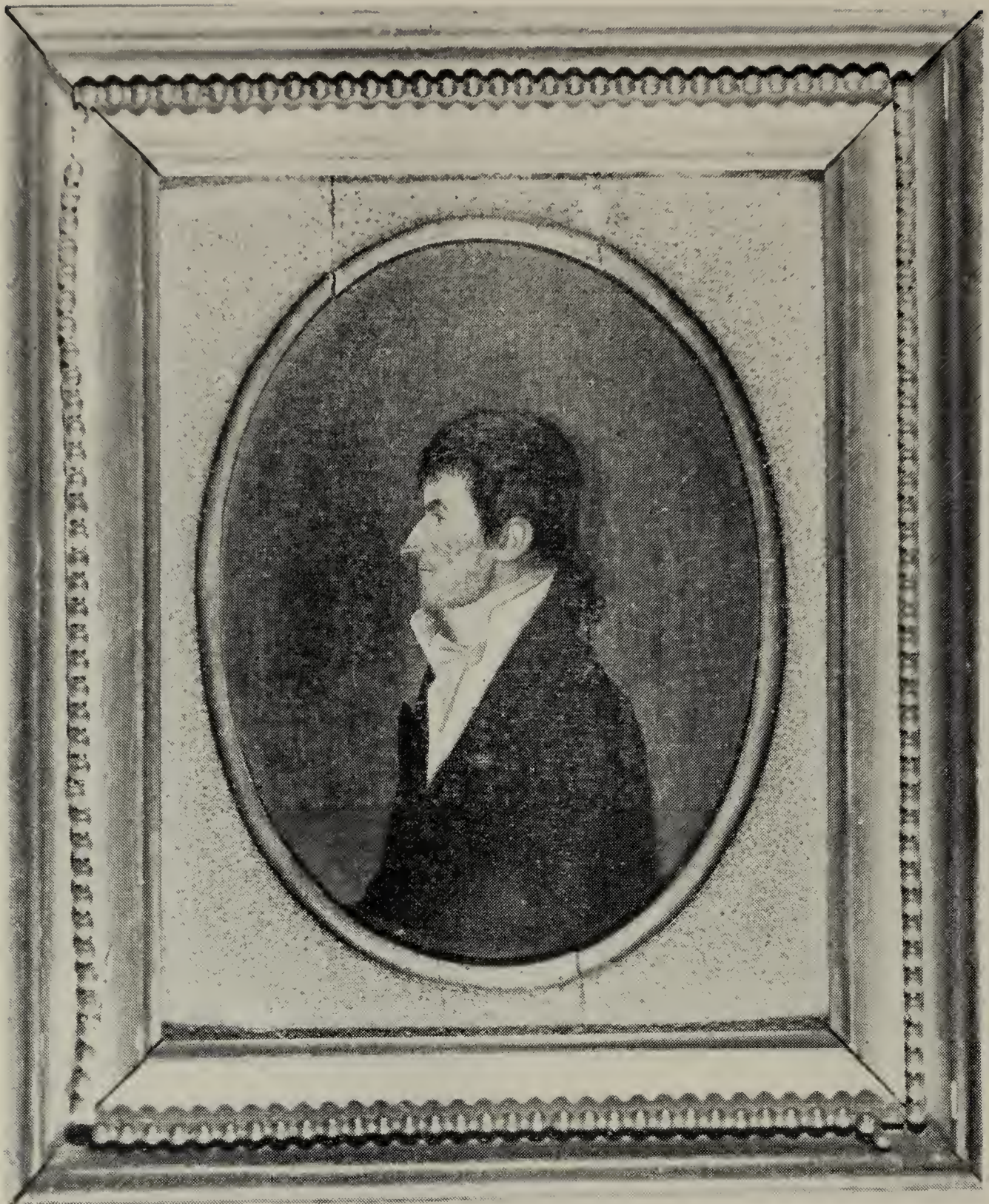
charged at the appointed time or shortly thereafter, suit was brought in a local magistrate's court to compel a settlement: indeed, such a court was often used as a sort of collection agency. Notes, being negotiable, often passed from hand to hand so that one such paper within its period of validity would serve in the satisfaction of several debts. Bonds given as security for payment of debts were for double the amounts of the debts, hence the givers were under heavy obligation in the event of failure to pay. Interest made such burdens heavier.

In 1794 Nicholas gave his sister, Elizabeth (Clopper) May, and Henry Payson of Baltimore, two bonds, each for £651/6/1, but for what purpose the papers do not reveal. Interest at six per cent accumulated through succeeding years although Nicholas made several payments, until principal and interest amounted to \$4,859.03 in January of 1803. Towards paying this off Nicholas had turned over a sorrel horse worth \$140 and two shares in an Alexandria bank worth \$388.16 which he had inherited from his father, together with certain other securities, so that by that time the debt had been reduced to \$3,676.47. His sister had married again, her second husband being Joseph Biays. She was administratrix of her father's estate and, oddly enough, her second husband was administrator of the estate of her first, Benjamin May. Nicholas settled with his brother-in-law, Joseph, in May of 1803—when \$59.04 additional interest had accrued—by giving one obligation for \$2,500 payable in one year with interest and another for \$1,235.51 payable in two years with interest. This was Nicholas's method of doing business as, indeed, it was of many in those times: buy land or merchandise by paying down a little and giving a bond for the balance, let the debt run and pay some of the interest when the creditor became importunate, then, when a settlement could no longer be postponed, give a new bond; accept bonds from others in payment of their debts and when they failed to make good, file suit against them. At the same time he attended church regularly and stressed the principles of Christianity as laid down in the Westminster Confession of Faith. Henry Payson brought suit against Nicholas for recovery under one of the bonds and then, it seems, assigned his rights to another who collected \$1,470.09 in 1813 in full satisfaction of principal, interest, and costs. Ultimately the bonds were paid, after the debts had swollen.

Among his many obligations Nicholas bound himself in November of 1798 to pay William Taylor of Baltimore \$4,243.12 in case he did not discharge a debt of half that sum; more than four years later he met the liability with interest. In that same November William Woods and Robert Simpson, merchants of Pittsburgh, gave their bond to Nicholas in the sum of \$4,000 to keep him and his brother Abraham clear of all of William Woods & Company's debts—this suggests that it was Abraham who went to the "Western Country" in the preceding Spring as Nicholas's agent.



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NICHOLAS CLOPPER  
1766 - 1841

From a portrait painted on wood about 1800.

The prothonotary of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court certified at Philadelphia in November of 1799 that George Thompson and Edward Thompson had, by deed, assigned to Nicholas Clopper the judgment for \$6,000 awarded in the cases of these parties versus John Nicholson and versus Robert Morris. At this time Morris was in prison for debt and Nicholson followed him there a year later.

John Nicholson, Pennsylvania's Comptroller General, and Robert Morris, "the financier of the Revolution," were financial experts and served the country well. In 1794 they became



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partners and entered the real estate field, their operations being on a gigantic scale. The financial depression which began not long afterwards hurt land speculators severely, their business crashed, and both of them were sent to prison for debt—Morris in 1798 and Nicholson in 1800. The latter died a few months later; the former was released in 1801 and died in 1806. Nicholson was indebted to Pennsylvania because of his real estate transactions, consequently his lands lay under its liens. After a partial settlement had been reached more than a million acres still remained encumbered and titles to them were therefore left in doubt. To remove these embarrassments "Nicholson's Court" was set up with power to relieve liens and to adjust conflicting claims.<sup>75</sup>

A clipping from a newspaper published in 1842 has been found among our family papers; it concerns the proceedings of the *Nicholson Court* in Pennsylvania. John Nicholson, Comptroller General from 1782 to 1796, used state funds in land speculation and died in 1800, possessed of lands in Pennsylvania equal to one-seventh of her territory and leaving debts to the amount of twelve millions of dollars. The state had a lien on the lands within her limits and in order to settle claims between the holders of the lands, the heirs and creditors of Nicholson, and the state, the legislature instituted a special court called the Nicholson Court and clothed it with plenary power. Its orders threatened to bring the whole of Erie County and part of Beaver County under the auctioneer's hammer—the land holders' first intimation of Nicholson's claim!

The purchase of bonds was a form of speculation; as always, the buyer took the chance of their being paid, and therefore bought them for as little as possible. In January of 1787 Andrew Bigger of Franklin County gave to Ezekiel Bigger of the same county his bond for £100 specie as security for the payment of £50 to Ezekiel on January 1st, 1791, with lawful interest; he also gave Ezekiel bonds for the payment of like sums in the two following years. A memorandum in Nicholas's handwriting, dated May 24, 1794, is to the effect that E. N. Clopper & Company purchased these three bonds from Ezekiel Bigger for £160, of which £100 was paid at the time, the residue to be payable when the bonds were redeemed; but it seems that Andrew refused to meet his obligation and suit was brought three years later to enforce payment, Ezekiel giving the company his own bond in the sum of £100 which was to be "in full force and virtue" only in case recovery was not had upon the three.

In the mass of Nicholas's papers are many notes made in the years from 1789 onwards and assigned to him after having passed through other hands—his keeping them indicates that they were never paid; memoranda of notes left with magistrates for collection; receipts for money paid—one of these is for postage on newspapers; bonds of debtors; his notes to creditors; as well as memoranda showing his acceptance of a great variety



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REBECCA (CHAMBERS) CLOPPER  
1767 - 1814

From a portrait painted on wood about 1800.

of commodities, such as cattle, horses, and iron, in satisfaction of debts. Towards the end of the 18th century E. N. Clopper & Company made payments frequently to creditors in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Chambersburg for goods. The firm was dissolved in 1799, Nicholas conducting the business alone after that year—as a matter of fact, he had always done so.

Ebenezer Wales and Andrew Clopper, commission merchants doing business under the name of Wales & Clopper, had a store and counting house at Bowley's Wharf in Baltimore. In 1810



they separated, each operating independently at Bowley's Wharf during a few more years. In June of 1796 Wales & Clopper shipped goods in a wagon to E. N. Clopper & Company at Chambersburg and, in a letter carried by the driver, stated that the anvils ordered in Philadelphia had not yet arrived in Baltimore and that a small remittance would be welcome; in the following May \$300 was paid on account. In July of 1803 Abraham D. Clopper wrote to Nicholas requesting financial assistance and a few days later Nicholas sent \$800 for distribution—\$300 for himself, \$300 for their brother Andrew, and \$200 for two other Baltimore firms.

For a time Nicholas had John Brackenridge as a partner in his store at Shippensburg, an association which was discontinued in 1802. From March of 1801 to October of 1802 James Sisny is debited by this store for sundries sold to his wife, including slippers, beeswax, spoons, rice, fish, flannel, tea, sugar, "tabereen", worsted hose, fancy cord, silk kerchief, bandanna kerchief, twist and thread, buttons, muslin, linen, and a bottle of snuff; he is credited with twenty bushels of corn at five shillings a bushel, the net amount due being more than ten pounds. Upon dissolving their partnership, Nicholas and Brackenridge arrived at a settlement in Squire Heap's court in Shippensburg, naming many debtors, among them James Sisny, Jere McKibbin, and a McClintock, the total amount due the partnership being about £350; Brackenridge turned the notes and accounts over to Nicholas.

Then Nicholas employed Adam Hailman as manager of the Shippensburg store and agreed to pay him \$250 a year and to find him board and lodging; a little more than two years later Adam signed a receipt in full settlement. He was boarded at Patrick Cochran's during several months in 1802 and Patrick took payment partly in cash from Nicholas and partly in goods from the store.

Nicholas did little or nothing in the way of public service but his attitude on public affairs was regarded as sound according to this notice in *The Franklin Repository* of Chambersburg: "1805, August 13—An Address, from the Grand Jury of Franklin County, on attempts to abolish our Constitution. The Grand Jury asks that, at the coming election, support be given to those whose sentiments are known to be decidedly in favor of the present Constitution: Benjamin Chambers, Joseph Chambers, Nicholas Clopper, John Colhoun, John Madeira, [and fifteen others]." <sup>76</sup>

Rebecca was kept busy attending to household affairs, caring for her steadily increasing family, and looking after business matters when her husband was away from home. She had but little time for correspondence and only three of her letters have been preserved, all of them addressed to Nicholas. In June of 1804, writing at Chambersburg when he was in Greensburg on business, she tells him that their daughter Rebecca, then about twelve years old, "is verry herty" and that "Becky McKibbin



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has been gone this eight days past”—this “Becky” was another Rebecca, daughter of Jeremiah and Mary Chambers McKibbin, also twelve years old at the time. Frederick (evidently a farm-hand) has not exerted himself in his master’s absence but the potatoes are in the ground, the first ones hoed, and the wheat cleaned, but there is no use in trying “to git any of the grass cut”. Labor difficulties are ever with us. She continues: “The augurs is not gone yet. Mr. Madaira and my-self has done our best and cannot git a waggon to take them—There is a nother thing that adds to my trouble, that is your brother Andrew is married and is to be hear the 5 of June with his Ladie and her sister—and that is to-morrow.” We can sympathise with her in this dread visitation of her in-laws!

Towards the end of that month Nicholas was in New Lancaster, Ohio, and Rebecca addressed a letter to him there, saying that she had been ill: “I have lain ever since you left me, and no life expected for me; for five or six days I was seased with a Vomiting which could not be stopt—I have now a bark-jacket on, and my fingers is so sore and weak.” Abraham D. Clopper was with her at the time; having heard that she was ill and his brother away, “he left all and came up.” Continuing, she wrote: “Mr. Vance will not pay any money—he says you have got all he owes you; and Capn Chambers Miller is dead, so I have not been able to go and see anny thing about the grain there. I have not heard a word of the horses that was lost. Filander is very herty. The fever seems to continue pretty bad in this place—the yellow fever is now in New York and is expected in Baltimore. The children all send thier love to you. I hope you will be home in two weeks from this time, but I do not wish you to come before you have finished your business as we are all pritty well now. You never let me know what you are a doing or when you will be home, but I still hope you will not stay a day longer than is nesasary. Adieu my dearest friend, may God bless you and bring you safe home is the sincere prayer of your affectionate Wife, Rebecca Clopper.”

On March 1st, 1806, Nicholas was in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and Rebecca wrote at Chambersburg, addressing him in her usual way as “My dear friend” and saving, “We are all tolarable well at preasant; Abraham [their infant son who died four months later] was very sick for a few days but is better. Mr. Norris was hear and got the Stud Horse, and we got him shod for all round for him . . .” A piquant feminine note is sounded in the final plea: “do not forgit my fine border of lace”—and may Heaven have helped the poor man on his return if he did “forgit” it!

The training of their children in the social graces was not neglected. There was a dancing school in Chambersburg conducted by B. de St. Hilaire and at least two of them attended it in 1805, for in the following January its proprietor wrote to Nicholas requesting payment of a balance of eight dollars due for tuition; his receipt for this sum is on the same paper, indicating



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prompt settlement—it reads for the tuition of Nicholas Clopper's "two childrens."

Little information has come down concerning the children's education. In 1800 their daughter Rebecca worked a sampler, as girls were accustomed to do in the course of learning how to use the needle; she worked the capital letters, the numerals, and also this charming jingle, so unlike the ponderous sentiments often stitched into such embroidery:

This little sampler which you see  
was wrought in Chambersburg by me  
Rebecca Clopper  
aged 8 yr's

Thomas Kirby was a teacher in Chambersburg at this period and had some of the Clopper children as his pupils. For the four months ended on February 8, 1799, he submitted his bill for instruction given to one of them—probably Andrew—charging thirteen shillings and four pence. During the next quarter he charged one pound for two of them—doubtless Andrew and Rebecca. In the following quarter his bill was ten shillings for one child. In the quarter ended on November 10th it was again ten shillings for one child. Two children were taught during the quarter ended on February 10th, 1800, for one pound, and also during the next quarter. Then a bill for ten shillings was presented for instruction to one child during each of the next two quarters, but for the quarter ended on February 10th, 1801, there was a charge for tuition of only one child for three weeks in the amount of two shillings, six pence. Kirby also drew deeds for Nicholas in 1799 and 1800, charging seven shillings, six pence for each.

A few years later Elijah Mendenhall instructed the Clopper children, sending a bill in January of 1806 for \$4 covering one quarter's subscription for two scholars, and another bill in July of that year amounting to \$16 for "schooling", both of which Nicholas paid.

In 1812 Nicholas Jr., then eighteen years of age, was taught by the Rev. P. Davidson in whose home he stayed—probably in Baltimore. His father paid \$37.99 for both his board from March 2nd to June 26 at \$25 a quarter and \$5 a quarter for tuition.

Two of the daughters, Rebecca and Caroline, were sent to the Moravian Seminary for Young Ladies at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, an institution which had the patronage of families over a wide area. The Moravians formed the settlement of Bethlehem in 1740 and a school which had been started by them at Germantown in 1742 was moved to this place in the following year. It led a precarious existence for some forty years but struggled through the trying times, especially the French-and-Indian War and the Revolution, and in 1785 was reorganised with a view to admitting non-Moravians to the student body. Since that time it has steadily served the purposes of education. Its old stone structures dating back well-nigh two centuries, with their hip-roofs and double

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rows of dormer windows, their massive masonry supported by heavy buttresses, and the curiously wrought belfry, show the influence of the manor-houses and churches of Bohemia where the early believers lived.<sup>77</sup> Here little Rebecca went as a pupil in 1803 and Caroline about ten years later; here too in 1794 Eleanor Byrne of Philadelphia had studied—in after years she was the Clopper children's beloved Aunt Ellen Maher at "The Woodlands".

A receipted bill for Rebecca's tuition, board, and supplies at this Seminary covers most of the year 1804 and includes pocket money, medicines, books, shoes, washing, sugar, needles and thread, riding, painting a framing piece, etc. A painting of flowers done by her at this school—probably the "framing piece"—hangs to-day at Beechwood. In August of 1814 the Principal sent a bill for Caroline's tuition, books, board, washing, pocket money, and several other items together with a letter stating that the child had "uniformly acted with propriety and endeavored to give satisfaction to those with whom she has mingled in society."

Among the keepsakes at Beechwood are old books and mementoes of school days "far away and long ago". One of them is a bit of paper cut to represent a tree leaf, ornamented and bearing the words, "Bethlehem, Rebecca Clopper, Augt 17th" with an expression of hope that she might see many more such days "so fraught with glee"—probably a souvenir or place-card of a picnic or party at the Moravian Seminary. The Rev. J. Goldsmith's *An Easy Grammar of Geography* published in 1804 was "Rebecca Clopper's Book".



# V

## VENTURES IN REAL ESTATE

THE buying and selling of land appealed to Nicholas Clopper as a more direct road to wealth than dealing in merchandise. Six months after his marriage he invested £15 in the western half of Lot 45 on the southern side of Catherine Street in Chambersburg from a local cabinetmaker and early in 1793 he bought the adjoining lot, No. 44, from Andrew Dunlop and Sarah Bella, his wife, for £5 and a yearly quitrent of ten shillings. Sarah Bella was a daughter of General James Chambers. Shortly afterwards he sold this lot and a half to a carpenter for £37/10/0, subject to the payment of the quitrent. Here was a profit of 87½% and he yearned for more.

With regard to quitrents an act of 1705 providing for their collection secured to William Penn and succeeding Proprietaries this source of income. "Originally a shilling annually for every one hundred acres taken up by purchasers, higher on later grants . . . the quitrents were not easily, and never promptly, collected; they were vexatious."<sup>78</sup> The lots in the old general plan of Chambersburg measured 64 feet by 256 feet and these dimensions were commonly specified in deeds conveying them.

In 1792 Nicholas had bought Lot 304 on Second Street, next to the brook known as the Falling Spring, from Captain Benjamin Chambers (General James Chambers's son) and Sarah, his wife, for £30 and had agreed to build a substantial dwelling house on it within two years and to refrain from tampering with the waters of the Falling Spring. As this was a part of the grant of 523 acres made to the captain's grandfather by the Proprietaries of the Province in 1742, it was subject to a quitrent of fifteen shillings. Although no mention is made of it, the dwelling house must have been erected, for Nicholas sold the property in 1796 to a local tanner for £100.

He paid £275 to a lawyer in 1793 for part of Lot 7, the quitrent being three shillings and nine pence payable annually to the Chambers heirs. The reason for this high price does not appear in the deed—it was improved business property, no doubt—but high as it was, he sold it for a price still higher, disposing of it in the following year to a yeoman for £450. On the day of this sale he bought from this same yeoman for a sum not recorded, two tracts in Greene Township which lies close to Chambersburg, one of a little more than 96 acres and the other of a little more than 21 acres; two and a half years later he sold the

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former tract to a resident of Greene Township for £1,000—he was beginning to reach out farther.

Another local investment at this time turned out to be profitable: he bought Lots 8 and 9 on Front Street (now called Main Street) the quitrent of each being ten shillings; for the one, which had a log house on it, he paid £57/10/0, for the other, which he got from the Dunlops, he paid £8—and sold the two to Captain Benjamin Chambers in 1797 for £150. Lot 18 he bought in 1793 also for £185 and sold it to a merchant about four years later for £300, fifteen shillings being payable annually to the Chambers heirs. One gathers from the wording of an agreement had with another party that he was to have sold this lot two years earlier for £350 but it seems that the deal fell through.

Early in 1794 he bought Lot 99 on Loudon Street next to Conococheague Creek for an unknown price and sold it eleven years later to Adam Wolf for £50, a yearly ground rent of twenty shillings being payable to Andrew Dunlop, his heirs or assigns, forever.

One day in April of 1794 the Dunlops sold him Lot 50 on the northern side of Market Street (now called Lincoln Way) together with their dwelling for £800, the quitrent being fifteen shillings. Six days later he sold it for the same price to John Keys, a hatter, who had probably asked him to arrange for the transfer in this way.

Nicholas added two more parcels of land to his possessions in 1795. One was a tract of a little more than 147 acres called "Denmark" in Hamilton Township, just to the west of town, for which he paid £800; an unsigned deed dated in 1806 indicates that he conveyed this tract to William M. Brown of Chambersburg as no other record of its sale has been found. The other was a piece of ground in town which he referred to as "A lot adjoining the Meeting House over ye Spring containing about half an acre"; it lay between Front Street (now the continuation of Main, called Philadelphia Avenue) and Conococheague Creek, just north of the Falling Spring Church and burying ground, and for it he paid Ruhamah Colhoun £87/10/0. Ruhamah was a daughter of Benjamin Chambers, the town's founder, and wife of Dr. John Colhoun. Four years later Ruhamah sold sixteen acres adjoining this piece to Nicholas for \$3,100, taking a mortgage which was fully discharged in 1801. The two parcels, about seventeen acres together, were sold to James Brotherton in 1806 for \$4,000.

From fragmentary records one can only make surmises. Piecing such bits together and considering their relationship, it seems that Nicholas and Rebecca undertook to help Rebecca's sister, Keziah Chambers Brady, in carrying out a plan for a new home in western Pennsylvania. In August of 1794 a Philadelphia merchant named Gratz had agreed to give Hugh Brady, yeoman of Hopewell Township in Cumberland County and Keziah's husband, for £1.052/3/9 a deed to two tracts on Sewicklev Creek in Westmoreland County, being part of a tract called the Con-



tractors Land and marked No. 29 of 301 and a fraction acres and No. 31 of 299 and a fraction acres. However, Hugh died within a few weeks and in the following March a merchant named Simon of Lancaster, Penna., who seems to have been the owner then, agreed to give *Nicholas* a deed to No. 31 for £250 paid down and £285/9/7 later with interest. One month afterwards Keziah and her children moved to western Pennsylvania, as shown by the report of Keziah and her son Joseph, administrators of Hugh's estate, which includes among the items of expense an unspecified sum paid in April of 1795 "for moving out the family to ye Western Country". The Bradys seem to have taken up their abode in Westmoreland County but it is not known whether they settled on this tract or elsewhere. Four years later Nicholas reported that the estate of Hugh Brady still owed him £250.

Keziah married again, her second husband being James Thompson. Robert Brady, her son, writing at Greensburg in September of 1809 to Nicholas, said that he had arranged with a local man to have country linen and twilled bags delivered for him at John Madeira's in Chambersburg—although Nicholas had left there three years before—and that his brother Joseph wished to have the place sold; he hopes his mother may have her share, the girls are grown up and Mr. Thompson cannot afford to give them what they think they ought to have, so it would be well to sell; he intends to leave Greensburg in six weeks and go into partnership with a man at Indiana, Pennsylvania.

Next month, at Robbstown, Pennsylvania, James Thompson wrote to Nicholas saying that he had an opportunity to sell the land at \$11 an acre and asks Nicholas to send the deed to him at Greensburg; his step-son, Joseph, is urging the sale and wishes to enter suit against the administrator here, "which of course must be myself".

Nicholas had built up a thriving business but the canker of speculation was already eating into the structure, for he could not resist the temptation to spread his interests wide, particularly in land. Great areas in remote parts of the country were to be had for a song and speculative fever ran high. As early as August of 1794 when he was only twenty-seven years old, he entered into an agreement at Greencastle, a village a few miles south of Chambersburg, with George Chambers (not the future jurist, who was only eight years old when this momentous pact was signed, but another of the same name born in 1760), Robert McCullough, and Dr. John McClelland, for the acquiring of lands in Virginia. By its terms each was to put up £150 and two-thirds of this capital was to be used by the two last-named partners in going to the Virginia Land Office, buying warrants, and executing them; Nicholas was to meet them and bring the other third of the money which was to be expended as these active partners deemed best in surveying and doing other necessary work for which each was to receive two dollars per day in addition to his expenses while in the woods, and any losses suffered



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there—such as a horse being stolen, killed by fatigue, or lost—were to be made good. As soon as any considerable parts of the lands were ready for sale George Chambers or one of the other partners was to go to Philadelphia or elsewhere and dispose of the whole or portions of them, the proceeds to be equally divided among the partners or forwarded to the active ones in the woods to be laid out by them in more land. Apparently this partnership was dissolved for, while Nicholas did become owner of extensive areas in Virginia, he seems to have acquired them either alone or in association with persons other than those named here.

Among the papers at Beechwood is a sheriff's deed for Tennessee land, dated at Chambersburg in November of 1796 and signed by Nathaniel Taylor, sheriff of Carter County, the consideration being one hundred dollars paid by Nicholas Clopper for which he was granted one-half of 1,377,500 acres of vacant land! This fantastic document was witnessed by Edward N. Clopper and a memorandum makes it known that this was partnership business—evidently the two brothers were in the deal together.

The fever of land speculation is not only contagious, it is transmissible from generation to generation. Nicholas's children suffered from it and from its consequences, and so did his grandson. It seared his grandson's widow (the writer's mother) and, prodded by designing lawyers, moved her to rummage among old family papers in the garret at Beechwood in the hope of finding proof of land ownership which would make us rich. Lawyers in Virginia, in Tennessee, in Texas, followed the trail of Nicholas's investments and, dangling the bauble of wealth before my mother's shining eyes, sought through litigation to prove title—on condition that they should receive half of all recovered. My mother, living a modest and rather secluded life in the old family homestead, once known as the Clopper Farm and originally a part of Israel Ludlow's holding, thought in terms of great landed estates and her fancy was stirred by the prospect of what she fondly called "broad acres", just as that of Nicholas had been stirred so many years before.

It was a sorry business, fraught with anxiety and heart-burning, and bound in the end to be profitless. So it turned out to be. When one lawyer recovered a tract he neglected to give us our half, and another had to be retained to bring him to terms. Then, after having collected from the first one, the second lawyer embezzled. At last a third and honest one forced restitution and drove the embezzler out of town.

Again, in an effort to get back certain original family papers which had been entrusted to a lawyer for use in recovery suits, the writer addressed a college mate and fraternity brother who was understood to be practicing law in those parts, years afterwards, and asked him to retrieve them. He expressed his willingness to try and requested a sum of money for expenses. The money was sent, but he was never heard from again. A curse was laid upon all that had to do with gaining wealth through land



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speculation and I resolved to own no part of the earth but that which held my home. The blight of speculation spreads through the years and only heroic measures can stamp it out. Great expectations bring only heartaches.

Nicholas, however, was never cured of the disease. To the end of his days he bought and sold land. His most extensive interests were in Virginia but it is difficult to tell from his accounts whether he owned a tract outright or only a share in it. His return of property near the close of the 18th century shows these possessions:

22,000	acres	in	Russell County, Virginia						
12,800	"	"	Bath County, Virginia						
10,000	"	"	Shenandoah County, Virginia	(one-tenth part)					
6,000	"	"	Lee County, Virginia	(one-half part)					
32,000	"	"	Virginia, sold for	£2,400	(one-half part)				
7,080	"	"	Lee County, Va. sold to Andrew Clopper						
5,660	"	"	Tennessee worth	£900	(one-half part)				
400	"	"	Washington County, Penna.	worth	£400				
240	"	"	Allegheny County, Penna.	worth	£250				
100	"	"	Greene Township, Franklin County, Penna.						
21	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
14	"	"	Hamilton	"	"	"	"	"	"
5	"		near Baltimore, Maryland						
Houses and lots in Baltimore (one-eighth part, father's est.)									
His dwelling house and lot in Chambersburg, worth £1,275									
Lot over ye Spring in Chambersburg									
Lot 34 on Market Street in Chambersburg									
Half lot and log house in Shippensburg (location of store?)									

On a day in March of 1798 Nicholas agreed to sell to his brother Andrew Clopper of Baltimore 7,080 acres in Lee County, Virginia (which had been patented in the name of Nathan Field and by him conveyed to John Johnson in 1796) for \$400 down, \$245 in six months, and \$240 in one year, total \$885 or 12½¢ an acre. Andrew turned over a horse with saddle and bridle and a gold watch to Nicholas who accepted them as equivalent to \$400; a deed was given two months later. One wonders what Nicholas did with so many watches, for in addition to this gold one he already had a silver one valued at £9 and accepted another from his brother Edward in the following year.

He put a value of six pence an acre on timber land in Virginia and set down in his accounts that 48,000 acres at this price would be worth £1,200. Seventy-five square miles of land and timber for only sixteen pounds a square mile—and the pound equivalent to only two and two-thirds dollars! No wonder staid business men faltered! No wonder the dreamers saw visions!

Nicholas and his brother Edward entered into an agreement at Chambersburg in September of 1799 whereby Nicholas was to sell to Edward one undivided eighth part of 22,134 acres in Russell County, Virginia, for which the Virginia Land Office had issued a patent in the name of John Johnson and which right had been conveyed to Nicholas; and Edward was to pay Nicholas \$300, one-third being in the form of a horse and a watch upon signing this agreement and two-thirds when the land was sold.

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Moreover, Edward was to exert himself to effect a sale and for his trouble was to receive half of the proceeds above ten cents an acre, the "over-plus" being thus equally divided between them. The witness to this hopeful transaction was their younger brother, Abraham Duryea Clopper, then twenty-three years of age. Edward was a visitor in Chambersburg at the time, for in the agreement his place of residence is given as Baltimore.

From time to time, prior to 1806, Nicholas gained title to large tracts of undeveloped land in other counties south of the Potomac but the papers defining them were entrusted to plausible lawyers and now no record remains save the memory of disappointed hopes. One is reminded of "The Gilded Age" and its story of Squire Hawkins's childlike faith in his 75,000 acres amongst the "Knobs of East Tennessee" as the source of "an enormous fortune" for his children "some day", and of the sorrow and shame which it held in store for them instead.

Continuing his transactions in real estate, Nicholas in 1796 bought from Dr. Robert Johnston of Antrim Township 175 and a fraction acres called "Union" in Guilford Township lying south-east of Chambersburg for £672, paying in part, it would appear, with Lot 14 on Front Street according to a subsequent confirmation. In 1802 he sold two acres of this tract to a blacksmith for £140 and in the following year 155 acres to another party for £620.

Another lot in town changed hands: this was No. 34 on Market Street which Nicholas acquired from Captain Benjamin Chambers in 1797 for a price not stated and sold it two years later for £60.

Then, in 1800, he bought for £803/5/0 a tract of 119 and a fraction acres in Greene Township adjoining other land of his—probably the 21 acres which he had owned since 1794—and sold the 141 acres here five years later to John Stam for £1,400. He had agreed in the preceding Autumn to let Stam have the property as well as half of the seed clover in stack and half of the fall grain in the ground.

In 1801 he bought four lots at the northeastern corner of Third and Queen Streets, forming a parcel 256 feet square, for a price not recorded and sold them for £85 early in 1806 when he was preparing to leave Chambersburg for plantation life in Maryland.

A party had obtained a judgment for a considerable sum and costs against two men who had no goods and chattels available, so John Brotherton, High Sheriff of Franklin County, seized their twelve tracts of land in Southampton Township and, as the yearly rents therefrom were not enough to satisfy the judgment and costs, the court ordered him to sell them. Accordingly in February of 1803 he sold them for \$4,000 to Nicholas, the highest bidder, who declared that he bought the twelve tracts in trust for the use of James Brotherton and John Hetick.



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Chambersburg was erected into a borough by act of Assembly in March of 1803 and, among the boundaries fixed, the act mentions "lands of Nicholas Clopper"—these were the seventeen acres lying just north of Falling Spring Church which he had bought a few years before from Ruhamah Chambers Colhoun. Two months later he bought a lot on Catherine Street for a sum not mentioned in the deed and sold it the next day for £140. A few other transactions in Chambersburg lots and township tracts nearby occurred in these early years of the nineteenth century.

Nicholas preferred to sell real estate rather than to lease it but occasionally he made arrangements for tenancy. This was done in the case of a small area in Cumberland County where he leased to one Martin Miller a house and a lot of between two and three acres for a year at \$30 a half year, the tenant agreeing to repair the fence around the property by stake-and-riding it sufficiently, to have liberty to put half of the lot in Spring grain and the other half in Fall grain, and to use dead wood and tops for fuel but not to cut green timber without Nicholas's permission. He was to fell timber "in the dark of the present moon" sufficient for two hundred broad rails, being allowed six shillings and six pence a hundred. This lot was a part of the Manor of Lowther where Nicholas also owned another house on a larger lot adjoining which had been let to a man named Mater for \$20 a half year, and Miller further agreed to assist this tenant of "ye other house" in haying and harvest at the prevailing rate of wages.

In 1799 Nicholas engaged Adam Wolf in Franklin County to furnish and set up 120 panels of post-and-rail fence, five rails high, using locust posts and chestnut rails, and agreed to pay him sixty bushels of rye and \$50 in specie. This fence was likely for his lot "over ye Spring", next to the church.

Nicholas was daring and one of his most ambitious attempts was to induce a family of nine brothers and sisters, together with their spouses, to transfer their extensive inheritance to him. This had to do with the Duncan estate.

Daniel Duncan, a merchant of Shippensburg and an older man than Nicholas, had invested his earnings in farm land. At one time his family resided in the old log house which still stands on land once owned by Captain Robert Chambers, near Middle Spring; his great-granddaughter, Sally Ann Duncan, was born there. Daniel had bought 259 acres in Hopewell Township of Cumberland County and as early as 1766 had acquired 300 acres in Path Valley of that county. From time to time he bought other tracts and, at the time of his death, owned about 2,400 acres scattered over three counties and also two lots and a two-story stone house in Shippensburg, all said to be valued at £10,540. The vagueness and contradictions in references to the location and size of the several parcels contained in papers still preserved, are bewildering. One summary mentions 400 acres



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in Amberson Valley of Franklin County; 260 acres on the Carlisle road two miles from Shippensburg; 460 acres on the Walnut Bottom road four miles from that town; 250 acres six miles from Chambersburg; two tracts in Path Valley of Cumberland County, one of 250 acres and the other of 90; and 700 acres on the Juniata River in Mifflin County; as well as the house and lots in Shippensburg. Another summary mentions two tracts in Cumberland County, one of 460 acres and the other of 240; three in Franklin County of 250 acres each; 700 acres in Mifflin County; and the house and lots in Shippensburg. Separate references to individual tracts differ from these.

In 1803 Nicholas gave up his mercantile business in Shippensburg and sold his stock-in-trade there at cost price to Arnold Duncan, one of Daniel's sons, for £1,340/11/1. In payment he accepted a deed to Arnold's undivided interest in his father's estate, valued at £225 (apparently allowing him £300 additional provided he obtained releases from the other heirs at the same price) and two judgment bonds for the balance, both due that year. This transaction indicates that Nicholas had yielded to the temptation of acquiring all of the Duncan children's interests in their father's estate. Daniel had died intestate and, being survived by nine children, his property was divided into ten parts, of which two were allotted to the eldest son, Joseph, and one to each of the others. If the whole estate was worth £10,540 and if each of the ten shares could be had for £225—the amount paid to Arnold for his—Nicholas naturally calculated that it would be a good investment. He thereupon sought to buy the nine other shares, being aided in this by Arnold, and succeeded in getting them to the extent that the Orphans Courts of two counties felt justified in confirming his title to certain of the tracts. The price he paid for the other shares was the same as that paid Arnold. The nine Duncan children were Joseph, Arnold, Samuel, John, Jesse, Eleanor, Mary, Sarah Campbell, and Ann Elliott, according to papers.

In 1804 Samuel gave Nicholas a quitclaim deed to his tenth interest for \$600 or £225. The next year John sold his tenth for the same amount to Nicholas who, it appears, gave him notes, two of which were not paid when due, for John obtained a judgment on one in that same year with satisfaction six months later, and left the other for collection in the hands of George Chambers, the future jurist, who wrote at Carlisle in December of 1806 to Nicholas who was then in Maryland, praying him in graceful wording to remit "and save me from the disagreeable necessity of neglecting my duty on one hand, or in the least distressing you on the other." This George was a son of Benjamin Chambers and a grandson of Chambersburg's founder; born in 1786, he was admitted to the bar in 1807.

In 1806 Sarah conveyed her tenth to Nicholas through Arnold for \$600. Ann had offered her tenth for \$600 cash in December of 1805. In 1804 Arnold had given Jesse \$150 as first payment



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of what Nicholas owed the latter, so it seems that Jesse's tenth also had been acquired through Arnold; in 1806 Nicholas paid the balance due for this share to James Duncan, administrator of the estate of Jesse Duncan, deceased.

Joseph had offered to exchange his two-tenths of the Walnut Bottom tract of 334 acres and of the Pine tract of 236 acres one mile distant, for the three shares belonging to Eleanor, Mary, and Jesse (the last-named being then deceased), but Nicholas bought his two-tenths at sheriff's sale in 1806, paying \$200 for that part of the Walnut Bottom tract and \$100 for the same part of the Pine tract. Joseph was in financial difficulties; a judgment for debt and damages in the sum of £568 having been hanging over him for seven years in Cumberland County, the Common Pleas Court at Carlisle had ordered the sheriff to levy on his property but as he had no goods and chattels in the county the sheriff seized his two undivided tenth parts of the 334 acres and, having found that the income from these parts would not satisfy the debt and damages in seven years, he was directed by the court to sell them. For a similar reason, no doubt, the Pine tract interest also had been seized and sold. The Walnut Bottom tract, it appears, was divided into two parts, for in 1806 Nicholas sold for £887/7/0 a parcel of  $142\frac{1}{2}$  acres on the Walnut Bottom road to Carlisle, four miles from Shippensburg, which he had bought from the Duncan heirs, and the Orphans Court of Cumberland County vested in him as assignee  $206\frac{1}{2}$  acres, which was part of a larger tract owned by him and also  $236\frac{3}{4}$  acres, making 443 acres which he sold in 1807 for \$3,425.

Concerning the late Daniel Duncan's property in Southampton Township of Cumberland County a writ of partition had been issued and twelve men (of whom Jeremiah McKibbin was one) had reported in March of 1805 that they had viewed the messuage (dwelling house and land adjoining) and had decided that it could not be divided without prejudice to the whole, appraising this Tract No. 1 of 334 acres at \$13.50 per acre and Tract No. 2 at \$4; there was also a Tract No. 3 but it was not appraised because title to it was in dispute at the time. However, in December Nicholas paid \$19.50 to a surveyor for running lines in the two tracts, dividing them as indicated above.

In 1806 the Orphans Court at Chambersburg vested in Nicholas the rights of the Duncan heirs to 270 acres in Amberson Valley, Fannett Township of Franklin County, and in the following year he sold this tract to men named McVitty and Morgan for \$600. There was still some question concerning releases by the heirs as late as April of 1810 when Nicholas was counting upon payment by these purchasers of the balance due him for this land in order to satisfy other claims against him. There was another tract in Amberson Valley which Nicholas had partly acquired from the Duncan heirs; this consisted of 118 acres and in 1821 he conveyed his undivided half interest in it to George Chambers for "a valuable consideration"—or perhaps



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he had acquired the whole of it from the Duncan heirs and then had sold an undivided half to someone else.

In 1805 Nicholas let the stone house in Shippensburg to two men at an annual rental of \$25 and in the following year he sold the lot next to it to another man for \$400. This property is described as on the east side of the Main Street of Shippensburg leading to Carlisle, at the north end of the town. The lot sold separately lay to the north of the house.

George Patterson seems to have been associated with Nicholas in getting possession of certain parts of the Duncan property. In 1803 Nicholas had paid \$150 at one time and £52/7/9 at another to Samuel Duncan who sued for the balance of \$250 and was given £15/5/3 by Patterson in partial payment in 1804; the remainder of the Cumberland County debt with interest, amounting to £84/11/9, was paid to Samuel by Nicholas at Carlisle in 1805. After the two had bought from the Duncan heirs 296 acres in Southampton Township of Cumberland County on the Mount Rock road to Carlisle, two miles from Shippensburg, Patterson sold to Nicholas in 1805 both his interest in this land and his 53 acres adjoining. The Orphans Court confirmed Nicholas's title. Most of this parcel, it seems, was known as Albany Farm near Shippensburg, for among Nicholas's papers is a map dated October 4, 1804, bearing this name and showing 174 acres on one side of Mount Rock road to Carlisle and 105 acres on the other side. The costs for confirmation of Albany Farm, late the property of Daniel Duncan, deceased, due to clerk and sheriff, amounted to £8/15/1. In April of 1805 Nicholas gave Patterson a riding chair (gig) valued at \$80 and \$12 in cash in full payment for 25 acres of land—possibly this also lay next to Albany Farm.

Nicholas traded the 349 acres in the two tracts in the following year for 81 acres in the Manor of Lowther, East Pennsboro Township of Cumberland County, owned by Andrew Moore of Shippensburg and valued at £2,800. This was part of a tract called "Westmoreland" which the Proprietaries, Thomas and John Penn, had granted in 1768 to Edmund Physick of Philadelphia, Physick having conveyed a portion of it to Andrew Moore. In April of 1807 Nicholas sold to Samuel and Jeremiah Reese 84 acres over the Trindle Road in the Manor of Lowther for £2,200, for Moore had already agreed to convey to him 198 acres of this tenanted tract, the consideration being \$13,209.52. This purchase price having been partially satisfied by transfer of the Southampton Township land, the rest was to be paid for with land in Ohio valued at \$2,933.33 and in ten annual installments of \$293.33 from April of 1806 to April of 1816. With regard to the Ohio land Moore was to have his choice among tracts aggregating 6,000 acres, some on the Scioto River and some on the Miami River, which they were to view together in the following June. Six thousand acres on the Scioto and Miami Rivers in Ohio! When had Nicholas become the owner of this vast area, or had he only filed an application for it? He did own 375 acres



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in Adams County, Ohio, which had been conveyed to him in February of 1803 by William Montgomery, and in these early years this county reached to the Scioto River in the Virginia Military District. However, in June of 1805, Moore agreed to receive from Nicholas £1,100 in money, payable in eight annual installments beginning in April of the next year, instead of its equivalent in Ohio land. Then in 1808 Nicholas agreed to pay Moore \$100 a year for six years but the matter was still unsettled in 1814. The Manor of Lowther land was subject to a quitrent of one halfpenny sterling an acre payable yearly to the Lords of the soil.

In February of 1805 Bernard März agreed to cultivate the "Manor Farm" for Nicholas, three miles from Harrisburg, in return for half of the produce; this agreement was renewed annually in the next two years.

One gathers that Nicholas obtained the shares of Ann, Eleanor, and Mary in their father's estate, together with Jesse's, for \$600 each and paid part of this at the time, inasmuch as in March of 1805 suits were brought against him by these four for \$259.43 each. One gathers also that Arnold had not yet settled for the goods in the Shippensburg store, for Nicholas obtained a judgment against him. An old memorandum suggests that according to an understanding with Nicholas, Arnold was to pay the amounts due to his three sisters and Jesse, thus gaining credit on his own account. At this time Arnold's debt to Nicholas amounted to £553/6/10 including interest, so that credit for the total of the four suits or £389/2/11, also for Arnold's share of the property or £225, and for Nicholas's acceptance of an order for £37/10/0, left Nicholas indebted to Arnold.

The 700 acres in Mifflin County caused more trouble than any other part of the estate and apparently were lost to Nicholas. In April of 1809 he paid the Orphans Court at Lewistown part of the fees on petition in a case and in July of that year he paid for an advertisement ordered by this court to be published in *The Carlisle Herald*. Then in August the court ordered the administrators, Thomas Duncan and James Dunlop, to sell the late Daniel Duncan's property in Wayne Township of Mifflin County. In 1806 Nicholas had given Thomas Duncan his note for \$213.85 and paid more than half of it that year. The estate of Daniel Duncan in Mifflin County was ordered partitioned and executed in May of 1818, one month after two men had agreed to buy from the Duncan heirs 200 acres in this township at \$11 an acre. In August of that year a lawyer representing Nicholas at Lewistown in his dispute involving suits of forcible entry and detainer which had been brought in the name of the Commonwealth, wrote saying that the suits had been postponed until November when Nicholas himself should be on hand and that the prospect was good. Whether anything but worry and expense was ever gained Nicholas's papers depone not.

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He was interested also in lands in Bedford County, Pennsylvania. One tract of 150 acres on Brush Creek, which he had acquired from Dr. Robert Johnston, he sold in 1803 to Vincent Cockins for £109. Cockins made three partial payments, then wrote to Nicholas in 1805 saying that he had had "bad success" in Carlisle, and asked for four months' extension of time for payment of the balance—a year later he still owed £11/5/0. There were also 459 acres in Providence Township of this county which had been surveyed to Uriah Blue and patented to James McKenny in 1786, in connection with which Nicholas paid \$12 in fees in 1803 and \$110 for patent and clover seed in the year following, but whether as owner or agent for another his papers do not reveal.

Concerning the 375 acres on the Scioto River in the Virginia Military District, James Montgomery wrote at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to Nicholas in March of 1803 saying that he had a conveyance from William to deliver to him as agreed to at Shippensburg and was waiting for him to come to Lancaster. This town is about 75 miles from Chambersburg and Nicholas, no doubt, journeyed there at about this time; his undated memorandum of expenses to Lancaster and return mentions these items: Thompson, York, ferry (across the Susquehanna), Lancaster, ferry, York, Black Horse (inn?), Thompson, Total £6/7/11. Nicholas bought the 375 acres from William in 1803. There seems to have been in the agreement a project concerning additional land in Ohio for which Nicholas was to take out a patent, and a memorandum shows that he made out a bill for surveying 383 acres covering \$3.66 for the survey, 50c for recording it, \$2 paid to the chain carrier, and 25c for a quart of whisky, being \$6.41 in all, but where the land lay we are not told. Thinking of the whisky, one wonders about the accuracy of the field notes.

In the Summer of 1809 at Baltimore Nicholas agreed to give Joseph Biays a deed to the 375 acres on the Scioto River for \$1,718, estimating it to be worth \$2,290, and Biays agreed to give Nicholas one undivided fourth part of this same tract when the deed was delivered to him. At Baltimore in June of 1809 Nicholas paid Chamberlain's bill of \$12.48 for nunch. porter, and bed (presumably for himself), oats and hay (for his horse, no doubt), and hay for *cows*. In December of that year Humphrey Fullerton, acting for Nicholas, wrote at Chillicothe to him, sending deeds to Scioto land for Biays and reporting that in his own absence from that region the land had been sold for taxes and that he had recovered it by paying the purchaser \$2.75 more than was bid at the sale.

Nicholas also promoted a real estate venture in eastern Ohio. He drew a plan for a new town to be developed in Section 17, Township 1, Range 5, about a dozen miles east of Zanesville, and to be called Troy. A sketch made by the district surveyor of 160 acres in this section, U. S. Military Land, shows a house and the road from Philadelphia to Kentucky. The prospectus says,



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“There is a new Tavern House raised on one of the lotts, 24 feet by 30, square logs &c for which the purchaser will have a chance,” this being cited as an inducement to buy a lot. The lots were to be drawn—a lottery! Numbered tickets were printed, to be sold at \$22 each, on which Nicholas certified that the bearer was entitled to a deed from him for the lot having the corresponding number on the town plan, together with an outlot of one acre. The drawing was to be held in Chambersburg on February 15, 1806. To-day there is no town named Troy near Zanesville. The enterprise must have met with failure and been abandoned—another venture gone wrong.

## VI

### A NEW HOME AND DEATH OF REBECCA

THE 19th century was but five years old when Nicholas turned his eyes back towards Maryland, not to Baltimore where he had spent his youth but to Frederick County where the life of a planter attracted him and where the prospect of mercantile business in the county seat was beguiling. The social standing of a country squire seemed to have a strong appeal for him and he believed that his family could live more suitably on a plantation where the labor would be performed by negro slaves.

While Nicholas's thoughts strayed farther and farther away, those of his wife Rebecca clung to her family and their life in Chambersburg. Her womanly intuition must have caused her vague uneasiness as she saw her husband's interests spreading far beyond her familiar Franklin County in the Scotch-Irish Cumberland Valley. They were prosperous there—why not leave well enough alone? The late Annie Chambers of Mifflinburg once told the writer that Rebecca's brothers in Northumberland County were not affluent but were careful to meet their obligations and in order to make a payment in a matter which concerned them all, one of them rode to Chambersburg on his horse and delivered Rebecca's modest share into her hands; when he was starting on the return journey to his home Rebecca stood in the doorway smiling with satisfaction, not because she had her portion but because, unknown to him, she had hidden it in one of his saddlebags, being aware of his greater need for it. This matter was a contract entered into in November of 1799 by which Joseph and Benjamin Chambers of West Buffalo Township in Northumberland (now Union) County agreed to buy for £322/5/0 their sister's third part of 171 acres which they had jointly inherited and which were then occupied by the brothers. The place where the document was signed is not mentioned but it was probably Chambersburg because it was drawn up by Nicholas Clopper in his own handwriting and was witnessed by his brother Abraham D. Clopper. They paid Rebecca £75 on the day of the agreement and smaller sums at intervals during several years thereafter. One of the items in Nicholas's accounts for 1799 is £300 owed by Joseph and Benjamin Chambers of Northumberland for "Susquehanna land."

It was in the Spring of 1806 that the Cloppers left Chambersburg and established their residence in Maryland near the mouth of the Monocacy River on a plantation they called "Green-



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field." Some seventeen years later, when a student in Kentucky, Joseph Chambers Clopper wrote an "academical exercise" in flowery language describing the place. His rhapsody may be reduced to these words: "Thirty miles north-west of the Federal City, near the junction of the Potomac and the Monocacy, upon a moderate eminence a few hundred yards from the latter stream, stood the mansion half concealed by locust trees. Peach and apple trees were near. From this spot could be seen the rural seat of a lonely bachelor. I often caught fish in the Monocacy, rowed my boat on this stream, climbed its cliffs, and watched boatmen pushing their ore-laden vessels against its current to a neighboring furnace whose flames lit up Greenfield on Winter nights." This was probably Johnson's Furnace.

In December of 1805 Nicholas Clopper had bought from Nicholas Dawson of Lower Monocacy Hundred in Frederick County a tract there of between 450 and 500 acres with improvements at \$24 or £9 an acre, to be paid for as follows: \$3,000 on Christmas Day of 1806, £400 on Christmas Day of 1808, and £400 annually thereafter until the total had been discharged. Dawson was to have a resurvey made to ascertain the true quantity of land in the tract and agreed to attend to a few other specified matters. For the true performance of this agreement the two Nicholases bound themselves in the penal sum of £10,000. Dawson died within a few months, however, and the executors under his will, Samuel and Elizabeth Dawson, gave bond to Nicholas Clopper for the delivery of a deed to this tract which, upon resurvey, had been found to contain 484 acres and had been given the name of "Greenfield." It was made up of several parcels, each with a quaint name, to-wit: "Partnership" 187 acres; "Pickax" 32 acres; "Griffith's Chance" 12 acres; "Jedburgh Forest" 96 acres; "Chargeable" 121 acres; a third part of "Jeremiah's Vision" 33 acres; and two pieces of vacancy 3 acres. A plat dated in May of 1806 gives the courses and represents Greenfield as one tract. Among papers still preserved are patents, deeds, indentures, contracts, and surveyor's certificates relating to these lands, the indentures being indented at the top in accordance with the old custom. Nicholas made the initial payment at the appointed time and gave bonds as security for the balance; on the same day the executors agreed to give him a deed to three other acres in "Pickax" near the Monocacy adjoining Greenfield for £27 and he gave his bond for the payment of this sum also. It was in April of 1817 that the Dawsons gave Nicholas the deeds.

A store was opened on Patrick Street in Frederick Town—and closed two or three years later, when the business was transferred to the plantation itself. The times were not propitious. Our commerce suffered because of barriers imposed by both England and France, and England's impressment of British sailors serving on our vessels stirred our anger. Our embargo act of 1807 was a retaliatory measure which, however, brought distress upon ourselves.



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In March of 1806 Nicholas bought for £413 a stone house with lot measuring 31 feet by 393 feet on Patrick Street from a man named Christian Scholl who was residing on the premises at the time. He paid £13 when the agreement was signed; £8/11/8 and a red cow worth £7/2/6 a month later; and perhaps other sums, but apparently did not meet certain installments promptly, for Scholl brought suit against him. The two came to an understanding and in January of 1810 Scholl was given orders on Major Roger Johnson for iron and signed a receipt "in full of all demands and all accounts," agreeing also to pay the costs of the suits which he had brought. This understanding must have cancelled their contract, inasmuch as Scholl conveyed this property to another party in 1812 for \$1,200.

During its short career in Frederick Town under Nicholas's direction the store held a great variety of goods as shown by itemised bills against customers made out in 1806 and 1807. Dry goods, thread, ribbon, blankets, handkerchiefs, gloves, hats, shoes, slippers, combs, sugar, coffee, tea, salt, allspice, dishes, tumblers, tea-pots, cups, saucers, plates, knives, forks, penknives, padlocks, gimlets, bridles, scythes, segars, tobacco, whisky, rum, wine, and gun-powder, were charged against individuals. A few paid part of their debts with cash, one with hay, another with labor at plastering. In making out a list of goods wanted for the store Nicholas included most of the items named above and also silk, sarcenet, stockings, mufflers, whalebone, pewter plates, spoons, basons, pins, corkscrews, watches, raisins, almonds, rice, lemons, indigo, blue, school-books, shot, and articles for coach-making. He was too confident, however, and had overloaded his emporium. In August of 1807 he found it necessary to return some of the goods to a wholesale dealer in Baltimore and was thereby credited with £66/10/9 on his account with that firm.

In June of 1807 a dealer named May at Baltimore wrote to Nicholas, merchant at Frederick Town, concerning 93 pairs of shoes, saying that coarse shoes were always scarce at that season and he could send none until vessels arrived from New England; he forwarded a pair of small pistols as a gift to Nicholas's son, Andrew, then 16 years old.

In November of that year Nicholas traded dry goods packed in a hogshead and valued at £150/10/0 for eleven boxes of augers of like value offered by a man in Chambersburg.

He was worried and took stock of his situation. There were eight assets valued at £5,800 but nine liabilities amounting to £6,650. Among the liabilities were these debts: £800 to Baltimore merchants, £1,200 to Philadelphia merchants, Patterson £1,200 (probably for real estate in Pennsylvania), and Dawson £1,130—this last for Greenfield.

His family was growing. Mary Ann Catherine was born at Greenfield in 1807 and Rachel Ruhamah, his last child, in 1809. All the others had been born in Chambersburg. When Rachel Ruhamah came into the world his eldest son, Andrew, was eighteen



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years of age and his eldest daughter, Rebecca, seventeen; Nicholas Jr. was fifteen; Caroline was nine; Joseph was seven; Edward Nicholas was six; and Mary Ann was two.

In after years Rebecca was sensitive about her age and mutilated the dates on early records relating to her life. For instance, a volume bound in leather, published in Philadelphia in 1799, and entitled *A Father's Legacy to his Daughters*, by the late Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh, contains these lines written by her uncle, "E. N. Clopper presents this book to his much esteemed niece Miss Rebecca Clopper. He has the honor of coinciding fully in opinion with the Author and in his estimation every sentence is worthy of being impress'd on the mind of a young lady. He therefore takes leave to recommend it to her serious attention. Baltimore, 1st August 180....." The final figure has been erased.

A copy of Thomson's poem *The Seasons*, published in 1807, contains the names of Virginia Van Swearingen of Leesburg, Virginia, a town about a dozen miles south-west of Greenfield, and of Addison Williams, as well as Rebecca's, suggesting that these three were acquaintances. At about this time Jane Porter's *The Scottish Chiefs*, published in 1810, was "Presented to R. C. Clopper by her affectionate Uncle, Mr. A. D. Clopper." All of these books are at Beechwood.

There are "Verses addressed to Miss Rebecca," seemingly by an American soldier in the War of 1812 who bids her adieu, as he is going "to England's hostile shore, where brave Montgomery fell"—by which he must mean Québec, Montgomery having been killed in the American attack on that city at the end of 1775. This admirer's last lines are:

But should it be my lot to fall,  
Then let thy sorrows cease—  
Beneath Quebec's towering wall  
Thy ——— shall rest in peace.

The blank space evidently was intended by the soldier for his first name, but Rebecca anticipated him and filled it with "friend."

Throughout her life Rebecca was an indefatigable writer of poetry, some of it good, some but little more than dreary doggerel. The earliest of her writings so far discovered are on sheets bound together and dated in 1812; on the cover are problems in arithmetic and inside are verses, some by herself, some by friends, others copied, and also acrostics for Sally Gassaway, Molly Chambers, Maria Smith, Flavel Roan, Jane White, Robert Chambers Clopper (a dead brother), and Rebecca Clopper—this last "by a gentleman of Batimore" who may have been Cornelius White. Fairly representative of what she called her "effusions" at this time is the following:

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### SHORT ADDRESS TO HOPE

Saturday night, eleven o'clock,  
Greenfield Farm, Fred'k Co., Md.  
June 12th, 1816.

Oh! come, sweet hope, and shed on me  
Thy mild benignant ray,  
And from my heart make sorrow flee,  
Oh! come, make no delay.

Oh! come and ease a heart opprest  
By various sorrows here,  
Come take thy seat within my breast  
And with thy brightness cheer.

She was then twenty-four years of age and already acquainted with grief. She had lost her affianced. Because of what has been written in it, the most interesting of Rebecca's books is a copy of the third American edition of *Coelebs in Search of a Wife*, published in New York in 1810. It is inscribed "From Cornelius L. White to Rebecca Clopper, Baltimore"; contains his silhouette—one like that in a brass frame which hangs on the wall at Beechwood—and, in Rebecca's handwriting, these words: "Was such a sacred and homefelt delight, such sober certainty of waking bliss, as I ne'er felt till now." Cornelius and Rebecca were betrothed but their wedding never took place. The writer's mother long wore their engagement ring, a solitaire diamond in old-fashioned setting, and handed it on to Bessie Clopper Bethell. Years afterward, following the deaths of two brothers, Rebecca wrote:

. . . And I am left alone to feel  
A wound which time can never heal;  
For *one* appear'd, so bright and fair,  
Who offer'd half my woes to share.  
But that kind *one* was taken, too.  
Has left me lonely to pursue  
My path through life—how strange that I  
Should have so sad a destiny.

At another time she composed three stanzas "On Hearing the Tune Robin Adair", two of whose lines are:

I heard them oft from lips of Love . . .  
But they have ceas'd—forever gone.

Written at Greenfield are these more cheerful sentiments flowing from a heart attuned to Nature in her livelier aspects but none the less touched by the philosophy of despair—a state of mind from which her one unfailing refuge was religion:

### ON HEARING A ROBIN

Early in the Spring, perch'd upon a  
favourite tree, Greenfield Farm,  
Frederick County, Maryland.

Welcome again, sweet bird of spring,  
Thy early notes I hear with joy;  
You to my heart a pleasure bring—  
But pleasure always has alloy,



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For as I view your plumage bright  
And listen to your melody,  
You flash your wings and take your flight  
To perch upon some neighboring tree.

Her fondness for the out-of-doors and her taste for the serene joys of contemplation, even though not profound, are emphasised in these stanzas:

### BANKS OF MONOCACY

Greenfield Farm, Frederick Co., Md.

This sweet romantic spot I love,  
Where smooth the waters glide,  
Where builds the red-breast and the dove,  
Near to the bank's green side.

Here may I sit with book in hand,  
The much-lov'd task pursue,  
And may each page my mind expand  
With precepts ever new.

But let me have a chosen friend,  
One free from every art,  
Whose every wish with mine may blend,  
Who may each good impart,

Then to this spot I oft will stray  
With her my heart holds dear;  
How sweet the time will pass away,  
And ah! how short appear.

Upon a rock we take our seats  
That is with moss grown o'er,  
And list'ning echo slow repeats  
Each sound along the shore.

We thus in mutual converse sweet  
Will pass each leisure hour,  
Nor envy we the rich, the great,  
Nor wish we for their power.

Here Nicholas and his children were plunged into grief by the death of the wife and mother. She passed away on October 2nd, 1814, at the age of 47 years, having given birth to a dozen sons and daughters, of whom eight survived her. One wonders whether her life at Greenfield had been as happy as in Chambersburg where she had spent sixteen years with her husband and family, where her surroundings were familiar, and the social system congenial. She did not like slavery and said so, although Nicholas had owned one or two negroes even in Chambersburg. Her husband had been reared in Baltimore and accepted slavery as the natural order of things—his writings betray no repugnance towards it—but Rebecca had fired at least two of their offspring (Rebecca and Joseph) with strong convictions against it.

Caroline was at the Moravian Seminary for Young Ladies at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, when she learned of her mother's death—a severe blow for the affectionate fourteen-year-old girl. The message came in this letter from her father, written more than three weeks after the sad event:

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“My dear Caroline, I hope you will summon strength and fortitude sufficient to enable you to bear with patience and resignation the melancholy tidings I am now under the painful task of imparting to you. It has pleased God, my dear child, to take from us your dear Mother. She was very ill for several weeks, of a billious fever. She spoke much about you and left you many blessings. She prayed that you would be a good girl & always remember your duty to God & your brothers & sisters and bear in mind that God sees all your actions, and if you do well he will reward you, accordingly. We hope you will never forget the good advice you have so often had from her, and remember your Redeemer, and pray nightly for the aid of His holy Spirit to strengthen your mind, and enable you to withstand the daily temptations of sin and folly.

“You are now old enough to have serious thoughts, and to know that your time is precious, and that you are now preparing your Self to act the part in this troublesome world that providence will hereafter assign you. You must not forget what an expense it is to keep you so far from home, and not idle any of your time, but endeavour to be improving each hour. We know not how soon we may each one of us be called from this wicked world and ought to be always found in our duty. Your sister Rebecca and myself have both been ill of the fever, but are now thank God in health as are the rest of the family & we are happy to find by your letter that you are blessed with good health & pray for a continuance of it.

“We sincerely hope & trust that you will be industrious in your learning and endeavour to excell in every branch that you learn, and that you will be careful of your cloaths & mend & keep them whole, goods are now too dear & scarce to buy and money too hard to be got so that we must all endeavour to save and be careful of what we have. You may however call on Mr. Cunow [John G. Cunow, principal from December of 1813 to 1821] for 1 flanel petticoat & black stuff for a frock which we suppose is all that you are in need of at present. We expect an opportunity in a few weeks of sending to Bethlehem when we may probably send you something else.

“Your little sisters Mary Ann & Rachael R. talk of you and ask when you are coming home, they are very hearty & grow fast, and are very good and you have not in one of your letters mentioned the name of any of your brothers & sisters—they all desire love to you & say they would be glad to [word cut off.]

“Let me again intreat you to be careful and industrious, and make good use of your Testament, it is the best Book in the world, and will teach you your duty to God and to all in the world and how you may expect to be saved, think seriously of all those things, and remember your dear Mother’s advice. the family join in love to you. I remain your affectionate father, Nicholas Clopper.”

The hard times referred to in this letter were the common lot of the people throughout the country then, occasioned by the War of 1812.



## VII

### FINANCIAL REVERSES

NICHOLAS faced an accumulation of debts, large and small; judgments were rendered against him; and strong pressure for payment was brought. Something had to be done. In January of 1808 an agreement was reached with sixteen mercantile firms of Baltimore whereby Nicholas conveyed to two of their representatives, in trust, three tracts of land, to-wit: the 375 acres in Adams County, Ohio; 81 acres in the Manor of Lowther; and the 484 acres called Greenfield; he to act as owner for three years and during that time to discharge the debts if possible, otherwise the lands were to be sold upon the expiration of the period. His brother Andrew was one of the creditors, claiming \$2,089; Henry Payson's claim was for \$1,000; the other debts ranged from \$144 to \$581. Two of the firms were paid in the following month but Payson's case was not settled until 1813.

By private agreement among Nicholas, his creditors of Baltimore, and the two trustees, it was decided to sell the 81 acres in the Manor of Lowther before the three years had passed and accordingly the trustees arranged to sell this tract to a resident of Cumberland County; the purchaser, however, transferred his interest to another and this other died, leaving Lawson Moore of Kentucky as one of his heirs-at-law, so in November of 1813 the tract was sold to Lawson Moore for \$6,707.65, subject to the payment of one half-penny sterling an acre annually to the Lords of the fee. As the trustees acted for Nicholas in this matter, more than five years after the original agreement, this agreement must have been renewed. By another private understanding among the parties the 484 acres called Greenfield were conveyed to Andrew Clopper to satisfy his claim, but upon payment of this debt the property was to be returned to Nicholas. The Clopper family continued to reside at Greenfield until the Spring of 1817.

At Baltimore in February of 1808 Edward wrote to Nicholas stating that he had settled the claim of one of the firms there by paying in "Augurs" and that he had given the remainder of the "Augurs" to another firm on account. Nicholas had long dealt in augers, a Chambersburg product greatly in demand, for they were essential tools in building, boring holes to receive the wooden pegs used then instead of nails, and also the holes in fence-posts into which the tapered ends of rails were inserted. One infers that Nicholas always had a stock of such tools on hand for sale. In his letter Edward also wrote, "I have not been able to pro-

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cure any other signatures to your proposals," but does not mention the nature of those proposals—did they relate to the settlement of his accounts or to some new speculative enterprise?

Troubles pursued him out of Pennsylvania into Maryland. One of these concerned the refusal of the Duncan heirs to accept the sums which had been awarded to them upon the valuation of Amberson Valley land on the ground that legal notice of the holding of the inquiry had not been given. In the course of time this matter was adjusted and the purchasers made a further payment of \$170 for the land to Edward Crawford in Nicholas's absence. One of his creditors, having heard of this payment, called upon Crawford in the hope of getting this money but this trustee made it known that he himself had claims against Nicholas and that when these were satisfied there would be little or nothing left of the \$170! Nicholas had been counting upon this money to settle his account with one of the Baltimore mercantile firms which had a judgment against him but now learned, to his dismay, that not only would such an arrangement be impossible but that the insistent creditor in Chambersburg who had approached Crawford would now direct a levy on his Path Valley land. He did not lose this land, however, although it was sought in satisfaction of other claims against him and in January of 1814 George Chambers, who had been looking after his interests for several years, wrote telling of the burial of his father a few days before and stating that the advertising and sale of the Path Valley land had been countermanded as he desired; he added that in the case of Brotherton vs. Clopper the judgment and costs were: execution, debt \$541.37 with interest from April 1st, 1810, and costs \$13.60. This case may have arisen out of a real estate transaction of about nine years before when Nicholas bought a house and lots from John Brotherton for \$320, paying down \$120 and a year later \$60, but other items must have entered into the account to make the debt so large.

Many were the judgments rendered against Nicholas in magistrates' courts and many were those he paid. He, too, was awarded judgments against his debtors and got satisfaction of his claims by this means. The cases against him increased in number to such an extent during his residence in Maryland that one is inclined to believe that, instead of sending their bills to him direct in the first place, his creditors handed them to the magistrate at once. There was a succession of sheriffs collecting money from him: Creager, Mantz, Jones, Cromwell, Beall, Winsor; and there were so many suits against him that he fastened together several lists of fees, some payable in dollars, others in tobacco @ 1½c per lb.

In March of 1808 a lawyer at Hagerstown wrote saying that he had received from George Thomson an account against Nicholas for goods amounting to \$1,143.86 and offering twelve or eighteen months for payment provided security was given, otherwise suit would be brought.



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At the beginning of the year 1809 Nicholas made note of suits and judgments aggregating \$6,050 of which half had been brought in Cumberland County; also of his debts in Baltimore amounting now to \$7,000 and in Philadelphia to \$2,500, as well as of \$500 in a number of small obligations, all of which came to a total of \$16,050.

To meet this indebtedness he set down:

84 acres in Cumberland County worth	\$5,040
Could borrow on Frederick County property	5,000
Mifflin County land worth	1,500
Merchandise	1,500
Stock and grain on farm	2,000
Ohio salt lick land	1,500
Total	<hr/> \$16,540

In addition to these assets he made a note of his half interest in 5,000 acres in Tennessee, his 6,000 acres in Lee County and 22,000 acres in Russell County, Virginia.

His situation had become worse and worse, but that did not deter him. It was his misfortune to become more deeply involved by rushing into fresh ventures before his earlier ones had been properly disposed of and by trying to meet his many obligations through the sale of land and merchandise to parties who could give only their own uncertain obligations in exchange. His affairs became hopelessly entangled because of his impetuosity, bad judgment, and visionary plans. Yet he meant well and was puzzled by the state of things, floundering about in a welter of debts but ever plunging into new undertakings instead of applying himself to the settlement of the old. For instance, in spite of his embarrassment he bought 154 acres of land in Frederick County (being part of "Jedburgh Forest Resurveyed") and paid \$400 of the purchase price but, being unable to pay the balance, he was obliged to assign his interest to another and agreed that this other should have a deed upon payment of \$414.67 to himself and the balance of \$1,112.83 to the owner; the new purchaser paid these two sums in January of 1810 and the owner conveyed the property.

Nicholas had a tailor make certain garments for himself and one of his sons. For cutting a waistcoat he was charged  $1/10$  and for making it  $7/6$ ; for cutting pantaloons  $1/10\frac{1}{2}$ ; for cutting a coat for his son  $3/9$ ; and for sundry trimmings found  $9/4\frac{1}{2}$ ; total  $\text{£}1/4/4\frac{1}{2}$  (the extra halfpenny must have been *lagniappe* by request!). In partial payment Nicholas gave pork valued at eighteen shillings, leaving a balance due of  $6/4\frac{1}{2}$  which was not discharged until the end of 1813 and then only after the tailor had appealed to the law!

Transactions are intricate when a common medium of exchange is not used. For instance, one Horrell brought an action against a party named Collier and obtained a judgment for  $\text{£}4/8/6\frac{1}{2}$ ; Collier counted upon Nicholas's help in paying this,

probably because Nicholas owed him some such amount, and must have referred the court's officer to him inasmuch as the constable informed Nicholas that he held a "fifa" (*fieri facias*, cause it to be done—a legal term directing an execution to be laid on the goods of a debtor) against Collier and that if Nicholas did not come to his rescue he would be obliged to levy on his property. Nicholas may have met his expectations in a roundabout way, for a month later Horrell requested the constable to pay Nicholas the amount of the "fifa" and execution, indicating that he himself was in debt to Nicholas and would discharge this by transferring his claim on Collier.

Writing at Baltimore in September of 1810 to Nicholas at Frederick Town, Edward quotes the market prices of flour and wheat and says their brother Andrew has four or five tons of fine plaster on the wharf which had been offered to an acquaintance but if this party does not remove it at once he will have it packed in barrels and kept for Nicholas. He mentions the failure of several business firms which he heard of in Frederick County, referring to that of Falls & Brown as a heavy one which will likely occasion others but "none of our particular friends have as yet been implicated". He says also that Mrs. White is at Eastern Shore with Mrs. Nowland who is ill. This must have been Mrs. Jane White, a widow who later on kept a boarding house at No. 45 South Charles Street in Baltimore where some of Nicholas's children stayed for a time and by whom she was called "Aunt White". In 1815 Nicholas Jr. bought a large Bible and showed it proudly to the family of Mrs. White with whom he and his brother Joseph were boarding at the time, saying it had cost him \$16—this Bible is now at Beechwood. Jane White submitted a bill to Nicholas for \$160, being board of his son Nicholas Jr. for eight months from October 8, 1816, at \$20 monthly, with credits of \$110 for 1,000 lbs. of pork at \$11 per cwt. and \$10 cash overpaid at last settlement, leaving \$40 due.

One might almost say that in the midst of the buffets rained upon him Nicholas found solace in real estate as in a religion. In spite of his precarious position he added to his domain on the Monocacy 193½ acres called "Locust Bottom" in the year 1813, buying the tract at \$25 an acre from John Stone Marlow who had acquired it three years before from John Compton; apparently this included 4¾ acres called "Resurvey on Chargeable" lying partly along the Monocacy River which Compton had purchased in 1809 for \$31.50 from John Griffith of Buncombe County, North Carolina. Nicholas paid \$2,000 and agreed to make good the balance in four equal yearly payments, giving Marlow a deed of trust for this same land as security. This tract consisted of the whole or part of several parcels formerly bearing the sprightly names of "Gunder's Delight", "Griffith's Chance", "Chisholm's Chance", "Resurvey on Chargeable", "Black Acre", "Welch Tract", "Jedburgh Forest", and "Chisholm's Addition". Marlow was living on these premises at the time and



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reserved to his own use the grain then in the ground, "with liberty to tread out and haul away". Rebecca Clopper and Mary Chambers signed as witnesses; whether Rebecca was the mother or the daughter it is hard to tell from the signature inasmuch as their handwriting was much alike; Mary was probably a daughter of either Robert Chambers Jr. or of Joseph Chambers, as both of these sons of the Middle Spring pioneer had offspring bearing this name, and she must have been visiting the family at Greenfield.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton Manor in Frederick County was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the Continental Congress, a United States senator, and a Roman Catholic; he died in 1832. Part of his Manor had been under the control of a man named Kephart who was still occupying the premises in December of 1814 although he had conveyed his right to a party named Hill. In this month Nicholas paid Hill \$450 for the right—a lease, no doubt—and agreed to pay the rent thereafter due to the proprietor, while Hill bound himself in the penal sum of \$1,000 to fulfill his part of the contract but this obligation was to be void if he delivered 150 barrels of corn at Nicholas's still-house within three weeks. On the back of this stimulating covenant are the words, "Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone"—the first line of an old hymn in the Plymouth Collection.

A further investment was made in this region. In August of 1815 (two months after the Battle of Waterloo) Nicholas bought from Samuel Dawson the lease of two lots in Carrollton Manor, one of 94 acres, the other of 85½ acres adjoining, where Dawson was then residing, for \$1,600. Two notes were given in payment, one for \$1,000, the other for \$600. Dawson was to occupy the dwelling house until the following January and then yield possession to Nicholas; he was also to plough and sow the land on equal shares and to pay the taxes for that year. Nicholas "lifted" the two notes by paying the amounts in full in April of 1817. It appears that in April of 1816 Nicholas entered into an agreement whereby he was to have the use of the land for twenty years and was to apply the rental of \$2 per acre per annum to the construction of buildings until \$1,500 had been so applied, but he was obliged to give this up later in the general crash of his affairs. In November of 1817 his papers show that he paid £112/18/3 to Charles Carroll of Carrollton for the use of Carroll's Manor lot during 1816.

Trouble followed, as usual. It seems that ten thousand acres of land in Frederick County, called Carrollton, had been let to John Denn by Charles Carroll of Carrollton for fifteen years and that Denn had occupied the premises. Then Richard Fenn, yeoman, late of Frederick County, was charged with having driven him off. Denn's attorney, Roger B. Taney (pronounced Tawney) who as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court in 1857 handed down the Dred Scott Decision, declared that on

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1st January, 1818, Fenn, "with swords, staves, and knives"—that is to say, forcibly—had entered into the farm and had ejected Denn who, consequently, was suing for \$10,000 in damages. In August of that year Fenn wrote to Nicholas, tenant in possession of part of the premises, advising him to appear in court at Fredericktown in October and be made defendant in Fenn's stead, otherwise this adroit player of the game would have judgment entered against himself and thereupon Nicholas would be turned out of possession! One might learn what the outcome was by searching the records but it is sufficient to cite the case as just another wave in the sea of difficulties which was engulfing Nicholas.

Roger B. Taney's brother, Augustus, acted for Charles A. Beatty in the sale of 92 acres of land at the mouth of the Monocacy, on the Montgomery County side of the river, to Nicholas at \$15 an acre. This parcel had formerly been two tracts with the curious names of "New Harbour" and "I Believe It Will Do". The contract for the sale had been signed in 1812 and to perfect the deed Beatty had named Augustus Taney as his attorney with power to acknowledge the instrument as his act, Taney making this acknowledgment late in 1814, but it was not until the Spring of 1815 that the deed was recorded at Rockville.

Francis Scott Key had written the words of "The Star-spangled Banner" on September 14, 1814, having been inspired by the sight of the American flag still flying over Fort McHenry at dawn of that day after bombardment by the British during the preceding night; Key had been sent out to the British fleet to seek the release of another American and had been detained on board one of the ships pending the action. During an illness suffered by Key in Georgetown in 1823, his friend, Augustus Taney, helped to care for him, sickened himself, and died. His widow, Kitty, who had been born a Hurley in Philadelphia and knew the Byrne family there, then went with her two children, Mary and Joseph, to "Woodland Mills" in Montgomery County, at that time the home of Francis C. Clopper; his wife, Ann Jane (Byrne) Clopper; and his wife's sister, Ellen (Byrne) Maher. The two children attended school at Emmitsburg in the northern part of Frederick County and after they had been graduated from the academies there their mother bought the farm "Edgewood" which lies opposite "Woodland Mills" across Seneca Creek. Their sojourn at this Clopper family's home had been a protracted one.

Francis C. Clopper's son, Douglas, born in 1816, married Mary Sophia Key, daughter of Philip and Frances Key and cousin of Francis Scott Key, in 1846; this couple made their home at "Echodale" which lies on the far side of the church from "Woodland Mills"; their grandson, John Douglas Wade, met death in France in World War I and his widow, Louisa (Riach) Wade, now resides at "Echodale".



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FRANCIS C. CLOPPER  
1786 - 1868

From a portrait painted by Thomas Sully, Philadelphia, 1810.

Francis had his portrait painted in Philadelphia by Thomas Sully who had returned there from England where he had met Sir Thomas Lawrence. In the register which he kept of his work, Sully entered this painting as "No. 334. Mr. Clopper. Portrait begun November 20th, 1810, finished December 20th, 1810. Bust. The hand was introduced. Price \$70."<sup>79</sup> Taken to "Woodland Mills", now called "The Woodlands", about two years later, it still hangs in the dining-room there.



# VIII

## THE WOODLANDS

NICHOLAS'S half-brother, Francis C. Clopper, was, like himself, successful in his early years. With a partner named Hall, he had a dry-goods store in Philadelphia and a letter of his written there in May of 1810 and addressed to Nicholas near Fredericktown, is interesting:

"Your favor of the 21st ulto was handed me by Mr. McPherson. Mr. Bayley was here with whom I proposed to make the arrangement you requested, or rather, I shewed him that part of your letter that had reference to it. He said it was his sincere wish to see you get thro' yr difficulties, & would with pleasure render you any assistance in this way in his power, he would make the arrangement with you & yr creditors when he returnd. I told him if it did not suit him I would send you the amt you required, he said he was confident he could make an arrangement to yr satisfaction—Money at present is a scarce article in Phila & should the Bank U States curtail their discounts it will terminate in the ruin of Thousands, as for ourselves I am not the least uneasy, as we have none, of any account—my Journey to the west & other local causes have enabled us to meet our engagements with ease & without the assistance of Bnks, we have paid better than \$100,000 since the 1st of Jan<sup>y</sup> last; we financeer in such a manner as to put it out of the power of trifles to affect us; our Credit with the Money'd Institutions I find is as good as I could wish. All our notes I find have been discounted by some one of them—I mention this because I believe you feel an interest in my welfare.

"With respect to getting a place for Andrew [Nicholas's eldest son] here, I do not think it would be in my power to procure one, young men are so numerous & places so scarce, that whenever a vancancy offers it is filled up Instantly & that without any compensation or Salary whatever, & now, if I may be permitted to speak my mind, I do not think him calculated for this business, or do I think he ever will be—do not be Offended with this Liberty, I probably am Incorrect in my conjectures—this business unless properly conducted is perhaps as unpleasant & unprofitable a one as could be chosen. hundreds, who undertake it here, had better have been Grubbers, they would have experienced more satisfaction, for my own part I would rather be a Daylaborer than in the situation of many who have attempted it in this city since I have come here to live—my Observations are general, the Disposition of every person is formed for some occupation, which ought to be studied & Improved—I beg you will not be Offended with me for the Liberty I have taken did I think you would I should have been silent—What has become of, or have you heard any thing of our Brother John. I am anxious to hear, for my own part I have not seen him for the last 12 years. I am desirous he should be doing something for himself & children. I have my fears respecting him, he certainly ought



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to do something. I have taken care of one of his children for the last two years—poor thing she was in a more Deplorable condition than if an Orphan, & tho' I never knew or thought much of her Father or Mother (having frequently when a child been ill treated by both of them) [I could not] think of seeing her suffer when it was in my power to prevent it—I would willingly furnish my quota towards setting him up in business, was there a probability of his succeeding. with my sincere Love to Sister & children I am affectionately yours F. C. Clopper"

In June of 1811 Francis wrote in Philadelphia to Nicholas:

"I do not know what to say to you in extenuation of my conduct, I shall therefore throw myself on your mercy & beg your pardon for my too long silence.—It was not I'll give you my word of honor that I thought less of you than formerly (for of all the sons of my father you have acted more like a brother towards me, & for you I have felt more brotherly love than all the others put together)—Every day after my return from the West I would determine that I would write to you tomorrow, but like all other things that ought to be done today & postponed, it was delay'd too long—I was so much engaged preparing for my Marriage, attending to the concerns of the firm &c &c that I was almost distracted—I would say to myself when I get a little more leisure & am more settled I will write to my brother Nicholas, but that time never arrived, for as the day approached my mind was more disturbed & there appeared more to occupy my attention than ever—The day after I was married a party of our young friends & ourselves took a short excursion into the country as far as York & returned by the way of reading &c—I should have extended it as far as your house but Business call'd me home; since my return we have been receiving & returning Visits almost every day, this with the business in the store, which has been unusually brisk for this season of the year has occupied the whole of my time.—thus I have endeavored to excuse myself as well as I can & I fear you will say I have done it Very Lamely. I hope however you will overlook my neglect when I sincerely ask your forgiveness—letter writing unless on business I never was fond of, I shall however endeavor to be a better correspondent in future if you request it.

"I rec'd a letter of congratulation the other day from Andrew in which he says his family are well & that Edward was married the same evening that I was—A says that E. he believes is well married—as for myself I do not think that ever Man was more blessed in a companion than I am, we have now been married one month within a day & in all my life I never have met with a woman of a more sweet disposition, her least recommendation is a handsome fortune, in a word she approaches nearer perfection than any woman I have ever seen—I have said more of her than I intended, as I wished to shew her to you, Sister & family, & let you Judge for yourselves, I feel confident 'tis but to know her —& you will be proud to acknowledge her for a sister—

"Nothing I have heard exclusive of my own affairs (you see I am candid) has given me more pleasure for a long time than to hear that you were getting thro' yr Difficulties with ease, & I sincerely hope & pray yr expectations will be realiz'd—

"I intend Visiting Balto in the course of a month or six weeks (Business permitting) & shall if in my power extend my Jaunt as far as yr house, when I would wish Nicholas (Junior) to come home with me; If he has been well Employ'd I do not think he has lost much time as yet; If I should not go to Balto I will advise you & we must bring him by some other mode—

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"The present prospects are very Gloomy for Dry Good men, how soon it may change, providence will determine—I have done extremely well this season so far—

"please give my love to Sister & tell her I expect her to love her Sister Ann with sisterly affection, Indeed there is so great a similarity in their dispositions I am certain they will love one another—with sincere affection yours F. C. Clopper"

On August 26th of the same year he wrote:

"Yours of the 12th Inst I this day recd & have noted its contents. You no doubt think it strange (tho' you have not expressed it) that I have not addressed you since my last at Balto & to confess the truth I have been shamefully negligent, it was owing to circumstances which I feel a delicacy in communicating, but believing and knowing you to be my sincere friend I will now do it in confidence, believing it a duty I owe you in regard to yr son Nicholas—Mr. Hall & myself have been in partnership better than two years, our Books now shew a Profit of about Thirty Thousand Dollars, notwithstanding which we have been & are at times very much embarrassed for Money, many of our customers who have come on bring with them their Produce (Hemp & Tobacco) which at this time will not sell, they consequently can pay but little; no accomodation can be had fm our Banks at this time, & what the consequences will be I am alarmed to think—our stock of Goods is very trifling, & to Increase it at the present prices of Goods would be ruinous, for tho' our Credit is such that we might purchase half the Goods in the City were we to do it we could make nothing on them—I never knew Goods as scarce & high before or business as Dull, in short I am growing sick of it—I am entirely at a loss what to do, but I fear I shall again be under the necessity of Visiting the western country, & rather expect shall close my present business so soon as practicable, purchase a Farm & move to the country unless business should revive, Indeed I think it probable I shall move to the country at all events so soon as I can close my business, as I think I can then enjoy more happiness—more tranquility I am confident I can, & with the Capital I shall be able to command, perhaps make as much in Twenty years (as) I possibly could were I to remain in the City; One thing I am determined upon which is to wind up my present business & I feel pretty confident shall be under the necessity of going westwardly in the course of a Month or two—If you think it prudent to send Nicholas to me under those circumstances, he can come; but I fear he will receive but little advantage as we have already three apprentices & not enough for one to do; there will be a very small business done generally this fall as none of my friends have any goods comparatively speaking, or I would get him employment with some of them; If you have a mind he shall follow my fortune, I will do the best for him I can, what this may be I cannot yet determine—when I look round & see the few that have made Independant fortunes of the many that have attempted it & know from experience the hazard attending it, (particularly with those of small capital) & the continual uneasiness of mind, & fears for the future, I would rather live on bread & water than attempt it under those circumstances again, at least on the same scale, & on a smaller a man may trudge along a life time without being able to realize any thing of consequence, had times continued prosperous, I havn't a doubt but I should have nominally made a handsome fortune in three or four years & would require probably the balance of my life to winde it up—It has given me a great deal of pain to be thus explicit with



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you & now I will tell you what my Ideas are in case I do not pursue my present business—If I can wind up my present business advantageously I shall be worth fm 40 to \$50,000—I shall purchase a farm & a flock of Merino sheep & provided I succeed in the culture of them may in time establish a Cloth factory, besides conducting the business of a farm generally—In short I shall with Industry have at all events an Independancy. I have consulted my Ann & she is by no means averse to it; she is now, in company with her sister on a Visit to Bethlehem, tho' not entirely recovered from her late Indisposition, which was the only cause that prevented us visiting you as we had intended, Ann has a great desire to become acquainted with Sister, yourself & family & regrets exceedingly it was out of our power to Visit you, I find her Indeed a prize of Inestimable Value. She desired when I wrote to be affectionately remembered to you & sister. If not Inconvenient to you & you think Nicholas would not lose time I would rather you would keep him with you for a month longer, at that time I shall be better able to determine what to do, in the mean time it might be a disadvantage to us were the preceeding to be become publick. Remember me affectionately to sister, Rebecca, Nicholas, & children & believe me sincerely yours

F. C. Clopper"

Francis carried out his plan, withdrew from the dry-goods business in Philadelphia, bought a large plantation two miles west of Gaithersburg in Montgomery County, Maryland, and moved into the residence there with his wife and her sister Ellen at the end of the year 1812. They called the place "Woodland Mills"; now it is known as "The Woodlands." It appears that Nicholas superintended the putting of the place in order after its purchase, while Francis was busy "winding up" in Philadelphia, according to this letter which the latter wrote to the former in March of 1812:

"Expecting to see you in a short time I cannot say what I would wish to have done more than we thought wright when I was with you viz—to repair the Saw Mill, mend the fences—and to sow clover & plaister with oats in any part of the farm excepting the Hill next the road on the opposite side of the Creek, or even in that if you think the Gullies could be as well filld as if Vacant—I should wish a Kitchen Garden could be laid out in that neighborhood planted with Potatoes & Cabbage, as I intend moving & Improving the old Church as a temporary dwelling for my family in case I should conclude to move this season.

"If you think it advisable it would perhaps be well to hire two Black men in addition to the white man you mentioned which with two ploughs & horses would be able to make considerable alteration by the time I arrive—I leave it to yr self to manage for me convinced that you will know what is best to be done."

Before "Woodland Mills" came into Francis's possession there was a flour mill on the place, which he refers to in his letter of November 27, 1812, to Nicholas who was there:

"Your letter my dear Brother of the 19th I have Recd—your remarks with respect to the GeorgeTown price of wheat I observe, my Idea was when I left the Mill (being considerably disappointed in not seeing you) that I would probably be under the necessity of purchasing wheat in order to obtain custom for my Mill, tho'

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against my wish this season. I expected that you would send on your wheat & that I would allow you the market price for it, either at George Town or Balto, & to keep as much of it in the Mill as to exchange flour for wheat with any persons so disposed—I am very far from wishing to deprive you of a single cent that you might obtain for the article. at G.T. or Balto but conceivd that if I allowed you the advantage of those markets you wd be satisfied & I would then send it, as I shall have my Team otherwise unemployed, to the best market that offered & with the proceeds be ready to purchase the wheat of those who were not willing to exchange it for Flour; but if you wish to hawl it or wish to employ yr waggon on the road, I have no objection to give you as much to do in that way as in my power. from the tenor of yr letter I expect it is your wish, as well as from the conversation I had last with you, that you intended taking advantage of the present price of the article & run no further risk & Indeed from present prospects had I a large crop I should do the same. under this impression I left the Mill & requested Mr. Henderson accordingly—I shall be at the Mill as early as possible, tho' I fear not before the 10th of Decr as my good folks have a number of small articles to arrange before they can leave this place. they desire to be affectionately remembered to you, Sister & family but will not I expect have it in their power to stay any time with you, this however depends on Circumstances."

The last letter extant from Francis to Nicholas was written at "Woodland Mills" in January of 1813 when Francis, Ann, and Ellen were in their new home:

"... I have the satisfaction of believing my Ladies are better pleased with their situation here than they expected to be, they are not very well in consequence of their fatigue in putting things in order; We shall be glad to see Sister & family as soon as convenient for them to Visit us, but am a little apprehensive of the plastering on the second story, it however appears tolerably dry—

"I hope Sister & Josephs Indisposition may not be dangerous—

"I shall now have plenty of Barrells I expect to answer all purposes."

Writing to Nicholas's son Joseph, forty-five years later, Francis stated: "The War of 1812 interfered with my vocation at that time—I could no longer import legally—and I would not do it clandestinely—I therefore purchased the Woodlands & retired from Philadelphia—brought my family on in Decr of that year or Jany '13, which was about the time your mother first became acquainted with your Aunt Ann & her sister—your Father & Mother came to see us in a sleigh—and I immediately had a box fixed on runners & we returned with yr Father & Mother, and all of us made a flying visit to Balto."

In reference to this visit to "The Woodlands" in 1813 Joseph has written: "I was of the number who visited in that sleigh." He was then about eleven years of age and went along with his parents. His last visit there was made in the company of his wife, Mary (Este) Clopper, in November of 1855 after an absence of 34 years and he has described his emotions in the following lines:



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### A VISIT TO THE WOODLANDS

Addressed, as a New-Year gift, to my cousin Ellen Clopper,  
Jany 1st, 1856

—o—O—o—

And can it be so, or again do I dream—  
Are these the same Woodlands in youth were so dear,  
The trees, hills, and valleys, and mill-turning stream,  
And loved ones I gazed on when last I was here?  
'Tis so! At each glance as familiar they grow  
As beautiful visions of youth's dreamy day  
Returned, round my heart their enchantments to throw,  
After years long and many have glided away.  
Yes, here on this hoary, huge, moss-bearded rock  
O'erhanging the roadside, 'tis sweet to recline  
Undisturbed, and the store-house of Mem'ry unlock  
And cull the choice treasures of "days o' lang syne."

A few rods above, in a grove on the hill,  
A House built for God in its ruins then stood.  
And the worshippers there? Are they worshippers still?  
Or have they all gone to their final abode?  
And there, just a little below me, and near  
The base of this hill, in that same deep ravine—  
But why should the picture be dimmed with a tear?—  
The thought was just then of a mirth-stirring scene:  
A party were cheerily winding their way  
To the mansion in view, without pathway to go,  
When tilt went the sleigh and the riders all lay  
Far down in the depths of the deep-drifted snow!

But trickle down gently, thou lone, silent tear;  
Not untimely thou comest, but kindly, to lave  
Some hallowéd memories that press on me here  
Of those of that party who sleep in the grave.  
One voice thrills me yet—'twas a Mother's that rung  
So merrily then—ever joyous to me—  
Singing now the New Song never Angel hath sung,  
The strains of Redemption in Heav'n's minstrelsy!  
And he whom she loved most of all else on earth,  
So socially jocund, indulgent, and kind—  
My father! this tear-drop is due to thy worth  
From one of that party still ling'ring behind.

But lo! in the visions of Mem'ry I see  
(Blessed faculty God to his creatures hath given!)  
One who was not then with those loved ones and me,  
But with them is now harping the anthems of heaven:  
Rebecca! how oft has thy soft dulcet voice  
Made vocal these Woodlands in life's summer day!  
And here still are those in thy joys could rejoice,  
And whose hearts sorely wept when thou passed'st away.  
And here it is mine to behold once again  
That warm-hearted Uncle whose jokes ne'er misled  
And loved Aunts, and Cousins who faithful remain  
To all whom they loved, whether living or dead.  
But ah! there were some whom I knew, are not here!  
And Time on the living his impress hath made;  
And new generations successive appear,  
As *we* sink to the grave or like Autumn leaves fade.  
But softly we'll sink, and our rest will be sweet,  
When all of life's tempests our Barks have outbraved,

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If in Jesus our hopes and our trust be complete—  
The one only Name whereby sinners are saved!

The visit is ended, and Mary and I,  
With mingled emotions which neither can tell,  
To our Home in the West o'er the mountains must hie—  
Loved Friends of the Woodlands, sweet Woodlands, farewell!

— J. C. Clopper.

In this poem the “mill-turning stream” is Seneca Creek which flows past “The Woodlands”; the “House built for God” is now St. Rose’s church erected on the same location; Rebecca of the “soft dulcet voice” was Joseph’s sister who had died at “Beechwood” in 1845; “That warm-hearted Uncle” was Francis C. Clopper; the “loved Aunts” were Francis’s wife, Ann J. (Byrne) Clopper, and her sister Mrs. Ellen (Byrne) Maher; the cousins were Francis’s children, Ellen, Douglas, Francis Junior, and Mary Augusta.



# IX

## GREENFIELD'S PRODUCTS

THE satisfaction which comes from producing useful things, felt by every reasonable farmer, must be greatly enhanced when to agriculture and animal husbandry are added distilling, quarrying, brick-making, lime-burning, ferrying, and keeping store! If this be true, Nicholas fairly burst with pride, for he carried on all these activities on his plantation. It was not in his nature to be content with being simply a farmer; he could never confine his energies to any one undertaking but always let his fancy draw him and his resources in several directions at once.

His lands along the Monocacy River in the year of the Battle of Waterloo consisted of several parcels: Greenfield proper was a long strip with the curving river at both of its ends; Locust Bottom lay towards the east, in the river's bend; towards the northwest were Oakland and Milford; and all of them adjoined Greenfield, at whose southern end, near the river, stood the residence and west of it the apple and peach orchard. Beyond the orchard, still farther towards the west, was the Stewart family's home, and to the southwest lay Governor Johnson's land. The area of the property at this time was about 762 acres, including 92 at the mouth of the Monocacy on its opposite side. Here Nicholas resided in manorial style with his family, employees, and slaves, as he had wished to do.

Benjamin Stewart, the neighbor towards the west, suffered from weakness, it appears, for in her will his wife, Mary, requested her children to give kindly care to their poor, afflicted father and to contribute equally out of their several shares towards his support. She died in 1812 after having appointed Nicholas Clopper and Joseph M. Cromwell as commissioners to divide the land, improvements, stock, and household furniture among her eight children; in their report, made in detail, they set forth an equitable distribution, reserving half an acre of land for use as a burial-ground for the family and the public, "except people of color".

From time to time the wheat which was raised at Greenfield was sent to a mill to be ground into flour. In 1810 it went to Zachariah Roberts's mill; one judges that Roberts took a partner two or three years later, for the milling was done then by Roberts & Cromwell; from 1814 to 1818 the wheat was ground in Joseph M. Cromwell's mill, although once it was sent to Davis & Rich's and twice to Woodland Mills. This last named

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one was Francis C. Clopper's on Seneca Creek where George Henderson signed receipts in December of 1812 and in January of 1813—a haul of thirty miles from Greenfield.

A dealer at Baltimore wrote to Nicholas in May of 1814 saying that 18 bbls of flour had been received and put in storage for him, the wagoner having been paid \$20 for which Nicholas was debited; but “wheat and flour are very dull and as there appears so much uncertainty in the times, very few are disposed to buy”.

Nicholas's taste for promotion must have been whetted by a letter written to him by Benjamin B. Bernard at Frederick Town in February of 1812. It asked him to interest a number of gentlemen in the different counties which he purposed passing through in the next Summer with a view to having timber prepared by the first of August for a *threshing machine*, after which date Bernard would attend personally to the erecting of several such machines and the two of them could make some very advantageous sales of the patent right for counties. A list of the necessary timbers with their specifications was enclosed. Since the failure of Major Graham, Bernard knew of no workman on whom he could depend to build a machine.

Tobacco had been introduced among the crops raised at Greenfield. Nicholas and thirty other planters and farmers of Frederick and Montgomery Counties had become so much interested in it that they addressed a memorial to the Maryland General Assembly stating that they had turned their attention to the cultivation of tobacco and asking for inspection of the crop at the mouth of the Monocacy, on the river's west bank.

The breeding of farm animals was both a source of profit and an item of expense. In the Summer of 1814 Nicholas sent a jenny to William Fitzhugh's farm in Washington County and was charged \$20 for services of a jack and \$5 for pasture. Fitzhugh also operated a nail factory and wrote to Nicholas acknowledging receipt of the money delivered by the latter's servants, quoting prices of nails, and saying that he found the business scarcely worth pursuing—“indeed, this unprofitable war renders everything else so”. In August of 1815 Nicholas paid \$20 for service by a horse owned by Joseph Wood to four of his mares and to one belonging to his distiller.

A considerable area must have been devoted to pasturing sheep, as Nicholas had not only his own flock but also some belonging to others. In March of 1812 Dr. William Thornton, whom President Jefferson had appointed to have charge of the issuing of patents, wrote at Washington saying that he had bought six bushels of clover seed and asked Nicholas to buy four more at \$12 per bushel; he inquired whether his imported English horse might make a good stand in Frederick County, covering blooded mares for \$16 and common mares for \$10, or would another horse of his serve as well? and would Capt. Marlow take one of them? He invited Nicholas to dine with himself and



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family when in Washington. In the following February he wrote saying he had not heard about the sheep for which he had given an order on Mrs. Page; asking how many sheep of his Nicholas had, how the mare and jenny were faring, who took the other mare which Capt. Marlow was to have had, and stating that Capt. White was to have sent six more ewes to Nicholas but received only lambs. Nicholas noted that 95 sheep had been received from Mrs. Page and that they were dying daily.

In June Thornton wrote concerning the prospective sale of his sheep numbering 83 ewes, lambs, wethers, and rams; and in August, complaining that his sheep had not been well cared for, he requested that the bearer of the letter be given fifty sheep and one ram, promising to send another ram from his flock in Washington; on the same day he wrote asking Nicholas to deliver to another man the ram whose thigh had been injured. In October of 1814 he again wrote, condoled with Nicholas over the death of his wife, and declared that President Jefferson lamented that Nicholas's brother was preventing the use of his patent loom by demanding such an extravagant price for it, saying that if he were to ask only one quarter of the price he would not only gain more by it but also benefit the country much more, and that if he should continue the present high price he would be superseded by others, though of an inferior quality. (A search through the index of inventories in the United States Patent Office from 1790 to 1837 under the name Clopper has failed to show any patent issued in this name for a loom of any kind.) Dr. Thornton asks for an account of the sheep and says that persons who had bought parts of his flock had complained that Nicholas claimed every good sheep as his own and allowed only the ordinary ones to the buyers in spite of the agreement that the flocks were to have been kept separate in order to avoid just such a misunderstanding. Nicholas did not leave us a rebuttal, so we do not know whether the charge was well founded or not. We remember having read of a patriarch, however, who increased exceedingly and had much cattle through a stratagem whereby he did separate the lambs and set the faces of the flocks towards the ringstraked and all the brown in the flock of Laban; perhaps Nicholas remembered this, too—Biblical precedent is always helpful and comforting. Thornton also mentions a mare and asks whether the ass is in foal, adding the advice, "Let the nits be scraped off the legs of all yr horses and the ass, for they certainly produce the grub worm."

As a distiller Nicholas bought rye and Indian corn for the making of gin and whisky, using two stills with a capacity of 220 gallons. Two hundred bushels of rye @ 67c in 1809, forty bushels @ 75c in October of 1814, twenty-six barrels of corn @ \$3 and \$3.50 in December of 1813, and six barrels @ \$3.50 in May of 1814, are among the items of expense. He and his brother, Abraham Duryea Clopper of Montgomery County, gave a bond to the federal revenue collector for the payment of \$237.60 in



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duties for the year 1814; it was not until July of 1815, however, that these duties were paid and, of course, by that time interest had accrued. On the same day Nicholas paid the collector at Frederick Town \$157.60, being duty on his still at 20c a gallon—in other words, on 788 gallons of whisky. In November of 1815 he settled an account with a creditor by delivering to him two barrels of whisky @ \$28.75, having already given him thirty-one gallons of gin @ 86c a gallon. In 1816 a still, pump, pot, dipper, and pint and gallon measures were repaired and a man was employed “to cooper hogsheads and to still”. The federal duty continued to be 20c a gallon for the distilling of spirits.

Spirits were widely used for medicinal purposes and generously prescribed in remedies. The family relied on this “receipt” of Dr. D. Noland’s for the ague and fever: 2 oz rhubarb, 2 oz gentian root, 1 oz black snake root, and half an ounce of aniseseed, to three pints of French brandy—but whisky would do!

To what extent the quarrying of stone was carried on we do not know—probably only enough to meet the needs of construction on the property, as no papers concerning the sale of this product have been preserved. In mid-March of 1816 a mason was employed to quarry stone and boarded at John Stover’s; he lost a few days of work because of rain and a sore hand, left Stover’s early in April, went to Barnesville, and began to arch the lime-kiln, working twenty-one days.

The lime produced in the kiln was sold in the neighborhood and even as far away as the federal capital. In May of 1816 a receipt was given to Nicholas by Peter Lenox at the President’s House in Washington for twenty barrels of lime “for safe keeping till Col. Lane can be consulted thereon for the use of the President”. Madison was president at that time; British troops had burned the Executive Mansion in 1814 and the lime was, doubtless, for use in rebuilding.

Brick was another product of Nicholas’s activities. In the second decade of the nineteenth century he filled orders for this building material, sometimes shipping it from his yard by boat and including the boatman’s charges in his bill.

He owned land on both sides of the Monocacy River and one gathers from certain documents that he owned also the ferry there. He rented it to Nehemiah Stone’s estate of which John T. Veatch was administrator for \$150 a year in the years 1812-3-4, and seems to have sold the ferry-boat in 1815 for \$115.

Having given up his store in Frederick Town, he carried on a general mercantile business at Greenfield where he had a store-room, selling not only the products of his farm: tobacco, rye whisky, beef, lime, brick, flour, but also goods which he bought elsewhere: groceries, cloth, and hardware. John Bayley supplied some of the dry goods, shoes, and crockery between 1809 and 1813, for which Nicholas paid partly in cash and partly in whisky. In 1814 he paid George Buckey & Son with hides and cash for muslin, thread, binding, and empty barrels which he had bought two and three years before.



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From 1810 to 1817 his papers show that sales of such merchandise were made *in his store*, meaning his store-room at Greenfield. In 1811 two men named Ball worked for him, one at \$1.50 a day and the other at \$1, earning \$126.75 against which credit they drew groceries, dry goods, beef, augers, and cash until they had exceeded it and were in debt to Nicholas. From early in 1811 to late in 1813 another man traded his labor in the still-house and in making and mending the family's shoes for goods from the store. In 1815 and 1816 Solomon Davis bought goods and "swapped" a horse and mare, owing \$181.95; he paid part of it in cash, part in service by bull, gave a gig and harness, and hauled lime until he had reduced his debt to \$36.62, when he traded potatoes, wheat in mill, and the hauling of fertiliser for more goods; as late as March of 1819 he still owed Nicholas \$36.69.

Slave labor was depended upon for carrying on the unskilled work of the plantation. Nicholas had been accustomed to this system throughout his life, for he had been reared in Baltimore and had already been a slave-owner in Chambersburg. Back in 1804 he sold a slave called Negro Jack to Andrew Dunlop for \$260; this sum was to be paid with \$40 worth of service from Negro Tom, 4 cwt of iron from Spear worth \$20, and two tons of bar iron from Salliard worth \$200. Salliard delivered only 13 cwt of the iron, so Nicholas looked to Dunlop for the balance and tried to get it by giving another man an order for it, but this attempt was unsuccessful. Nicholas declared that he himself was not bound to go after Salliard, and Dunlop promised to see this recalcitrant citizen and "fix it somehow". Nothing was done, however, so Nicholas then asked T. H. Crawford to see Dunlop and settle the business, authorising him to bring suit if necessary. Apparently this was necessary, for in July of 1809 Crawford wrote at Chambersburg to Nicholas at Greenfield stating that he had obtained an award in Nicholas's favor against Dunlop for 23 cwt of iron and the arbitrators had ordered that whatever price Edward N. Clopper had named to Dunlop for iron should be the price of that awarded to Nicholas, deducting carriage from Loudon Forge to Baltimore. One would think that this action had at last settled the matter but not so—Dunlop had given his note for \$90 to Nicholas, payable in March of 1810 with interest, and this had to be placed in Crawford's hands for collection.

Another instance of slave-owning in Chambersburg may be mentioned. In November of 1805 Nicholas settled with John R. Campbell for horses which had been exchanged with him, and also sold Negro Nell to him for \$115, of which sum \$15 was credited in the exchange of horses, the balance being payable \$50 in cash and \$50 in leather on demand. This slave had been recorded by Robert Peebles, township of Shippensburg, in 1788 as having been born on 25th September, 1784, and as being bound to serve until 28 years of age.

Slave labor was commonly sold by slave-owners as a commodity and the slaves themselves were often put up as security



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for the payment of debts. At Greenfield in the Spring of 1808 Nicholas paid Benjamin Cross \$40 for the hire of his negro Bob for nine months, and Cross rented from Nicholas a house and garden in Frederick County for \$16 a year: Cross was to make a thousand fence rails to close in the fields, for which Nicholas was to pay him \$6 and to let him have a wagon and a "hand" to help in hauling the rails and in making the fence; also Cross was to cultivate a field and give Nicholas a third of the produce.

A negress named Arra was understood to be recorded in Kent County, Maryland, by her mistress as entitled to freedom in March of 1821. She was transferred to a man who, in 1807 when she was thirteen years of age, sold her for \$100 to a woman for service during thirteen years. Two years later this woman assigned her right to the remainder of the service to a man named Hobbs, and Hobbs assigned it to Nicholas Clopper. Nicholas, in turn, sold the remaining servitude to a man named Thomas.

Late in June of 1812 a man named Sedwick asked Nicholas to send certain negroes to a neighbor's for mowing and Nicholas noted that their labor for four and a half days @ 75c would amount to \$3.37½.

A year later Nicholas paid 4,090 pounds of crop tobacco to Ruth Hooker for the services of her "negro fellow Peter" during five years but kept him only from October of 1813 to December of 1814; afterwards this slave was handed over by his owner as security for a debt to another man who used him until October of 1817 when the consideration for which he had been pledged was paid and he was given back to his owner.

In the Summer of 1813 Nicholas paid \$4.50 to N. T. Veatch for the use of the "negro boy Dan" during harvest and \$1.50 for subsequent labor. In 1814 he hired the "negro wench Sukey" from her owner whom he agreed to pay at the rate of \$40 a year and the account shows these credits: \$75.25 cash, \$19.50 for loss of time because of sickness, \$3.25 for medical attendance, and \$1.50 for three yards of linen; a little more than two years later he bought her for \$60 and the vendor warranted her services for two years. In January of 1817 he bought the negro slave Henson from Basil and Nathan Soper of Montgomery County for \$450.

Nicholas must have had a good reputation for treatment of slaves inasmuch as he was entrusted with the disposal of those belonging to others. In November of 1814 Robert Dunkinson wrote at St. Mary's City to him, sympathising in his bereavement and proposing that he procure homes for certain negroes during the following year on these terms (the money to be paid to their owner, of course): Jerry and Moses, \$45 each; Charles, \$35; Watt, \$20; Will, \$12; and the two girls as Nicholas might think best; clothing also to be furnished. Nicholas must have placed some of Dunkinson's slaves prior to this time, as Dunkinson has heard that two of the small negroes had left their homes



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and that Nicholas had sent them back. Dunkinson has two other negro lads, 16 and 22 years old, and asks him to find homes for them, too, at about \$35 for the younger and \$45 for the older, with clothing. Accordingly Nicholas placed Jerry and Charles, 22 and 18 years old, until Christmas of 1815 at \$40 with deduction for "cloathes", shoes, and stockings; Lucy for the same period at \$9 with deduction of \$4.50 for one linsey frock, one pair of shoes, and one pair of stockings; Moses also until Christmas of 1815 at \$21 with deduction of \$8.50 for shoes, stockings, roundabout, and trousers, woollen; Watt at \$7.50 less \$4 for shoes, stockings, and clothes; Will and Mary at \$6 for the two, less \$6 for shoes etc.—in other words, no cash. Hence \$20.50 in cash was charged for the services of five of these negroes for a year, and this is marked as settled in September of 1816, \$40 having been paid nine months before. One wonders whether Dunkinson was satisfied with this return after having specified a larger sum.

In February of 1816 James Trail let Nicholas have his negro man Isaac for a year for \$85 with deduction for any time lost by sickness or death; Nicholas agreed to furnish the negro with two pairs of coarse linen trousers, two shirts, and a pair of shoes, all for the summer, and one pair of yarn stockings, one pair of strong double-soled and nail shoes, a pair of woollen trousers, and a roundabout, all in the Autumn; the negro was not to be wantonly exposed or ill used. One year later Nicholas paid Trail \$85 in full.

A memorandum reveals that the master of Greenfield was still dreaming of broad acres, ever broader. While musing over possible acquisitions he set down on paper Capt. White's proposal to lease his 360 acres on Little Monocacy, including mills, four negro men, two negresses, stock, etc., for five years at \$1,000 a year, the owner to pay the taxes; and his alternative proposal to sell the place for \$10,000. Nicholas ponders the question of how much he would have to pay for the negro slaves if he should buy the place, also how many gallons of whisky might be delivered in Georgetown every year. He estimates that if he leased the property it would cost him \$200 a year to "find" the four negroes and \$60 the two negresses, while it would take \$300 to keep the mills going. He neither bought it nor leased it, for the state of his affairs made even him hold back from further expansion.

He was, however, always ready to help others. Samuel Dawson owned two manor lots near the mouth of the Monocacy and lived there in 1814; he authorised Nicholas to sell these for \$1,200 and to buy for him 310 acres of land in Montgomery County at not more than \$25 an acre. Nothing delighted Nicholas more than the buying and selling of real estate, whether for himself or for others.

From all these instances one sees that Nicholas undertook a wide variety of commissions, and his willingness to perform so many services for others apart from the conduct of his own

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business affairs played a part, no doubt, in the collapse of the structure which he had strived with so much confidence and pride to erect. He was, as his son Joseph sang, "socially jocund, indulgent, and kind".



# X

## THE SALE OF GREENFIELD

OBLIGATIONS kept piling up and demands became ever more pressing. Judgments rendered against him in favor of several firms and individuals had compelled Nicholas to pay Sheriff Morris Jones \$1,228 at the end of 1814 and other creditors insisted more and more upon the satisfaction of their claims. Gradually he disposed of his interests in Frederick County in order to pay his more urgent debts and shifted his attention to Montgomery County.

In March of 1813 Leven Lockett of Loudoun County, Virginia, on the opposite side of the Potomac, owner of the tract called Meredith's Hunting Quarter at the mouth of the Monocacy, had made out papers transferring this to Andrew Clopper and in December of 1814 Andrew bought from Nicholas for \$2,000 the adjoining tract of about eighteen acres, being part of New Harbour at the mouth of the Monocacy, together with dwelling, ferry, and distillery. Two months later Nicholas sold fifty-three acres of New Harbour and I Believe It Will Do to Solomon Davis for \$755.50.

Late in 1813 Andrew had written to Nicholas declaring that he was averse to having a mortgage on lands which he was interested in, hence he had authorised their brother Francis to draw on him and settle the business with Lockett with cash. Francis had informed him that if Nicholas had \$2,000 or \$3,000 in cash he might make the balance agreeable to himself. As he had been despatching a number of vessels there were many demands upon him and he therefore hoped that Nicholas would not ask him for any more money until obliged to have it in order to meet engagements. He wished to visit Nicholas but could not leave Baltimore until he heard that all his navigation was safe. He would like to own the little lot at the mouth of the Monocacy which Nicholas held and was willing to pay him what it was worth, for it could be of no further service to Nicholas—the "little lot" was the tract of 92 acres.

Early in 1814 Andrew again wrote, saying this time that he was ill with a cold but "a few days more dieting & I shall be pure—cold water alone has a fine effect on the sistom." He promises to send by Francis the "needful" to clear up his quarter, as he has charged Francis with the money thus far paid and has credited him with the amount of the purchase; his mentioning his "quarter" points to Meredith's Hunting Quarter

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as the land referred to and his instructions concerning crops indicate that Nicholas was supervising its cultivation. He wishes to have some "plaister" (gypsum used as a dressing for soil) and clover seed on the hundred acres now in grain and promises to send it up; he also wishes to have some corn sown, and a few acres in "turnups", but does not wish to have a tenant at present. He will make Nicholas a visit this year if the war and the embargo continue, and may arrange to have some improvements made on the land. He is interested in extensive cotton works about to be established in his vicinity.

One Jacob Stier owed Nicholas more than \$600 for a horse, a cow, sugar, pork, brick, glass, barrels of spirit, and for cash advanced. This debt ran on for two years or more and at last Nicholas, holding fast to his faith in land in spite of reverses, took over Stier's 82½ acres and dwelling house in Montgomery County at the beginning of 1816 and let the place at \$3 per month to one Charles Andrews who was to split fence rails @ 50 shillings per thousand and broad rails for post and rails @ \$10 per thousand—if he should make 8,000 rails he was to have the place rent-free. In June of 1816 Nicholas paid Stier \$90, being the final installment for this property.

He announced a public sale of horses, cows, sheep, hogs, wagon, cart, farming tools, carpenter's tools, "and a number of articles too tedious to enumerate", to be held in January of 1816 at the house of John W. Lowe, near Johnson's Furnace, but it may have been postponed until April for in that month Lowe also sold goods and both of them bought many items, Nicholas taking horses, cattle, hogs, ploughs, harrow, hoes, and other tools, for \$350. With these he evidently intended to carry on at Greenfield; he had already bought thirty bushels of potatoes @ 80c a bushel in Georgetown.

Finding it impossible, however, to maintain his extensive plantation and at the same time meet his many financial obligations, he was forced to let most of the land go. He had not yet fully paid for Greenfield and the Dawsons had sued him, along with other creditors. He sat in his home one day of June, that year, settling this account with Sheriff Cromwell to whom he turned over \$5,000 in paper currency but the Dawsons insisted upon specie, so he gave them his promissory note for \$500 at the same time to make up for the difference in value. In September he sold 602 acres of Greenfield and Locust Bottom (keeping 70 acres near Griffith's Falls of the Monocacy and 92 acres at its mouth) to Jason and Eli Phillips at \$40 an acre, and \$4,000 of the purchase price was to be paid at once to the sheriff to satisfy claims against him. On the day of the sale the Phillipses complained that Nicholas was depriving them of the corn standing in the field when it was seeded that month; that he had cut and used timber; that he had filled up the lime-kiln; and that he had taken the counter out of the store-house, also plank from the stabling. The matter was referred for adjudi-



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cation to two neighbors who decided in the following April that the privilege given the Phillipses to seed the ground on which Clopper had corn standing did not deprive the latter of his corn crop; that the damage to timber was worth 400 rails; that Clopper should take the stone out of the kiln, restoring this to its condition on April 1st, but reserving to himself the right to remove the stone and also any wood of his not grown on the land sold; and that Clopper return to the Phillipses 100 feet of plank.

The agreement provided that Nicholas was to yield possession of the premises on April 1st, 1817, and then it was that the Clopper family moved to a new home in Montgomery County. At the time of the sale the purchasers actually paid \$7,000 and by April, when Nicholas gave them a deed as well as full possession, they had paid half of the entire amount agreed upon for the property by meeting "sundry judgments" against him and otherwise easing his burdens. Among the debts discharged at this time were \$2,000 owed to a bank in Georgetown and \$539 owed to the Dawsons which payment finally settled his account with them. Some other judgments were paid but a few had to be left pending.

Nothing daunted, Nicholas went ahead. Having moved away from Frederick County he engaged a farmer for the year 1817 who was to act as manager and overseer on the land he still owned, adjoining that which he had sold to the Phillipses—presumably the 70 acres near Griffith's Falls—and agreed to pay him \$160 less time lost because of accident, sickness, "or death"! and to find both him and his wife-to-be in provision. This farmer was to divide the produce equally with Nicholas, mow the meadow and deliver a third of the hay in cock. Nicholas agreed to furnish half a ton of plaster at Dorsey's mill and to pay for the grinding of corn.

In August of that year he applied to the Potomac Company for permission to convey water from Big Monocacy at Griffith's Falls to his part of Greenfield for use in mills and other water-works to be erected there. The promotional nature of this petition was characteristic of him. It was referred to the succeeding board of directors of the company for report, but nothing seems to have come of it—which also was characteristic.

At the beginning of 1818 he hired another farmer and manager for this remainder of his property, which he called his manor farm near the mouth of the Monocacy, and this man was to make and haul rails, make and mend fencing and gates, and plant and sow as Nicholas directed. Meat and bread were to be furnished for him, fish occasionally, coffee and sugar or tea at times. He was to bring his horse and this was to be fed and worked the same as Nicholas's plantation horses. He was to be paid \$160 for that year, subject to deduction for "death or sickness", and in case he should marry, his wife was to have the same use of provision as her husband if she took on the

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care and management of the household. This man was paid off in March of 1819 when he signed a receipt in full, having been given twenty-two pounds of wool @ 40c or \$8.80, two barrels of corn or \$8, \$50 cash, and \$93.20 in a form not mentioned—total \$160.

In the Autumn of 1820 James and Baker Trail agreed to sow rye in the field above the brick-yard near the mouth of the Monocacy; also wheat and rye in the upper cut, over the ditch, and to divide the produce equally with Nicholas; also tobacco in ten acres and to give Nicholas a third of this crop; Nicholas agreeing to furnish a house.

In the Winter after the sale to the Phillipses Nicholas Junior, then a young man of twenty-two years, wrote to his father from Baltimore where he was disposing of Greenfield farm products and sending back what was needed on the plantation. He stated that Isaac (presumably the slave owned by James Trail) had in his wagon fifteen bushels of ground "allum" salt and ten bushels of coarse; that flour was selling at \$12 and theirs had not yet been inspected, so he would forward the account later; that Isaac had brought "linens"—shirts, no doubt—for himself and a keg of apples for Aunt Rachael (wife of Peter Clopper); he requests yarn stockings as soon as his sister Rebecca has time to get them ready; he has sent five barrels of "plaister" (fertiliser) as this was all that could be hauled in a wagon because of the bad condition of the roads; and he added, "business is much as it was when you were down, still doing a little."

At about this time Nicholas sent \$550 in bank notes and a draft for \$300 to Clopper & Byrne in Philadelphia, hence Francis had not altogether severed his connection with the dry goods business in that city upon going to The Woodlands at the end of 1812 but continued it for a time through his wife's brother, Patrick J. Byrne. A letter from this firm, written by P. J. B. in December of 1816, apprised Nicholas that Clagett & Magruder had had \$313.47 belonging to Nicholas and had asked that they be drawn upon for that sum, so Clopper & Byrne had sold their draft on this firm for that amount at 4% discount and had therefore credited Nicholas with \$300.94—for which they thank him! They declared that times were bad and that rascals were robbing and burning property in Philadelphia. In the following month Nicholas was favored with another missive from Clopper & Byrne, written in Philadelphia by P. J. Byrne, showing that he had overpaid another account by \$182.76 including interest and announcing that they had, with thanks, placed this amount to his credit with them! This letter stated that Francis had been in Lexington and would go from there to Montgomery County.

In paying for the 602 acres on the Monocacy which they had purchased, Jason and Eli Phillips had given several bonds and one of these, for \$3,025, was due in April of 1818; but Nicholas, in the extremity of his need, had already made use



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of it in discharging several obligations for smaller sums, hence the balance payable to him was only \$1,230 and this he turned over to Sheriff J. M. Cromwell for the benefit of his account. A few weeks before this he had paid Sheriff Cromwell \$110.33 for "fifas", interest, costs, and sheriff's fees arising from Richard Johnson's case against him.

The peregrinations of a negotiable note are remarkable. In January of 1818 Nicholas gave his promissory note for \$150, payable on demand, to Robert Dunkinson whose slaves he had placed in homes three years before. Payment was demanded in April, but not received, so in June Dunkinson assigned it to George Kephart Jr. but did not "garrantee" payment. Early in February of the following year Kephart assigned it to Clement Hilleary, carefully declining to "garrentee" payment. It so happened that Nicholas had a claim against Hilleary and as this holder of the note now had one against Nicholas, the obvious course was to set each claim off against the other; hence, two days after Nicholas's note had come into his hands, Hilleary marked it paid in full.

In 1817 also Nicholas had given Dunkinson his note for \$150. Of this sum \$60 was for Dunkinson's slave Charles, and \$90 for his slaves Walt, Will, Lucy, and Mary. Presumably Nicholas's note for the same amount in the succeeding year was for the same service. Whether he put these slaves to work on property of his own or sublet them to others is a question not answered in his papers.

Nicholas had pledged his seventy acres near Griffith's Falls of the Monocacy to his brother Andrew as security for a loan of \$3,000 and at the end of 1821, being unable to pay this off, he gave him a deed to the property. He appointed Nicholas Junior as trustee and instructed him to hold a public sale of the stock, equipment, and supplies in his absence. The sale was held on March 20, 1821, at the mouth of the Monocacy and in addition to the animals, vehicles, farming implements, tobacco, grain, hay, and whisky stills which were disposed of, the printed notice declared in Nicholas's hopeful way that there would also be sold on this occasion the one undivided third part of 1,116 acres of land on the waters of the "Youghagheny" in Allegheny County and likewise 6,000 acres in Lee County, Virginia, in lots of 200 acres each!

This sale ended Nicholas's operations on the Monocacy. All his interests there had now passed into other hands.

# XI

## FIVE YEARS AT SPRINGFIELD

IN the Spring of 1817 Nicholas moved his family from Greenfield in Frederick County, where they had resided for eleven years and where two of the children had been born and their mother had died, to the farm called Springfield, their new home in Montgomery County near the Great Falls of the Potomac, about seventeen miles above Alexandria. This farm had an area of 342 acres, being part of a tract called "Clewerwall," and adjoined land of William Scott, William O. Magruder, and others. It had been owned by Barruck Offutt until 1814 when it was conveyed to the Clagett family. Nicholas bought it from John B. Clagett for \$6,840, giving him \$1,200 at the time of occupancy and binding himself for the payment of the balance in four equal installments annually.

The Clopper children now ranged in age from eight to twenty-six years. Rebecca, the eldest daughter, presided over the household; she was now twenty-five years of age and a remarkable woman as to strength of character, cheerful acceptance of her lot, vivacity of disposition, and deep religious faith.

Andrew, the eldest son, was wanting in the quality of leadership. "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow" was first-rate philosophy in his view. He was content to drift down the stream of life and saw no reason for exerting himself at the oars so long as the current was carrying him comfortably along. He would rather hold a song-book in his hand than a tool of any kind. Apparently he liked to sing, for he copied many ballads, songs, and hymns in a home-made booklet whose first part he had devoted to mathematics. The songs were entitled: Pretty Peggy O, Miss Winkle, My Nannie O, With Butter to the City, Exile of Erin, Canadian Boat Song, Midshipman, A Winter Piece, Burns Adieu, Eliza, The Irish Lover, Great Lamentation for the Loss of Sweet Senisino, Sweet William's Ghost, Legacy, Yankee Doodle, Sadi the Moor, Kiss Behind the Garden Gate, The Willow, Ere Around the Huge Oak, The Sweet Little Girl, Patty Clover, I Am Not Twenty, and The Pidgeon. There were several hymns, too, copied in 1817-18.

Nicholas Junior had more substance in his make-up. For the past few years he had been working in Baltimore, learning the ways of a merchant and selling the products of Greenfield. He continued in his employment there and gave such time as he could spare to helping the family at Springfield.



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The family made friends in the neighborhood and references to the life there in subsequent writings, especially by Rebecca and Joseph, show that they enjoyed their associations and cherished the memory of them. As Francis C. Clopper's home, The Woodlands, was only a few miles distant, they were often there and became attached to all in that cheery household.

The serene surface of their social life was disturbed by one ripple, however. This was an outburst of ecclesiastical wrath. Only one document concerning the matter has been preserved, so it is impossible to judge whether the wrath was justified or not. The Rev. Townsend Dade of Old Christ Church at Alexandria, it seems, officiated at his daughter's wedding in the Summer of 1818 and among the guests was young Andrew Clopper. Perhaps Rebecca, too, was there. After the event it came to Dade's ears that Andrew and Rebecca had been adversely critical of him, Andrew having gone so far as to declare in a public company at the court house, according to the report, that he was so drunk he could scarcely perform the ceremony. Thereupon Dade sent a letter of protest to Nicholas who, in his reply, took up the cudgels in behalf of his children, informing Dade that Andrew had branded the charge as false and that Rebecca had never said or done anything with intention to injure him or any member of his family. A coolness set in between the Dades and the Cloppers.

A booklet of Rebecca's, begun at Greenfield Farm and continued at Springfield, is filled with her "Youthful Effusions." There are lines to Miss M. C. of Chambersburgh, also to Miss Eliza D. of Buck Lodge—probably Eliza Dade—but later, in July of 1818, she and Miss E. D. have become estranged and Rebecca will visit Buck Lodge no more.

It may be that when visiting Eliza she had attended services in Old Christ Church and the ritual had appealed to her, for at about this time she described a dream which she had had a few years after her mother's death, her vivid recollection of it showing how much it had impressed her; a clergyman of the Episcopal Church appeared to her and she told him that she wished to take communion in his church; he answered that first she must be confirmed in this church, then he vanished. Her mother then appeared and said, "Go on in the way you have done and I shall be perfectly satisfied." Rebecca wondered whether her mother was alluding to her desire to join the Episcopal Church or to her treatment of her "dear little motherless sisters" committed to her charge, whereupon her mother held up a scroll and in a warning voice uttered these words: "Read your fate!" Rebecca, however, did not read the scroll. Her mother urged her again to go on in the way she had begun and, interpreting this to mean that she was doing her duty, she decided to remain a Presbyterian. The rupture between the Dades and the Cloppers may have helped her in reaching this decision but there are those who, even to-day, would cite the outcome as a triumph of Scotch-Irish loyalty over the powers of darkness!

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One supposes from their names on its fly-leaf that a volume of *The Poetical Works of John Milton*, published in 1791, belonged at first to Eliza Dade and was given by her to Rebecca. At about this time *The Works of the Rev. John Witherspoon*, published in 1800, was presented to Rebecca "by her affectionate Father, Springfield, Maryland." On the fly-leaf of *The Pantheon Representing the Fabulous Histories of the Heathen Gods and Most Illustrious Heroes* by Andrew Tooke is written "R. C. Clopper, Md."

At Greenfield Rebecca had written of her pleasure in sitting on a rock beside the Monocacy and conversing with a friend, and at Springfield she looked about for another congenial retreat of this kind, another "sweet romantic spot," and fortunately discovered one:

### REBECCA'S BOWER

Springfield, June 8th, 1819,  
ten o'clock at night.

In Twilight's sweet and pensive hour  
I sought that lonely grot  
By name long known: Rebecca's Bow'r,  
A calm, retired spot.

Three rocks are here to form my seat,  
My carpet a lovely green;  
'Tis here my leisure hours pass sweet,  
For beauteous is the scene.

'Tis here I feel my heart at peace,  
No jarring thoughts intrude;  
'Tis here the noisy passions cease—  
How sweet is solitude!

In October of the preceding year she had written in the booklet containing lines to "Miss Eliza D.", other verses about *The Evening Star* and also about *Potomac's Falls*—"I hear them from afar." There are lines, too, addressed to Mrs. M. Davis and to her friend C. H. M. To Eliza of Oakland she sends a plait of her hair to be worn on the wrist. In May of 1818 she had penned an *Address to Twilight* in which she mentions the far distant grave of her bosom friend who died near four years before and whom she thinks of daily; also the death of a school-mate. One of eleven stanzas on *Twilight* written at Springfield in February of 1820 abruptly puts nature above social events:

I love to sit at silent eve  
And hear Potomac's falls—  
These humble scenes I would not leave  
For parties, mirth, and balls.

Nicholas's third living son, Joseph Chambers Clopper, like his sister Rebecca, was fond of setting down his thoughts and feelings on paper. Bearing a date of 1820 there are "Fragments Written after Sitting Up with a Sick Friend" and, in 1821, lines about Spring:



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Where flows the limpid stream . . . the truant schoolboy  
steals and sports upon the waves, rejoic'd to 'scape  
the painful task of study; now . . . to land he bends,  
there baits his barbéd hook and fixes on his line  
an anxious look. The finny race, unmindful, seize the prize;  
he draws and greets them with his wistful eyes.  
Tired of sport he homeward bends his way,  
resolved t'enjoy another such like day.  
The balmy breezes charm him as he goes,  
loud in the praise of Spring his language flows—  
Methinks such words as these I hear him sing:  
Ye gods! why can't it be forever Spring?

In this same year he wrote "Memory", "The Seventh Anniversary of my Mother's Death," and "Lines on Night" which last deserves to be repeated here:

Come forth, Fitzallen, and alone with me  
Behold the wonders of yon canopy  
Bespangled o'er with stars that gild the night,  
That dart to earth their twinkling rays of light,  
And each a world, perhaps, and peopled too  
With happy beings who nor ever knew  
What 'twas to sin, but live a guiltless life  
Free from the painful toil of wars and strife.  
And then suppose—for just as well we may  
As to suppose in any other way—  
That some are suns which other systems form,  
Whose beams (to us) do unknown planets warm,  
And systems upon systems scatter'd through  
Th'immensity of space beyond our view.  
What wonders those! And then how wondrous 'tis  
To think the planet we inhabit is  
Comparatively as a grain of sand  
To all the works of an Almighty hand!  
Consider this, and then yourself compare  
With what this earth and all its wonders are,  
And then what art thou? and how wise?—  
A telescopic speck of smallest size.  
Then know thyself and thank the Lord of all  
That thou art notic'd, tho' thou art so small.

He wrote lines in his commonplace book on many subjects in the years 1820 and 1821, when at Springfield: "To R. C. C. asleep," "Hope," "The Robin," "Love and Beauty, the charming S—", "Meditation," "To a Lady," "Cupid Benighted, by request," "While Looking at a Dying Partridge," "An Acrostic, Sarah P. Conn," "To a Young Lady, Miss G. M., on dreaming that I had obtained Religion; written also as a farewell tribute of respect," "The Lord's Prayer," "Such Things Were, When I enjoyed a Mother's Smile," and "Wishes of Mine in 1821, Springfield: A little house on a little farm, with a competence of health, wealth, peace, content; a meandering stream; a wife in whom the virtues all had met."

Rebecca liked to visit Chambersburg and went there in the Summer of 1818. After her return to Springfield she received a letter from her Aunt Ann, Francis C. Clopper's wife, written in August at Philadelphia, her former home where, it seems, she

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had been called by the illness of her brother, Patrick J. Byrne, partner in Clopper & Byrne. Francis was away on a business trip in the south and Ann expressed disappointment over Rebecca's not having come to Philadelphia from Chambersburg before returning to Maryland. Continuing, she wrote, "Letitia McCurdy spent some weeks with us this Summer . . . she is a charming girl . . . you are a great favourite of hers." This was the daughter of Mrs. Grace Dorsey McCurdy, Edward N. Clopper's first wife; she married a son of the Baltimore merchant, R. H. Douglass, and is referred to hereafter as Letitia Douglass. "I often wished for the pure air of The Woodlands," wrote Aunt Ann who, it appears, had been in Philadelphia all Summer; "Patrick's health is too delicate for us to leave him yet." As to her husband, Francis, "I expect him the last of this month, and then I expect we shall return to the Farm."

Nicholas loved to travel and was often on the road. Where had he been in November of 1817? From the 16th to the 27th Hiel Peck's bill against him was for \$1.25 daily for dinner and *club*; 25c for hay and oats, presumably for his horse; and 3c for a segar on the 27th. The word *club*, as used here, means a share of expense, so he must have been at the hostelry with others and the party had divided up the charge. This bill is marked "Settled in full." If it was a tavern or inn, Nicholas put up there often, for on Christmas of 1819 Hiel Peck wrote an order on him to pay almost \$50 to Joshua Davis on account of William Braddock whose receipt would be good for Peck's claim against Nicholas; \$26 was paid to Braddock in July of 1820 and the balance later.

Somewhere a hatter by the name of Henry Steiner served customers among whom was Nicholas who bought hats for his elder sons: one for Andrew in August of 1817 for \$8, one for Nicholas Junior in February of 1818 for \$8, and another for Andrew in July of 1819 for \$6.50.

Just as Pennsylvania difficulties had pursued Nicholas into Maryland, so did Frederick County troubles follow him into Montgomery. Indeed, he had garnered a harvest of obligations in the latter county before he had left the former. Early in 1818 he paid Sheriff Cromwell in full for "fifas" in two suits, together with interest, costs, and fees. In one case the amount for which he was sued was \$55 while the interest, costs, and fees were \$31.20 in addition. These penalties for delay—and they were actually penalties—thrust him deeper and deeper into debt. One marvels at the folly of such persistent burrowing into the mire of liability. In 1819 he owed for the milling of grain and other items in Frederick County. He paid Sheriff Beall amounts due on two judgments and had a complicated account with Sheriff and Tax Collector Arnold Winsor of Montgomery County including taxes, impanelling a jury, and cash advanced to Nicholas Junior and others, with credit for a "fifa" against another party which left a balance in Nicholas's favor at one time, but this, of course, was wiped out by debits until in May of 1819 he owed the Sheriff



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nearly \$60. Business must have been carried on in those days by constant resort to magistrates; judgments for and judgments against almost every resident of a county who bought or sold anything were the common experience. There is not much exaggeration in saying that the sheriff was the community's book-keeper!

With all his troubles and his travels Nicholas had time to spare for organised religion. Doubtless he had been a member of the Falling Spring Presbyterian congregation in Chambersburg, although no mention of his membership is to be found among his papers. In Frederick County he lived too far from a church to be active in it. Now in Montgomery County he identified himself with a nearby body and seems to have had the confidence of his fellow-workers. At a meeting of the congregation of Cabin John Presbyterian Church held in January of 1818 he was one of seven trustees chosen to receive contributions and to direct the church's affairs. William Scott had tendered twenty acres of land adjoining the church lot for a parsonage and steps were to be taken to have the trustees incorporated so that they could hold title to the property.

As there were only two or three regular preachers for the 17,000 inhabitants of Montgomery County, a Domestic Missionary Society was formed to propagate the gospel and its constitution, adopted in February of 1818, made provision for members, officers, board of directors, and annual meetings to be held in Cabin John Church.

On the back of one of the papers relating to these church activities Nicholas wrote instructions to his children at Springfield as to what they should do in his absence: they were to repack the beef in a strong pickle in barrels in the meat-house, also to pickle the pork, to get hoops at ye cooper's and put them on barrels and hogsheads, to feed the hogs well, and Edward, who was fifteen years of age in 1818, was to salt the sheep, to pick up stone and haul it to the ice-house, and to pick and sort apples. As his children were instructed to perform this labor it would appear that Nicholas had but few slaves at this time. There was at least one—the negress Mahala—a house servant, probably, who had been hired from her owner. In December of 1820 Nicholas returned her to William Robertson, sending his son Edward with \$19 to pay for her service during eight months and stating that she had been sick for more than a month and had been given a new frock, also a second-hand one, hence in his opinion Robertson should feel fully compensated with the remittance but, if not, an endeavor would be made to satisfy him. Robertson was content, however, and gave his receipt for \$19 in full for her work "of eight or nine months."

On May 20, 1819, a meeting was held in the Montgomery County court house for the purpose of forming a society auxiliary to the Maryland Society for the Colonisation of the Free People of Color of the United States. A constitution was adopted and

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officers were elected, the text and names being subsequently printed, and those who were willing to contribute funds towards the furtherance of this project subscribed their names and set down the sums they would give. Nicholas Clopper was one of the subscribers but no sum was put opposite his name. Northerners who advocated the abolition of slavery bitterly attacked this movement. In their arguments they "exposed the character of the Colonization Society, established in 1816, which at the North sought the support of philanthropists under the pretense of facilitating emancipation, by returning at last all the slaves to Africa; while at the South its avowed purpose was to expatriate all free negroes, lest by their presence the slaves should be reminded that their bondage was not altogether hopeless."<sup>80</sup>

Nicholas was no longer able to own slaves; they were costly, the times were hard, and he was heavily in debt. In the general business depression of the years 1819-21 the prices of commodities of all kinds dropped down lower than they had ever been before in the country's economic history. Hard times kept people from meeting their monetary obligations and made it necessary for creditors to become relentless if they would avoid bankruptcy themselves. Suits were brought to compel the payment of debts and judgments were awarded but debtors often had only their lands and their homes, so these were seized and sold for the benefit of creditors. Nicholas owed money to many and many owed money to him, but neither he nor the others could pay. He obtained a judgment against a man named Low and was willing to accept tobacco in settlement but Thomas W. Offutt who was trying to come to terms with this debtor in Nicholas's behalf, failed to reach an understanding and advised Nicholas to push for the money at once—"let me have the judgment and I certainly will collect it." This was in January of 1820.

Late in the following Spring Nicholas traveled westward over the mountains for the purpose of looking up the land he had bought as an investment long before and trying to realise something from it. In June he was in Zanesville, Ohio, a few miles from the site of his proposed town of Troy, and wrote to Rebecca at "Springfield" saying, "Your Aunt Thompson (Keziah) is very unwell, expect to see her to-morrow, then go on to mouth of Scioto;" he is traveling on horseback and hopes to return home before harvest but, if prevented, his sons can cut and secure both crops without the expense of hiring; "begin early and be careful, and sober and steady, it is absolutely necessary now to use all possible oeconomy and industry . . . I find the distress general and ruin spreading far and wide . . . I had a number of debts due me by people who were in good and some in affluent circumstances who are entirely broke and in reduced circumstances, some in a state of indigence. I reached Washington [Pennsylvania, where this letter was posted] in time to secure the land and found in Mr. Kerr a worthy friend and an old acquaintance."



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According to a memorandum penciled on another paper at this time he went to Chillicothe, and from there to Gallipolis—a distance of sixty miles; then on to Charleston at the confluence of the Elk and the Kanawha—a distance of fifty-eight miles; from there to Winchester, Kentucky—a distance of 154 miles; and then to Louisville—114 miles farther. The total distance from Chillicothe, as he calculated it, was 386 miles.

His return home is not recorded but his efforts to put the family's financial affairs on a firmer foundation were not successful and, like many others at this period, he turned his eyes towards the west, believing that the family fortunes could be retrieved through joining the pioneers and giving up all thought of living a manorial life in the east. The speculative character of such a marked change must have had a strong appeal for him.

His eldest son was the first to go out from under the parental roof at "Springfield." This adventurer was not far from thirty years of age at the time. He went first to "Woodland Mills" and his Aunt Ann, writing on the night of February 3, 1821, to his sister Rebecca, says, "Andrew will leave here early." She regrets that her husband had been unable to find employment in the east for him and his brothers, "the times are so hard that people say they have nothing to do, . . . I feel sorry that Andrew is going and yet it is time he was doing something . . . he appears to be determined to be steady, I hope he may keep to it. I shall write to your uncle [Francis C. Clopper] to-morrow and let him know where Andrew is to be found out there, for perhaps he may return home that way."

Nicholas had bound himself to pay for "Springfield" in four annual installments of \$1,410 each, after having made the initial payment of \$1,200, and it seems that he met one of these installments when due but the next two he failed to meet, so Clagett sued him for the \$2,820 and recovered this on March 1st, 1821. This judgment hastened Nicholas's departure for the west where he hoped for better things. He left most of his family at Springfield where they were sure of shelter for a time and went over the mountains again, this time to seek a new home. His eldest son, Andrew, had found employment in Kentucky, Rebecca was visiting in Chambersburg, Nicholas Jr. was at work in Baltimore, and Joseph seems to have gone with his father as far as the Ohio River but is to return with both horses via Chambersburg so that Rebecca may join him there on the journey back to Springfield where the four other children had remained. Nicholas did not get far, however, before he fell ill; on June 22, when he was in Wheeling or near there, he wrote to Rebecca at Chambersburg saying, "I am gaining strength fast . . . Joseph takes down 'Paul Jones', a bay horse of your Uncle Francis's; he has also his own horse, the pacing poney Monkey, which carried me with much ease over the mountains; he has given his colt to Caroline, or the proceeds of it if sold. I have written *by him* to your Uncle Francis, he will communicate with you and advise

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about your concerns and the schooling of the children &c. I left my summer hat at R. Davis store, Georgetown, last fall—it will do Edward this Summer. *On your return home* travel slow and be particularly carefull of your Uncle's horse, and not let them drink or eat when too warm.

“Joseph will call on Mr. Selby and know the amount of taxes against the land and tell him he shall be paid out of the growing crop after harvest; Nicholas and Joseph will secure the crop &c.

“I think Doctor Woolen has a note of mine, 11 or 12 Dolls am't the apple mill (cider press?) bot at sale; Nicholas will let him have the Franklin stove. The slay (sleigh) that is at home belongs to Nicholas, it was bro't there in Feb'y after the levy by Sheriff.”

There are few things more pathetic than the enforced break-up of a home and the melancholy directions given by a parent to his family under such circumstances.

Rebecca and Joseph received a letter written by their father at Wheeling on July 4 in which he says he will proceed through Ohio as the river is too low to go by water; he reminds Joseph, who was then nineteen years of age, that his opportunity for improving himself at school is short and urges him to learn the art of surveying, to write a fair hand, and to make himself master of figures.

In the following August he was in Frankfort, Kentucky, and wrote to Rebecca saying that he had passed through Georgetown on the 9th and had found Andrew fat and hearty and talking of opening a school until something better should offer, not being satisfied with his situation and calling “which is truly a disagreeable one.”

He left Frankfort the next day, went through Indiana back into Ohio and wrote from there in September saying he had “seen more true godliness in the western than I ever did in the eastern country, and sincerely wish I could see you all planted comfortably here . . . I have some warm friends in different sections of the West who have made strong proposals to me to settle among them but have not yet fully settled it in my mind as to the particular point. I shall come to a conclusion on this head probably before I return to the East. I am now on my way to Kentucky again.”

His next letter was written at the end of November in Kentucky and in the meantime he has been in Missouri! He crossed the Mississippi about four miles above the Missouri's mouth, traveled thence via St. Charles up the country about forty miles above Franklin. It is likely that he went to Franklin because James C. Ludlow was there—the eldest son of Israel and Charlotte (Chambers) Ludlow; in 1820 her second husband (Rev. David Riske) being dead and she herself in ill health, Charlotte had left Cincinnati and had gone to Franklin with her other son, Israel Ludlow, and her daughters, Ruhamah and Char-



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lotte Riske, to join James; she died there in May of 1821. Continuing his letter, Nicholas says that on his return journey he went through St. Louis and down the river to New Madrid, then up to the Iron Banks through the new parts, seeing a great extent of country, some of which he describes as "very inviting and interesting"; he found much sickness: "in the latter end of August I was in Madison (Indiana) at Mr. Searls, he took sick while I was there and lingered on until about the 25th ultimo when he bid adieu to all the cares and troubles of this life." He himself is in good health and hopes soon to be in Scott County, Kentucky, and to hear from his family through Andrew who is there. He can't say when he will reach Maryland as his route is circuitous. He hopes that his son Nicholas Jr. has got his business as well arranged as practicable and that he will be prepared to visit the Western Country.

Joseph was growing restless. At one time, it seems, he intended to enlist in Bolívar's army in Venezuela, for he wrote:

Farewell to Montgom'ry, farewell to the girls,  
Farewell to the scenes of my youth.  
I fly to where Glory her banner unfurls  
High waving in blood o'er the South.

The battle-trump's blast has swept far to the North,  
Inviting the soldier away —  
Arise, sons of valour, and boldly step forth,  
For Liberty strike while you may!

It was not the battle-trump's invitation which he accepted, however, but his brother Andrew's, asking him to visit Kentucky. Having decided to go he was thus the second of Nicholas's sons to brave the unknown by leaving their familiar East. It was in November of 1821 that he went west and he has recorded an affecting scene in what he calls a "Fragment" concerning the pain of saying good-bye: "When the sadness of parting was on me . . . I beheld for the last time the lovely maid of Rose Hill, it seemed as tho' sympathy sat on her countenance and a tenderness spoke in her voice . . . I pressed her soft white hand in mine and only said adieu. She gave me a rose—may it be lasting as memory, I said. She entered the door and I saw the sweet fair one no more."

Penning his personal history, years afterward, he wrote, "One only friend (made out of the family, Mr. J. H.) and a few others of the fairer sex will ever cost my heart a pang at remembrance of having left the land of my fathers—O Springfield! lovely spot where first my heart knew friendship's sweets or all a lover's anxious cares, my heart grows warm towards thee at thought of joys forever gone." He left Maryland "almost without a tear, save what burst from the fount of brotherly affection . . . I was then at the age of 19; with the ardour of youth & a proud independent spirit I left my home to seek one in the wide world, careless of the fickleness of fortune, whether I should or not be one of her favourites, yet ambitious to be the founder of my own

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prosperity, which hope bade me look to, through the protection of providence . . . I reached Georgetown in Kentucky on the 15th day where I first heard of my brother's keeping a school a few miles in the country. There I found him . . . For two or three weeks I was . . . [homesick] I went to & returned from school with my brother as tho' fearful of losing him . . ."

On December 5th the Montgomery County court in Maryland issued a writ of *fieri facias* to the sheriff commanding him to levy on the property of Nicholas Clopper \$2,800 plus the costs of Clagett's suit and ordering that he should have those sums on the first Monday of March, 1822. So the rest of the family had until then to live at Springfield.

Knowing that their home would soon have to be given up and a new one made in the west, Rebecca indited a few lines to her friend Sarah T. Russell of Georgetown, D. C., bidding her farewell and expressing the hope that they might meet in heaven—which is better, no doubt, than hoping to meet in hell, and this is all the praise I can bestow on this doleful address. She copied seven other valedictories in her album, all composed at this time and addressed to her kind friend, Mrs. D. S. H. of Leesburgh, Virginia; her affectionate friend, Miss Eliza J - - - of Bloomsbury, Frederick County, Maryland; her valued and amiable friend, Miss F. R. D., near Rockville; her valued friend, Mrs. H. M., Montgomery County; her inestimable friend, Mrs. Simpson Grove, Montgomery County; Frances and Martha at Rose Hill, Montgomery County; and to her dear friend and, surely, fellow Sunday School teacher, Miss Helen G., near Cabin John, Montgomery County, to whom she writes:

No more we meet upon that sacred day  
To teach the Blacks the only saving way.

On February 24, 1822, she wrote "Farewell to the Woodlands" in ten stanzas, two of which will suffice here:

Not all the beauties of the West  
Which trav'lers boast they see,  
Can soothe the sadness of my breast—  
What are their joys to me?

Yet I'm resign'd, contented still;  
A parent's fate I'll share —  
To distant lands, go where he will,  
My feet shall wander there.

Shortly before Christmas her father wrote to Rebecca saying that he would go down the river again—he had recently come up the river from Missouri, but now he has Texas in mind; that he had found Joseph well; that Andrew and Joseph had ridden with him for a day; and that he had written to Gatton and Magruder in Maryland asking them to apply for his dismissal from the church of Cabin John with a certificate of his standing to be signed by Mr. Carnahan—with this document he planned to join a Presbyterian congregation in the haven where he would be.



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On March 6, 1822, the sheriff offered Springfield to the highest bidder at public sale. John B. Clagett, its former owner whom Nicholas had failed to pay in full, bid \$1,881 and the property was returned to him. The Clopper children were without a home. Their father hastened west again, after having arranged with them to follow. It was his intention to establish their new residence in Texas—an intention to which he held fast until his dying day. Texas was then a part of Mexico, and Mexico had just become independent of Spain.

## XII

### TEXAS AND TRAGEDY

IN 1820 a Connecticut Yankee went to San Antonio and petitioned the Spanish authorities there to be allowed to bring into Texas three hundred settlers from the United States. This Yankee was Moses Austin who had married Maria Brown of Morris County, New Jersey; had been in business in Philadelphia and in Richmond; had then managed lead mines in Virginia; and later had obtained from the Spanish government a grant of land with lead mines in what is now Washington County, Missouri, where he established a settlement. In order to take advantage of this grant he had become a Spanish citizen, the region being Spanish territory at the time; the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, however, restored to him his American citizenship. Here he amassed wealth in the mining business but lost it as a result of the failure of the Bank of St. Louis in which he was a large stockholder. Being energetic and hopeful, he looked around for another opportunity. In 1819 the United States purchased Florida from Spain and gave up to that nation all claim to the territory (later called Texas) which lay west of the Sabine River, the boundary between Louisiana and Texas—hence grants of land in this territory thereafter made by Spain would be valid. Moses suggested to his son, Stephen, who was then twenty-six years of age, that they establish a colony there. In the Summer of 1820 they decided to do so and laid their plans accordingly—the father to go to San Antonio and seek the Spanish government's permission, the son to go to New Orleans and enlist emigrants.

The petition for a colony of three hundred settlers from the United States was addressed to the authorities of the Eastern Internal Provinces of Mexico (Coahuila, Nuevo León, Nuevo Santander, and Texas), and in spite of his instructions to keep all foreigners and especially Anglo-Americans out of the country, the Spanish governor, Martínez, gave it his approval. Leaving New Orleans with two or three companions in June of 1821, Stephen received word of the favorable outcome of his father's negotiations and at Natchitoches, Louisiana, found officials awaiting his father who, however, unknown to any of them, had been dead for ten days. Stephen went on into Texas with a small party and on the way, learning of his father's death, he made up his mind to carry on the project himself. Reaching San



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Antonio on August 12th in the midst of a popular celebration over Mexico's independence, which had just been achieved, he reported to Governor Martínez and asked that the powers which had been granted to his father as *empresario* of the undertaking be transferred to himself. The plans for the proposed colony which he submitted provided that each head of a family was to have 640 acres for himself, 320 for his wife, 160 for each child, and 80 for each slave; while single men over twenty-one years of age were to have 640 acres each.

The governor acceded to his request, approved his plans, and granted him permission to explore the country along the Colorado River and to select there a site for his colony. Having looked over this region he chose a location along the lower courses of the Colorado and Brazos Rivers and returned to Louisiana. Here he began the promotion of the enterprise, charging each prospective settler twelve and one-half cents an acre for his allotment of land with a view to meeting expenses and to being paid for his own services as *empresario*. The colonists, however, complained so much about this charge that the political chief at Béxar (San Antonio) abolished it and substituted a schedule of fees for a land title amounting to only about one-third as much per *sitio* (a square league or about 4,400 acres) as Austin had demanded. Ultimately a portion of these fees was given to Stephen. He led the first party of settlers overland to the lower Brazos River in December of 1821.<sup>81</sup>

During these developments another man who was to play a leading part in the drama of early Texas history was living with Comanche Indians on the upper waters of the Colorado River. This was David G. Burnet who, threatened with tuberculosis, had given up trading in Natchitoches where he had gone in 1817, had entered Texas, and had gradually recovered health by living an outdoor life with the Indians. Although still a young man, he had already had an exciting career. He was of the third generation of his family in America. Ichabod Burnet was graduated from the University of Edinburgh and emigrated to New Jersey where he practised medicine until of a green old age. His son, William Burnet, also of the medical profession, was a member of the Continental Congress in 1776 and served as Surgeon-General for the Eastern District of the United States during the Revolutionary War. William had eight children, one of whom was Jacob Burnet who went to Cincinnati in 1796 and became United States Senator and a justice of the Ohio Supreme Court; another was Isaac Burnet, mayor of Cincinnati from 1819 to 1831; another was David G. Burnet, the youngest, who was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1788. When only eighteen years of age David joined Francisco Miranda's expedition against the Spanish government in Venezuela. Miranda had been born in Caracas and had served with the French in the American Revolution; he then wished to free his native land from Spanish rule and sought aid from England, Russia,

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France, and the United States but failed to obtain it, so he led an expedition organised at his own expense with the assistance of two American citizens. With two vessels and two hundred volunteers, Burnet among them, he sailed for Venezuela in 1806 and, with the help of the English Admiral Cochrane, landed on its coast and proclaimed the Columbian Republic. In the attack upon the shore fortifications the squadron was accompanied by the British frigate *Bacchante* whose launch, it is said, Burnet commanded; the fort was carried but Cochrane withdrew his support on receiving word—later found to be false—of peace between England and France, and the attempt had to be abandoned. Burnet barely escaped with his life, returned to New York, and two years later went to Caracas and enlisted again under Miranda. This leader, however, after having been defeated in battle, surrendered to the Spanish in 1812 which action, according to one writer, so enraged his followers, among whom was Bolívar, that they threw him into prison and there he spent the rest of his life; according to another writer it was the Spaniards who imprisoned him and held him captive until his death in Cádiz in 1816.

In 1813 Burnet went to Ohio and four years later he was in Natchitoches, Louisiana, engaged in trading, when the state of his health obliged him to seek a different way of life, and then began his years of residence among Texas Indians. Upon leaving them he studied law and for seven years was in Ohio, Louisiana, and Texas.<sup>82</sup>

Nicholas Clopper was one of the many who were drawn to Texas in these early days of her history. He arrived in Kentucky where two of his sons were, in March of 1822, on his way to New Orleans and "the adjacent provinces." His son Andrew arranged to meet him in Louisville and accompany him on the journey. As a school vacation of a month was about to begin for students of Pleasant Hill Academy, Joseph, who was attending that school, went with his father to the Queen City and "was forcibly struck with the beautiful place where stands the large, handsome & well built town of Cincinnati on the bank of the majestic Ohio River." Nicholas took passage on a steamboat bound for New Orleans on April 9th, leaving Joseph in Cincinnati to await the arrival of his two brothers and four sisters from Maryland. While awaiting them Joseph probably boarded at Mrs. Eleanor McKnight's on Fifth Street near Main, and he states in his account of this period that he frequently went to "Ludlow Station" five miles in the country—the residence of James C. Ludlow who had returned from Missouri.

Nicholas and his son Andrew were steaming down the river. His son Nicholas Junior and another man (probably Peter White or Thomas Farmer) were to follow on a flatboat laden with merchandise. Addressing his daughter Rebecca in care of John F. Keys at Cincinnati, Nicholas wrote when he had reached Natchez, Mississippi, on April 17th: "I left instructions for Nicholas at



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Cincinnati, and at Shippingport (two miles below Louisville) at N. Berthoud, also at Natchez at the counting house of Messrs. Munce & Carson. I trust they will get down safe . . . We calculate on being at Orleans on Friday and from there to *Texas* the week following . . . Should Nicholas not yet have left Cincinnati and Thomas Farmer not there, or he not have some experienced hand on board it will be imprudent and dangerous for him to venture unless in company with or lashed alongside of some other boat."

Of the four sons, Nicholas Junior appears to have been the most practical and business-like. He had been entrusted with the settlement of at least part of his father's affairs in Maryland and now, on his way to a strange country, his self-reliance and taste for trade come to the fore. An amusing instance of his lack of sentiment is cited in Aunt Ann's letter of June 23, 1822, to Rebecca: "Your Uncle John is going to send me what I shall consider a prize—a book of poetry that Nicholas did not think worth taking out with him and threw out of the trunk, I expect it is some of yours."

In a letter whose first sheet is missing, dated probably in March of 1822 and written to Rebecca who was in the midst of preparations for the long trip to the West with the care of the younger children constantly on her mind, Aunt Ann invites her to spend a week at "Woodland Mills" and suggests a good method of packing china for the journey. "Owing to my poverty since I became acquainted with you, my dear girl, I never have had it in my power to give you any solid proof of my love." She writes of her affection and mentions Caroline's visit, intimating that she is in love with some one—"she will not take a whole heart with her."

Rebecca accepted the invitation and left "Woodland Mills" on April 6th. She was accompanied on the journey by her brothers Nicholas Junior and Edward, and by her sisters Caroline, Mary Ann, and Rachel Ruhamah. Her brother Joseph was in Cincinnati, awaiting their arrival; her brother Andrew was with their father, on the way to Texas. The party arrived in Wheeling on the 16th and stayed at Mr. Good's home there for about two days, starting down the Ohio on a flatboat lashed to another on the 18th. Six days later, when nearing Cincinnati, Rebecca wrote the following account of their voyage in a letter to her Aunt Ann's sister, Mrs. Ellen M. (Byrne) Maher, at "Woodland Mills" whose post office then was Middlebrook Mills, Maryland, on Seneca Creek upstream from "Woodland Mills".

"Ohio River—within two mile of Cincinnati.  
Wednesday evening April (24th), 1822.

"While sailing down this lovely stream I have taken my pen to converse for a few moments with my beloved friend—this is the sixth day since we left Wheeling and we should have reach'd Cincinnati early this morning but the winds and waves were so very high that it was utterly impossible for us to attempt it—we have

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lain ashore since morning, it is now near five o'clock and no appearance yet of the wind lulling—so we have to content ourselves with a distant view of the town. Edw<sup>d</sup> has walk'd to the town—where Joseph has been anxiously expecting us for some time—I am momentarily expecting them—I am interrupted by a visit by my neighbour in the next boat, a clever woman—so adieu for the present.

“Well I resume my pen—Edward has return'd alone—the boys, for Andrew is also there, were gone a few miles in the country on a visit—the wind still remains high, we shall not be able to sail untill morning—shall I tell you what a heroine I have been, last night I remain'd almost the whole night at the oar—we stop'd a few hours at Maysville. Father Peter (Peter White) had business which call'd him through the country, of course we lost a hand—so while Nicholas slept I assisted Edw<sup>d</sup> with the boat—we sail'd all night and I had a most lovely view of the morning *star*—the few lines my busy fancy threw together while gazing on my favourite star I will if I have room scribble to you, knowing you will make every allowance for my extempore verse—we have sail'd three nights since we have been on the water—we have been fortunate so far but on our third day's sail we had a very narrow escape—our two boats were lash'd together and a heavy storm of wind threatened us—we were dash'd about a considerable time—every hand on board, myself excepted, very much alarm'd. Father Peter says he was not—but I believe they all were—I know not what to attribute it too (I fear tis too much hardness) but I have not felt the least fear since I left Woodland—perhaps it is fortunate for us that I am so much of a fearnought. Well, finally our boat lodg'd on a large log and of course then resisted the fury of the wind & waves—one man in the next boat endeavor'd to jump out to fasten her to the shore but the current was so rapid that it swept the boat—and in he went—the water being upwards of 20 feet—he went under head & ears but being a good swimmer he lost his shoes and swam ashore—Caroline was like some one distracted—directly the storm appear'd I hurried the children to bed before night that they might get asleep & so escape the fright but Caroline soon wak'd them and I had to issue commands—she was very much frighten'd last night as also the lady adjoining us—but I saw no cause of alarm; C - - - - says if they were all drowning she believes I would not be afraid but have my laugh out—but I doubt that—she says if ever she gets to land again nobody will ever get her on board this river, she also says (to our comfort) that she never expects to reach our destin'd port—but I anticipate a visit there & to Maryland too—so don't forget my bower—it is dark, I must lay aside the pen—excuse the scrawl—I am seated flat on the floor without table or stool, with my paper on my lap—so excuse the fine hair strokes—adieu for the present my ever valued friend.

“8 o'clock at night. I resume my pen—the family have lain down to sleep, some snoring—but as I have many letters to (write) I thought I would finish this before I took my nap—we still remain fastened to the shore—the wind still high—and C - - - - still fearful. This evening a boat went on to Cincinnati and was dash'd to pieces but no lives lost, it was heavy laden—some of the cargo was sav'd—I have frequently thought (of) you all, my beloved friends, since I left you—and thought too were you with me you would join me in admiring this lovely stream—it is in fine order for boating—a number of boats running—we have met several very handsome steam boats which made a beautiful appearance on this fine river—Maysville is a pretty place and appears a place of business, I spent two or three hours there very pleasantly, made some new acquaintances, amongst whom was a Miss Peers, a



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charming girl, cousin to those in Leesburgh. I have scarcely seen a tolerable gentleman—so you may conclude my heart is safe yet—I believe Caroline mention'd in Aunt's letter our meeting with a young Vermonter—we found him very agreeable—when we got to Wheeling we went in the evening a few miles in the country and by that means miss'd bidding our new acquaintance good by, who was going on to Zanesville—so he gave Nicholas a vial of the oil of cinnomen—which pretty costly—and told him to present it to my Ladyship and observ'd 'She must keep it to remember the Yankee.' So you see this is somewhat different to most Yankee tricks. We are all tending much to the colour of Indians—I know not what we shall be when we arrive at Texas—I intended writing you from Wheeling but was disappointed—I hope you will not think it want of affection—this is the 13th I have wrote since I left you—and you tho' last not least in the affections of your Rebecca—I thought it unnecessary to write at the same time to two in the same family—the others were debts due—they are now paid and I shall scratch some of them off my list—as it (is) late I will close my scrawl—after desiring my best love to all friends—with those hasty lines on the Star.

### THE MORNING STAR

Seen for the first time this season while descending the Ohio.

What brilliant light is yon I see?  
Its beams illume the skies;  
Night from her sable throne doth flee  
And pleasure fills my eyes.

.....

Oh, oft I've view'd it in ev'ning's hour  
When queen of night she shone —  
And now I feel her magic pow'r,  
She shines this morn alone.

.....

This lovely Deep, Ohio's stream,  
Reflects her beauteous rays,  
Like sparkling diamond is each beam  
That on the surface plays.

How soft the hour, how sweet the scene,  
What varied thoughts arise —  
Through all this beauty a Hand is seen,  
A Hand that form'd the skies.

.....

There follow four stanzas to be sung to the tune of Auld Lang Syne, bidding farewell to her friends and to the scenes of her youth as she journeys towards the west, and a post script in which she asks them to write, addressing her at Cincinnati where she expects to be for some time.

At this time Rebecca was unaware, apparently, that her brother Andrew was with their father on the way to Texas. In an earlier letter which has not been preserved she had written to her Aunt Ann, telling of a fall she had had on the road to Wheeling. In her reply, dated April 26th, Aunt Ann declares

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she "ought to have been bled." Richard Cain had left The Woodlands unceremoniously—"there is a sample of the gratitude of the present day," wrote the outraged lady; "your Uncle heard he was going to study law—I think it is rather late in the day. I am glad he is gone but think he might have done it in a more polite manner . . . Your parting lines and gift, my dear Rebecca, affected me very much; we drew lots for the rings and I got your dear mother's . . . Remember me to Mr. White and thank him for the many little jobs he did for us; my heart was too full when he left here to trust my tongue to thank him . . ." (This was Peter White of Baltimore, no doubt, in whose home the Clopper children had boarded—while attending school, probably.)

Joseph chanced to be at "Ludlow Station" when his brothers and sisters arrived at Cincinnati. Nicholas Junior started out in search of him, found him there, and returned to the town with him. They all put up at Mrs. McKnight's until Joseph took his sisters and brother Edward out to Judge Jacob D. Lowe's wayside inn where they were to stay until their father's return; this was in Warren County, Ohio, of whose common pleas court Lowe was associate judge from 1803 to 1824; he had established himself in Deerfield Township of this county about 1800, living on the hill east of Students' Hall where he kept an important stopping place for travelers.<sup>83</sup> In this April of 1822 Nicholas Junior made a parting gift of Scott's *Rob Roy* in two volumes to his sister Rebecca; they are now at Beechwood.

Nicholas Junior wrote in May to his "Respected Friend"—in all probability his uncle, Francis C. Clopper at "Woodland Mills"—but only one sheet of the letter is extant. He describes the trip down the Ohio with his sisters and younger brother: "We arrived in Wheeling on the 9th day after leaving your hospitable dwelling . . . we there called upon your friend Mr. Good . . . my sisters remained with him nearly two days untill I got a boat prepared. We then set sail down the Ohio in company with a gentleman & family who were going down as far as the great *Wabash River* about 900 miles. We lashed our boats together which made it much more pleasant as we found them very agreeable & neighbourly . . . We arrived in Cincinnati on the 25th April where my sisters will remain untill we return which will be in the fall or winter. I have not yet seen my father, he left Cincinnati two weeks before my arrival there for New Orleans. I do not expect to see him before I reach *Texas* . . . Cincinnati is a very stirring place, the drays are continually running & the wharves crowded with boats loading & unloading goods. Steam boats are passing almost every day, the country around it is very rich & fertile and the manners of the inhabitants agreeable. I spent five days in this place, it is distant from Wheeling 419 miles by water & lies between the two Miami Rivers. I left there on the 30th and arrived at the *falls* (Louisville) on the 4th May, distance 165 miles. The Fall of the river is 22 feet in the distance of 2 miles, the current running at the rate of 12 miles



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an hour—the breakers dash the boat about 5 feet high like a tolerable heavy sea.”

Nicholas Senior and Andrew reached New Orleans on April 19th and three days later the former wrote to his children, addressing them at Cincinnati and stating that he and Andrew would be in Orleans a week before going on to Texas; he notes that the market is abundantly supplied with vegetables and fruits “but living here is most extravagant;” and he sends his respects to the Lowes. However, he decided to wait longer for Nicholas Junior who was on his way to New Orleans with a cargo of merchandise on a flatboat. On May 21st he was still waiting and wrote to Rebecca saying, “I recd a few lines from Nicholas dated Shipping port (two miles below Louisville) 4 May but he gives no detail & does not even mention who is with him &c; from the date of his letter, expect he will reach here in 8 or 10 days, so that I have been waiting for him in vain, as the vessel in which we sail goes this week and am sorry they are not here to embark with us, but perhaps it is best so. I am very tired of this Sodom where all is bustle and hurry and one continual round of business and amusements . . . Andrew is well and joins in love; he is at work on board the vessel . . . and now I commit & commend you to our Covenant God, confiding in his holy care & keep who is able to preserve us untill the great day.”

It is not known when Nicholas Junior reached New Orleans or when he arrived in Texas. In the Autumn of 1822 a shipload of supplies for Austin’s colony was landed at the mouth of the Colorado and there destroyed by Karankawa Indians who added to their mischief the slaughter of four men.<sup>84</sup> It is reasonably certain that one of these four murdered men was Nicholas Clopper Jr. In a memorandum dated April 6, 1838, and written by Nicholas Sr., it is declared that he and his two sons, Andrew and Nicholas Jr., had come to Texas in 1822 as settlers under Empresario Austin and that Nicholas Jr. and two other young men had lost their lives on the bank of the Colorado, near its mouth. In a reminiscent mood many years later, Joseph penciled on a fly-leaf of Nicholas Junior’s large Bible these words: “Dear Brother! he fell a victim to the savages of Texas on the Colorado River in the year 1822 and no man knoweth the manner of his death, nor the precise spot where he fell unto this day—Sabbath, July 2nd, 1854—one week after my prostration by the cholera. J. C. Clopper.”

The family believed that young Nicholas and his companions were being held captive by the Indians. It was not until long after the murder had been committed that the melancholy truth was borne in upon them and hope had to be abandoned. The little party met death in October of 1822 and nine months later, in a letter to her Aunt Ann, Rebecca still cherished the belief that her brother had been captured but not killed; in her reply, dated July 5th, 1823, Aunt Ann wrote, “poor Nicholas, I cannot bear to think of his fate but I will not think he is lost to you entirely,

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if it had been their intention to kill they would have done it at once, they must have other views, and while there is life there is hope and you may still see your dear brother . . . he was of the boys our favourite, he was so mild, his faults he was led into by others, they were not of the heart, I cannot give up the hope of again seeing him. Poor Peter, how different a fate from what he looked forward to, how I pity his poor mother, I expect they found him too high spirited to submit was the reason they murdered him . . . Your father must have hopes or he would not stay in that hateful place, I hope by this time Andrew is with you and that he may give you some news of our dear N. Your Uncle thinks as they are not at war, the Indians will not take their lives, God send it may be so, and that he may escape . . .”

The man referred to as Peter was, unquestionably, the one who accompanied young Nicholas and his sisters and brother down the Ohio River from Wheeling—the one whom Rebecca mentioned as “Father Peter” in her description of that journey—and inasmuch as Aunt Ann makes it clear that she was acquainted with him and with his mother also, he was probably Peter White, possibly a son of Mrs. Jane White who kept a boarding-house in Baltimore, and left Maryland with the Clopper children, remaining with young Nicholas to the end—for in April of 1838 Nicholas Senior instructed Andrew to apply at Matagorda at the mouth of the Colorado for letters of administration on the estates of both Nicholas Junior and Peter White. If Thomas Farmer, too, went down on the flatboat from Cincinnati with Nicholas Junior and Peter, he may likewise have gone on to Texas and been killed with them.

In one of his sister Rebecca’s albums Joseph wrote the following poem entitled “A fragment of 1823”, in which he speaks of his brother Nicholas as “Adolphus” and to which he appended this note: “August 1823, written on receiving the first intelligence of the unknown fate of my dearly beloved brother Nicholas, who was taken by Savages in the Province of Texas, Oct<sup>r</sup> 1822.”

### *A fragment of 1823*

Bright were the early days that shed  
Their glories round Adolphus’ head;  
Few intervening clouds had cast  
Their baneful influence as they passed  
To blast his yet propitious fate.  
But they are gone! mark thou the date —  
*That* era ends! and *this* compar’d  
With past, is like the bliss that’s shar’d  
By Sorrow’s child, low sunk in woe,  
When Darkness hushes all below —  
A baseless joy—a dream that flies  
Ere morning’s sun gilds eastern skies;  
A vision, all whose glories fade  
When Day dispels Night’s kindly shade:  
His griefs no longer are conceal’d,  
But double horror stands reveal’d —  
Just as the wretch at Hunger’s door  
Tastes, and then knows he’ll taste no more!



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Who was Adolphus wouldst thou know,  
Or what he was? there dwells below  
Not one unblemish'd, perfect soul:  
But he was good, ah more than all  
I lov'd thee, friend of boyhood's yet  
Unblossom'd bud! in that first state  
Each trait of character, matur'd  
By time, was never so obscur'd  
That friendship might not then behold  
The virtues years were to unfold:  
Adolphus, nobly hast thou prov'd  
A father's hopes—the friend belov'd;  
To friendship true, no angry brow  
Could e'er arraign for broken vow  
Thy candid, unsuspicious heart:  
Of gen'rous nature to impart  
A balm to heal the smarting wound  
Of poverty—the orphan found,  
When not the means to grant him ease,  
The soul to sympathize with his.  
Philanthropist, thy noble soul  
Could view men's passions as they roll,  
Rending with rage their guilty breasts;  
And mourn to see the best bequests  
That Heav'n on mortal man bestows,  
Yielding to baser passions—those  
Were objects thou couldst pity still,  
Or aim'd at thee, thy gen'rous will  
Could yet excuse thy bitt'rest foe.  
But why more words? for all that know  
Thus much, need not be now inform'd  
By what more virtues was adorn'd  
Thy cultur'd mind—more hard than all  
That I should live to tell thy fall!

.....  
Ah! how shall I a scene unfold  
Of horrors better thought than told:

.....  
My soul recoils, my tongue delays  
To tell what fearful fancy says!

.....  
Oh balmy Hope! come thou & warm  
This chilly heart, and throw thine arm  
Around my fainting soul, and give  
That which may bribe me yet to live!

.....

As late as November, 1823, the family knew nothing definite concerning Nicholas Junior's fate. In that month his sister Mary Ann set down in writing a long prayer for him as well as for her father and herself.

Writing at "Woodland Mills" to Rebecca on March 19th, 1824, Aunt Ann tells of Nicholas Sr. who was visiting there at the time and on the point of starting for the West again. "Your father . . . says you are not going to Texas nor himself either, he thinks . . . Texas was a subject touched lightly, for it was too closely connected with our dear lost Nicholas to speak much of . . ."

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It is known that Nicholas Jr. went to Texas from New Orleans by the water route for a man named Lynch and his wife, who settled by the San Jacinto River at a spot which came to be called Lynch's Ferry, were his fellow-passengers on the voyage and spoke of him to his brother Joseph when the latter called at their house about five years after the tragedy, as recorded in his "Journal & Book of Memoranda for 1828, Province of Texas."

On August 30, 1827, his sister Rebecca wrote in her album a "Tribute of Affection"—eight stanzas with sketch of an altar and urn, "Sacred to the memory of a friend and brother who departed this life October, 1822," the following realistic lines being part of them:

No hope have I they spar'd thy life,  
But tomahawk or scalping knife  
Has caus'd thy heart's blood deep to flow —  
And plung'd thy sister's heart in woe.



# XIII

## PLEASANT HILL ACADEMY

WHEN Nicholas Sr. was in Scott County, Kentucky, in December of 1821, he introduced his son Joseph to the Rev. Robert Marshall, a colorful Irishman who had emigrated from the old country to Pennsylvania in his boyhood, had enlisted in the American army at the age of sixteen years and had fought in six battles of the Revolution, including Monmouth. He was ordained in Kentucky in 1793, was named pastor of the Bethel and Blue Spring Presbyterian Churches, and was active in the great religious revival of 1800. The next year, with others of the Kentucky Synod, Marshall renounced the dogmas of Calvinism and taught that Christ died for all, that the divine testimony was sufficient to produce faith, and that the spirit was received not in order to faith but through faith. Two years later, when the Presbyterian Synod proposed to try two ministers whose orthodoxy was questioned, he and two others made common cause with them—the five seceded from the Synod and organised a separate presbytery, whereupon they were suspended from the office of the ministry. This little group became the leaders of the Revival or New Light party and organised societies not only in Kentucky but also in neighboring states.

They denounced as unscriptural such bodies as church sessions, presbyteries, synods, and general assemblies, and purposed setting up a grand communion upon the simplest fundamental principles, such as worshipping one God, acknowledging Jesus Christ as the Savior, taking the Bible for the sole confession of faith, and organising on the New Testament model, to which union of all disciples of Christ they gave the name of "The Christian Church" and would recognise no sectarian appellation.<sup>85</sup> Old Light and New Light congregations were common in Scotland before this, as readers of Barrie's delightful *Auld Licht Idylls* are well aware. Indeed, at intervals throughout the Christian era there have been similar reversions to a simple religious faith and consequent divisions among believers. Many of these back-to-the-Bible reforms were short-lived, others endured and themselves became denominations: John Wesley's revival in the Church of England and his preaching of salvation by faith in Christ alone led to the founding of the Methodist Church; and shortly after the schism in Kentucky Thomas Campbell's insistence among Presbyterians of western Pennsylvania that the Bible alone was a sufficient guide and that



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Photographed by E. N. C., April, 1941.

### RUINS OF PLEASANT HILL ACADEMY

Near Georgetown, Kentucky

Stone chimney and two-story stone building at right torn down.

primitive Christianity as practised by the apostles should be revived, brought about, especially through the teaching of his son, Alexander Campbell, the organisation of the Disciples of Christ. However, Marshall "saw his error" and in 1811 returned to the bosom of the Presbyterian Church, being reinstated in the pastoral charge at Bethel where he continued until his death at the age of 73 years. He must have held with the Old School among Presbyterians, cherishing the Covenant God and opposed both to union with the Congregationalists and to any pronouncement by the church upon slavery, otherwise Nicholas Clopper would not have looked upon him with favor.

Marshall's farm, residence, and academy lay between Lexington and Georgetown, in Fayette County, close to the Scott County line. Bethel Church is about one mile towards the southwest. The residence was a building of two stories, constructed of great logs; a large wing built of stone was devoted to educational purposes—it was the seat of Pleasant Hill Academy which Marshall conducted.

When Nicholas introduced his son to this most interesting man they all discussed the advantages of a liberal education and Joseph expressed a desire to become acquainted with Latin and Greek, a desire which his father agreed to gratify by permitting him to enroll in the Academy as a student. At about Christmas time Nicholas went on towards Maryland; Joseph accompanied him as far as Paris in the adjoining county towards the east, then returned and on New Year's Day of 1822 commenced his



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studies under Marshall, becoming a boarder in the latter's ménage. According to notes concerning Robert Marshall in the Draper MS, now in possession of the Wisconsin Historical Society, Joseph C. Clopper entered the school in October of 1821 from Cincinnati, but as these were jotted down by a man named Shane during conversations had in after years with a son of Robert's, they are not so dependable for the purpose of fixing the date of Joseph's matriculation as the account which Joseph himself set forth.

As already mentioned, he spent the Spring vacation in Cincinnati where he met his brothers and sisters who had come on from Maryland. Nicholas Jr. continued down the river and the others were taken to Judge Lowe's wayside inn in Warren County, Ohio, Joseph returning to Cincinnati, it seems, and spending the time rather unpleasantly to judge by his "Lines Written in Ohio" in April: "Away from friends, the house of the stranger my home, I've passed a long month with a mind full of care . . . Till one other week shall have passed when I'll clasp my loved friend to my breast." Unfortunately he does not tell us who that loved friend was. Back in Kentucky once more his spirits revived and, addressing Mrs. E. P. B., he wishes to know the name of the bird which told her what passed between the belles and beaux!

On the first of May he began the reading of Caesar in Latin and the study of moral philosophy and geography. Later in the year he bought a copy of Virgil's *Works* in Latin from his friend, William Logan. A home-made booklet contains his notes on moral philosophy: the first part of the course had to do with the moral sense or conscience, virtue, moral obligation, will of God, right, division of rights, duties of property, promises, contracts, commissions, partnership, offices, lies, oaths, wills, charity, slavery, resentment, anger, revenge, duelling, litigation, gratitude, slander, fornication, marriage, rights of parents, and duty of children; the second part is dated August 1st, 1822, and concerned duties to ourselves, drunkenness, suicide, duties towards God, duty and efficacy of prayer, public worship, use of Sabbatical institutions, and reverencing the Deity. There are notes also on the elements of political knowledge, origin of civil government, subjection to civil government, duty of civil government, civil obedience, civil liberty, different forms of the British Constitution, crimes and punishments, religious establishments and toleration, population, and war.

That Summer, his studies "being pursued with tolerably close application, together with a constitution not framed well for confinement, brought on an affection of the lungs which had a considerable effect upon my spirits. Another vacation occurring, I revisited my sisters in Octr during which time I became very much recruited in body & mind & determined to pursue my course with redoubled ardour—which brought on my complaint with double violence & compelled me to drop the Greek

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language which I had commenced, to supply which I took up other lighter studies . . . About the first of January, 1823, I received accounts of the marriages of my two invaluable & most esteemed friends in Maryland which considerably affected me."

He was young, sensitive, poetic, fond of women's society, weak in health, and strong in culture. His writings during this period revealed both his nature and his interests. A religious poem, "Written on my birthday, Jan'y 8th, 1823," was followed by a "Translation of the IX ode of III book of Horace, being a dialogue between himself & Lydia" to which is appended a "Note—this translation has been written more perfectly for the perusal of an admired friend & acquaintance, Miss C. E. E." Next came a poem on "The ills of life; to C. E. E., Feby 1st, 1823." Then "To Miss C. E. Estill on reading a poetical production of hers—the garden and grave of an Aunt," he indites a poem on March 12th. He composed acrostics on the names of Amanda N. Dougherty and Catherine E. Estill.

It seems that on a day in mid-March he strolled to a swing in the company of several girls, one of whom—probably Catherine Estill—had written a poem; another of these girls—Jane Vance—gave it to Joseph, whereupon its authoress, true to her sex, threatened to "kill" Jane if she did not recover it *or get one of Joseph's instead*; and Joseph, nothing loath, obliged with two pages of verse "Written at the request of the ladies Miss Amanda Dougerty, Jane & Sally Vance on taking a walk to a swing," and this ballad is dated March 15th, 1823, Fayette County, Kentucky.

The elegant accomplishment of poetry-writing served various purposes in those days of pioneering—for lovers of beauty it was a refuge from the crudities of life; for the sorrowing a solace; for the introvert a communion; for the impressionable a record; and for the playful an outlet.

Complications arising from his walk to the swing piled up and Joseph seized his pen again. He had composed two "peices," one "Written at Locust Grove whilst at the window with Miss C. E. Estill" and the other "On a Gentleman who married a Miss Nurse," both of which formed parts of a letter accompanying his stanzas on "The Visit to the Swing;" now he puts into poetry "An apology for abusing the letter." Following these teasings are "Extracts from Ketts Elements concerning the moral effects of right reason"! Thus do heart and mind ever struggle in a youth of twenty-one! Among the offshoots of his muse at this time are lines entitled "Friendship, translated from the French by my friend P. Maurois & versified by myself."

According to the Draper MS, one of his fellow-students in 1821 was William Hudson. William had a sense of humor and took it with him to Danville when Center College was in the throes of a "revival", for he was seen there going all around, lifting up goods boxes and looking under them. "Why, Billy," he was asked, "what are you doing?" "Looking for religion,"



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he replied, "for there is no living in this place without it!" Poor chap, he deserved a better fate; the Draper MS is laconic: "He graduated, became intemperate, and died of cholera in 1833. He seemed to have a presentiment that the cholera would take him off & said that it would, in his will. And he did die in a hurry."

Several members of the Lindsay family lived in the neighborhood. The MS tells us that William Lindsay stayed at first at Irvine's and next at Tom Dolan's. William was a "newlight" and filled with the faith, declaring, "Well, Sister Marshall, I do virily believe the time will soon come when I can walk upon the water as upon the dry land!" "Never!" retorted Sister Marshall, "as long as there is dry land for you to stand upon!" The MS continues, "He was uneven, sometimes very religious, then slack. If the hogs got into his field, or any such thing, he made it an excuse for omitting worship. Was lively after the revival." Another of the Lindsays was James who lived at Asa Payne's — "Has moved away from here. Been gone many years." This was, presumably, the James Lindsay who went to Texas with Nicholas Clopper and others in 1827.

Joseph delivered an address before a polemical institution in Fayette County on Acquiring Fame, lauding this literary society as the foundation of success. At the Academy he wrote "Thoughts on theatrical amusements as schools of virtue" and "Exercises at leisure: Resentment."

He was chosen to deliver the valedictory at the commencement exercises on the occasion of his graduation from the Academy and a booklet of sheets held together by an old pin contains his manuscript: "A Valedictory Address delivered at Pleasant Hill Academy, Fayette Co. Kentucky, March 28, 1823," in which he glorifies the study of the dead languages and concludes with lines on Farewell,

A word that breaks the fond caress  
Of youthful hearts in happy hours.

At Beechwood in mid-July of 1832, "On hearing of the death of Rev. Robert Marshall of Ky., formerly my preceptor in the languages," Joseph wrote these lines, which were published in *The Standard*:

. . . . .  
He who in all his wand'rings since we met  
Has often turn'd his thoughts with fond regret  
To Pleasant Hill and, musing, pondered o'er  
Those blissful scenes that can return no more,  
Where 'twas we met and mingled twice a day —  
The preface of our duties: "Let us pray."

## XIV

### EVENTS IN MARYLAND AND OHIO

LETTERS written by her relatives in Maryland to Rebecca in Ohio have been preserved and, being replies to her missives, they not only picture conditions in the east but also reflect those in the west. In the years 1822-23 they were addressed to her "near Cincinnati", when she was with her brothers and sisters, probably at the wayside inn in Warren County, awaiting the return of her father and Andrew from Texas. After January of 1824 she was addressed at Cincinnati, indicating the family's removal to that city. Each letter is marked "25c pd"—postage was costly in those days.

Rebecca was skillful with the needle and often did fancy work for others, thereby earning money and helping to meet her responsibility as head of the household. As time went on she specialised in the making of babies' caps—she, to whom fate had denied motherhood—and several of these delicate creations are treasured at Beechwood. Her Aunt Ann was distressed over her having to accept such commissions and her Uncle Francis was outspoken in his disapproval of what he looked upon as her father's neglect, but she herself was too loyal ever to complain.

Troubles occurred in Maryland, too, as recounted in the letters, but life went on and the future was faced as cheerfully there as in Ohio, Aunt Ann's writing being delightfully spunky in spite of them. The "box of wax ornaments" and "shell-work" mentioned is some of Rebecca's handiwork; it now graces the mantel-piece in one of the chambers at The Woodlands. Nicholas's emporium to which Aunt Ann refers was a general store he opened at 195 Main Street in Cincinnati under the name of J. C. Clopper & Company early in 1824 after he had returned from his visit to Maryland.

Four letters were written in 1822 by Aunt Ann at "Woodland Mills." In one she says, "Richard Cain lies dangerously ill at Jones' . . . now he is in trouble all his former conduct is forgot," and in another she describes his illness and death. She mentions the deaths of Sarah Chambers and husband—"if you had seen the character of her in the papers you would have supposed she was an angel from heaven." Edward N. Clopper has moved into a house in St. Paul's Lane, Baltimore, and from its rear windows Andrew Clopper's front door on Calvert Street can be seen. Abraham D. Clopper and John Clopper both have the ague; they



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are living on their brother Andrew's farm in the Monocacy region and were to supply wheat for Francis's mill but Aunt Ann writes in October, "they have lost one of their best hands and all the others are ill; your Uncle is going up there this week, for Abraham is playing the same game with him this year he did last, he has been once, and sent once, about wheat, but cannot get it, although our hands are to go up and get it out, and at the same time enough for himself to sow, he is a strange man." She has heard nothing from "Springfield" and Mr. Offutt has not called for the papers which Nicholas had left at "Woodland Mills" for him; and now she shows the ever-lively interest women take in match-making by writing in connection with Mr. Offutt's visit to Cincinnati, "it would be a good time for him to ask Caroline, I am sure she could not say no." She asks Rebecca how her father likes Texas but cannot bear the thought of her going there, as she is certain she would never see her again, and hopes her father and brothers will not take her with them.

Aunt Ann refers to the recital of their experiences in Cincinnati contained in the Clopper sisters' letters to her and from her references one gathers that they were in straitened circumstances and living partly on hope that their father and older brothers would be able to repair the family fortunes in a foreign land and partly on the income from their own pluck and resolution. For instance, Aunt Ann scolds Rebecca for having taken work from a Mrs. M., "she has a good stock of impudence to bring it to you and you ought not to have taken it." Nevertheless Aunt Ann must have admired her spirit. She cautions Rebecca to avoid giving way to despair "for the sake of those who look up to you as their mother, for if you let your spirits sink what is to become of the children, for Caroline is something like myself—too apt to be below par, but now I suppose the thoughts of seeing Asberry [Offutt?] has quite raised her spirits although she *thinks no more of him than any of her other friends.*"

Julia Ann (May) Morton (daughter of Elizabeth—Cornelius Clopper III's only daughter—by her first husband, Benjamin May) wrote to Rebecca from Baltimore in September, 1822, mentioning the death of their Aunt Grace Clopper (Edward N. Clopper's first wife) and the consequent bereavement of her daughters and "our good uncle." Aunt Nancy Clopper (Andrew's wife) has lost her little Mary and her father, Mr. Torrence, who died on the day before their Aunt Grace did. "Aunt Rachel Clopper [Peter's wife] is well, as also Uncle Peter . . . Uncle Edward and the girls desire to be particularly remembered to you & the rest of the family." In another letter, more than a year later, she wishes Rebecca would return to Maryland and be among warm friends, and thus avoid anything like despondency.

Francis C. Clopper at "Woodland Mills" on February 23, 1823, wrote to his niece Rebecca declaring that he does not understand why her father and brothers do not write to her; he fears they have found the promised land short of their expectations and



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are unwilling or ashamed to acknowledge it. He regrets that they did not let Caroline and herself and the children remain at "Woodland Mills" or among other friends in Maryland. "The one thing needful in this world is rather a scarce article with me at present . . . the heavy losses I have met with has so *cramped* my *genious* that it is with difficulty I can see my own way clear at times . . . If you do not soon see or hear from your father or brothers . . . I hope you will explain your situation to us candidly and explicitly that we may devise some way of relieving you. Your Uncle John and your Uncle Abraham were both sick last fall with an epidemic that prevailed in the neighborhood of the Monocacy—they lost six of the negroes off their place . . . There has been no snow as yet deep enough to enable me to bring up your box of wax ornaments; it is now snowing & promises to be deep, if so I shall go for it to-morrow . . . Please present my respects to Mr. Keys . . ." Aunt Ann's sister, Ellen (Byrne) Maher, adds this bit of news: "Your Aunt is in daily expectation of her confinement."

In April her Uncle Francis wrote again, sympathising with her. . . . "Your Aunt presented me (a few days since) with a fine son to whom we have given the name of Francis Cassat, a very fine child he is, *just like his daddy* . . . Don't give up the ship . . . remember you have friends who will do what *they can* in time of need . . . Poor Jude [a slave?] went to Kentucky & possibly lower down the river. I attempted to bring home your waxwork but the snow faild & I got no further than Lacklands & did not reach Mrs. B."

In the Summer of 1823 the Clopper family at "Woodland Mills" consisted of Francis, Ann, and their three children: Ellen, Douglas, and Francis Jr.; with them lived Ann's sister, Ellen (Byrne) Maher, and her cousin, Betsy Byrne. Ellen Byrne had been a pupil in the Moravian Seminary for Young Ladies at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in 1794, and had later become the wife of Pierre Maher but had found it necessary to leave him because of his behavior and spent the rest of her life at "Woodland Mills," with her sister. Their brother, Patrick Byrne, having retired from business in Philadelphia, lived in what he called the "White Cottage" on a farm adjoining "Woodland Mills." Their parents, Patrick and Mary Byrne, had made their home in Philadelphia, the latter dying there in 1803 and the former in 1808.

The Clopper children were 25 miles from Cincinnati in 1823, living a rather precarious life. Rebecca received a letter from her Aunt Ann, written at "Woodland Mills" on June 29th, which reflects their plight: "I think you have lived on hope long enough, I do not know how you have managed to get along . . . I hope your Aunt D [Duryea] will continue her kindness, I expect it is the B [Biays] family she does not wish to hear of it for Julian M [Julia Ann Morton] says they cannot bear her to give anything but to themselves; I almost envy her the pleasure of adding to your happiness, whilst I who love you a thousand times more,



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can do nothing but love and think of you; I fear my dear Rebecca your precious health will suffer by your exertions, remember how many look up to you, and be careful for their sakes of yourself . . . I suppose you have heard your Aunt Nancy had another son, her health and spirits were very bad when Sister left Baltimore, Andrew I fear is going down hill very fast, he ought to come and live on his farm, I pity her sincerely." At one time a wealthy man of business, Andrew had endorsed another's note, was obliged to make it good, and was thereby ruined. Hunger had been widespread in Montgomery County and, continued Aunt Ann, "by the exertions of your Uncle and two or three more, there was enough collected to supply five hundred mouths with bread, it was given out from our mill, many persons had to apply for it who never knew what it was to want before. But the great people at the Court House have found great fault with your Uncle & all concerned in making the collection, they think it a disgrace to the county. I think it would have been much greater to have suffered the poor souls to starve but it is the way of the world to find fault. The harvest has been more abundant in this county than for years past"—hence the need would quickly pass.

Writing at "Woodland Mills" on November 23, 1823, to Rebecca, Aunt Ann declares her family had "a dismal summer" due to illness—"eleven down at once with chills and fever." Her brother Patrick has "a bad cold which has something the appearance of pleurisy and I fear will not be removed without a blister." She mentions the death of Augustus Taney and writes that his widow Kitty (née Hurley of Philadelphia) and her two children, Mary and Joseph, would board at "Woodland Mills" during the Winter; as a matter of fact, it was many a long year before they went elsewhere. On November 28th she added, "I suppose you have long before this (received) your Aunt Duryea's letter urging you to return . . . I do think your father might have advised you what to do before now . . . Your Uncle Abraham spent a night with us last week, he is well, as is Uncle John; at the time we were all sick his (Uncle John's) son the Doctor and family paid us a visit, they stayed three days, she appears to be an amiable woman but a dreadfully afflicted one, she does not know what it is to be a day free from pain, her complaint is rheumatism . . ."

John Clopper's son whom Aunt Ann mentions was Dr. John Crawford Clopper who went to Alabama; his wife died there in August, 1825, and a month later he was found dead on her grave. Writing to Rebecca on November 20, 1825, Aunt Ann says, "I have this instant seen in the paper the death of Dr. Clopper, his poor Father does not know it, his brother will have to tell him, what a shock it will be, his wife died about a month ago, I pity the children if they fall into the grandmother's hands." By the grandmother Aunt Ann probably meant John's wife, Sarah (Noble) Clopper, who lived until 1835.

In her letter of November 23, 1823, Aunt Ann wrote that Eliza (Hurley) Lucas had gone to Philadelphia with Patrick to



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see her sister, Ann Hurley, who was ill. Mary Augusta Hutton once told me that this woman's son, Fielding Lucas Jr., had sought Ellen Clopper's hand but was rejected because he had been found wanting in desirable qualities—. Neither he nor Ellen was ever married. He was a Baltimore bookseller and his portrait by Sully now hangs in the Baltimore Art Museum. Ellen spent her life of 52 years at "Woodland Mills", dying there in 1866.

In August, 1822, Ellen (Byrne) Maher, wrote of the death of Grace (Dorsey) McCurdy Clopper, Edward N. Clopper's first wife, "Your Aunt is no more." While bathing at Cape May where she had gone with her husband, Mrs. Boyd, and John McHenry, "after receiving the third surf she told Mrs. Boyd she had enough & just reach'd the beach, lade her head on John McH shoulder & died without a struggle . . . Her children [Letitia and Mary Jane McCurdy, by her first husband] are composed but Letitia not sufficiently so to write to you . . . the shock I received at Richard's [Cain's] death & then your Aunt's has completely unnerved me."

In September she sent some money to Rebecca as a gift and wrote that the bower was not yet erected, owing to scarcity of water, by which she probably meant that the bushes could not be transplanted because the ground was so dry. "Your Aunt Ann low-spirited because she is likely to increase the stock of Cloppers . . ." To this letter Francis C. Clopper added, "I was up at Monocacy [some] days since, when yr Uncle Jno enquired very particularly after you . . . You have never mentioned having seen my relations, the Montforts, they are estimable people . . ." Presumably he had in mind the Montforts who lived at Unity in Warren County, Ohio.

When the year 1824 was beginning Nicholas arrived at Cincinnati where his sons, Joseph and Edward, and his four daughters were awaiting him. His son Andrew was back in Scott County, Kentucky, seeking employment as a schoolmaster, and both seemed disillusioned with regard to the possibility of sudden riches in Texas. On their way home they had presumably come up the river as far as the hamlet of Rabbit Hash or thereabouts in Kentucky and had then taken horse, Andrew riding to Georgetown and Nicholas direct to Cincinnati through the hamlet of Big Bone, for on January 18, 1824, Nicholas wrote to Andrew saying, "I reached home in safety via Bigbone & found all well & am just preparing for the East. I hope you have been successful in getting a good school [which hope does not suggest any determination to carry on in Texas!] . . . I would wish you to attend more to the Gospel and ponder well on the important truths it contains." As he was "preparing for the East" Nicholas may have found it necessary or advisable to return to Maryland for final settlement of odds and ends of his affairs there; at any rate he was to be on the road again—and he was fond of that—even though his children had to cling to hope deferred. And, no doubt, he justified his behavior in his own mind by quoting Scripture, however irrelevant.



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Francis must have written a sharp letter to his brother, upbraiding him for his treatment of the children, and this must have caused Rebecca to fly to her father's defence, as indicated in her Aunt Ann's letter of February 22, 1824. Francis and Ann were expecting a visit from Nicholas; "I am sorry and so is your Uncle that anything he said should wound your feelings, believe me nothing was farther from his thoughts, but it was owing to the affection he bears you that caused the feelings that dictated his letter, and I think if your situations were reversed you would have felt as he did, but enough of the disagreeable subject; your Uncle says you may rest assured your wishes shall be attended to and everything in our power, my dear Rebecca, shall be done to make him forget the past." She then gives news of relatives and friends: her sister Ellen has been to see Letitia Douglass in Baltimore who "lives in clover;" Julia Ann Morton will live in New York where her husband has commenced business; Edward N. Clopper is to settle in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, with his three children (one was Julia Ann Clopper who was afflicted and died in 1828); Andrew Clopper's mother-in-law, Mrs. Torrence, has bought the house in Calvert Street which Andrew and her daughter occupied formerly, has given it to her daughter, and Andrew and his family have moved into it, George (Douglass) having bought in all their plate for them; Andrew's whole time is taken up with a factory in Baltimore; "I believe I mentioned in my last the death of the friend of my youth, Ann Hurley, she has left a helpless family to lament her—her happy death was the greatest consolation to her friends . . . The fates have decreed your shell-work shall not arrive here, no snow yet."

As Andrew's family plate had been up for sale and had been bought in for his family, one infers that all his goods and chattels had gone under the hammer to satisfy creditors.

In July, 1824, Rebecca wrote to her other Aunt Ann (Ann Torrence Clopper), sympathising with her because of the death of her husband, Andrew Clopper, which occurred in Baltimore on June 23rd.

In the following August, Aunt Ann (Byrne) Clopper wrote at "Woodland Mills" to Rebecca saying that Edward N. Clopper believes he will succeed with his store. In Laughlintown, a hamlet east of Greensburg, an old resident named Charles Armor once gave us the paper cover of a book of accounts marked, "Messrs. Clopper & Kramer's book of copies of bills;" the only entry is on the inside of the cover and relates to the contents of a boxful of glass bottles.

Ellen (Byrne) Maher had shown Edward N. Clopper a letter from Rebecca "without thinking that in it you mentioned your father thought his children a little spoiled . . . he was not pleased." Aunt Ann fears that Julia Ann, the afflicted child, "will be more so now than ever." Referring to Andrew Clopper's death Aunt Ann continues, "I fear he has left his family in a bad way, it will be a loss to poor Uncle John for that place will have to be



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disposed of [Andrew Clopper's farm on the Monocacy, operated by John and Abraham and included among his assets, of course, in the settlement of his affairs], he will not want a home while we have one . . . as for Abraham I do not pity him, for if he had acted right he would have been well off now, he never comes near us. I hope . . . your father is restored to health and that he is doing so well in his store that there is a chance of one of the Cloppers beginning to go up hill, for my part I begin to despair for although our farm is improving some and we make a little more than we did, what is the use of it, when we can get no price for what we have to dispose of. Hay which used to bring a dollar it is hard work to get fifty cents for and every thing in proportion, for three hogsheads of tobacco your Uncle got little more than forty dollars . . ." Writing to her Aunt Ann in September of 1824 with a quill which she trimmed with a knife, Rebecca—loyal soul!—takes pride in her brother Joseph's playing on the flute and points out, with a touch of unconscious pathos, that he had acquired the accomplishment without the aid of a teacher.

In a letter to her Aunt Ellen (Byrne) Maher, dated January 4, 1825, Rebecca grows wistful and harks back to her life in Maryland, picturing herself at "Woodland Mills" and describing the family circle there as she remembers it. And she is distressed because her uncle, Edward N. Clopper, now of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, has not replied to her letters, fearing that her statement about his children's being spoiled may have offended him.

At intervals in 1825 Aunt Ann wrote to Rebecca concerning her family, relatives, friends, poetry, and politics. Elizabeth Clopper (daughter of Andrew and, later, wife of William Pleasants) spent several months at "Woodland Mills;" "she says she always whitewashes the back building herself now, what a change from what she had a right to expect when she left school; there is nothing but ups and downs in this life and we Cloppers have had our share, but we must live in hopes that times will mend." In November she wrote of Elizabeth, "I had no notion I should ever be as partial to her as I am, she is all life." Mrs. Torrence now supports the family of her late son-in-law, Andrew Clopper, sending all the children to school. Aunt Ann reads Rebecca's poetry to Elizabeth, as well as some compositions by Joseph who is a great favourite of hers.

A small Summer-house called a "bower" was to be built on the lawn at "Woodland Mills" in memory of Rebecca who had penned many a verse about such a retreat, and a "Champney" rose-bush was to run over it. "I admire the lines for your Bower very much, and your directions shall be obeyed, there shall be a shoot of Caroline's white rose planted at one corner, it will be doubly dear from the place it came from [Caroline had brought it from 'Springfield'] but there is a stop put to the bower at present by Mr. Grimes being ill who was to put it up." In another missive: "At long last we are getting a garden fence up, and a portico in front of the house, improvements go slowly on when



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money is scarce . . . Patrick sends his love and says his is such a beautiful name you might make an acrostic on it—you see I had the vanity to let him see mine.”

In her letter of February 13, 1825, she says, “Your Uncle Edward has buried dear little Allison and William; she was a sweet child—after William died she said she did not wish to live, she would rather go to her Mother and William. I am afraid he will spoil Julia Ann more now than ever.” And on November 20th she wrote of the visit of Edward, his second wife, and his daughter, Julia Ann: “I felt bad when I saw her [his second wife] for I could not, like him, forget his first wife, but this one appears to be a very fine woman, we were all pleased with her, but she is much too young for him; they left Julian (Julia Ann) in Baltimore at Miss Turnbull’s boarding school, I expected she would have staid at Letitia Douglass’s [Letitia McCurdy Douglass was Julia Ann’s half-sister] but I think it better as it is.”

In March, 1825: “Sister is the only one on the sick list here at present and she is able to be about, I expect it is bile; there has been several of the blacks laid up for a day or two but an emetic and a dose of salts has put all to rights again.” In reference to the recent Presidential election which had been thrown into the House of Representatives where John Quincy Adams had defeated Jackson, she writes that she herself and most of her family had been for Adams, “not that I liked him, for I do not like turncoats but I preferred him to Jackson but your Uncle was warmly in favour of the last mentioned, and he is sure he will be elected at the end of four years, and I think there is some chance for he has behaved nobly since his defeat.” This political forecast held good.

Letitia Douglass’s daughter is to be called after both grandmothers: Grace Ann—“as ugly a name as need be, I think.” Aunt Ann doubts that she would know Rebecca’s sisters, Mary Ann and Ruhamah, if she should see them again, and asks whether Mary Ann still resembles their mother. In November she wrote of her pregnancy and on the 7th of the following January was delivered of a daughter whom she named Mary Augusta; this member of the family spent her life at “The Woodlands” and in her old age often declared, “I was born in this house, I was married in it, and I’m going to die in it”—which she triumphantly did on January 4th, 1915, when almost 89 years old.

The goodly group at “Woodland Mills” join Aunt Ann in sending love to Rebecca: Uncle Francis and the children: Ellen, Douglas, and Francis Jr.; Uncle John, Kitty Taney, Patrick, Mary Hurley, and Betsy Byrne. Patrick adds a few blithe words about local weddings, “but your Hble St [humble servant] still enjoys the pleasure or misery, whichever you please, of remaining single.”

## XV

### TEXAS AGAIN LURES THE ADVENTUROUS

AUSTIN'S colony on the Brazos River was the first Anglo-Saxon settlement in Texas and the village of San Felipe de Austin became its capital. But it was not a stable community and its very existence hung in the balance for a couple of years. Political upheavals in Mexico made Austin's authority doubtful and the hardships of pioneering drove most of the "settlers" back to the United States. At this critical period Austin was obliged to be absent and the leaderless colonists became discouraged; he had gone to San Antonio early in 1822 to submit his report to the Governor and had there learned that his grant would have to be confirmed by the national authorities in Mexico City, so he set out at once on the long journey to that capital.

Mexico had won its independence from Spain only the year before; an empire had been organised with General Iturbide at its head; and now a revolutionary campaign was being conducted by Santa Anna and other republican leaders against this regime. All was in confusion when Austin arrived and he had no choice but to await developments.

A general colonisation law was passed by the Junta Instiyente in January, 1823, and shortly afterwards an imperial decree was issued confirming Austin's grant—but in March Iturbide was driven from power and his decree invalidated. The general colonisation law was suspended in April but, fortunately for Austin, the petition for confirmation of his grant was referred to the new heads of government and by them approved. The general colonisation law provided that each colonist who would cultivate the land was to have a *labor* (177 acres) and each stock-raiser was to have a *sitio* or square league (4,428 acres); if one were both farmer and stock-raiser one was to have both a *labor* and a *sitio*; while the *empresario* was to have fifteen *sitios* and two *labores* for every two hundred families brought into the colony. This was a more generous allotment than Austin himself had suggested. Colonists were to be of steady habits and of the Roman Catholic persuasion, but as to this requirement concerning religion, "the immigrants themselves cared little for the deceit they practised . . . They seem to have compromised the matter by giving up their own Protestant practices for a time, and by allowing the ministrations of the jolly Irish priest who went his rounds among them to celebrate marriages, christenings, etc."<sup>86</sup> Certainly the Cloppers in the colony did



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not renounce their Presbyterianism but merely held it in abeyance while there—and this was not difficult inasmuch as the nearest Presbyterian church was hundreds of miles away. Andrew, however, was not the earnest believer his father was and, indeed, was not a member of any church.

From statements in their letters it is clear that Nicholas and his son Andrew were in Austin's colony from May, 1822, until the end of 1823 when they returned to the States, the one going to Cincinnati and the other to Georgetown, Kentucky; at some time in 1822 Nicholas Junior also had arrived in the province and in October of that year met death at the mouth of the Colorado.

In August, 1823, Austin returned to what was left of his colony, brought in many more Americans and, responsible only to the Governor of Texas and the Commandant of the Eastern Internal Provinces of Mexico, he settled down as ruler to exercise the sweeping powers conferred upon him by the grant. In March, 1825, the Mexican state of Coahuila-and-Texas passed a colonisation law of its own by which immigrants were invited and guaranteed security of person and property as well as freedom in the choice of occupations. "They were required to bring certificates from the authorities of the places whence they came that they were Christians and of good character . . . The colonists were to be exempt for ten years from all taxes or duties, except in case of hostile invasion."<sup>87</sup>

The attractions of a pioneer's life in Texas were too strong for Nicholas to withstand. He had to go back. And his faith in the smiles of Fortune upon all settlers there was so ardent that his late wife's relatives, the Ludlow brothers,—sons of Israel and Charlotte (Chambers) Ludlow—caught some of his enthusiasm and were induced to join in the venture. Early in 1826, in the sixtieth year of his age, he was again on his way to that distant land and this time he kept a journal of his experiences on the voyage from New Orleans, jotting down his memoranda in a home-made note-book:

### NICHOLAS CLOPPER'S JOURNAL

N Orleans, Monday 20th March 1826

This eveng sleppt on Board Schooner Rights of Man. Tuesday morning 21 got under way, wind ahead; this eveng came to anchor 70 miles below.

Wednesday 22 entered S W pass, took in a pilot & put to sea; at 6 P M took our departure off soundings & stood our course W. The night was Clear & serene, the moon shone with uncommon beauty & splendour, and we sailed delightfully for some hours when the swell & wind began to be heavy & our passengers began to droop & sicken, and in a little time nearly all were scarcely able to hold up their heads. I was among the last & suffer'd much but the worst was yet to come, our Capt & crew were bad sailors & bad navigators, & about midnight we were all in a state of Confusion, the night had become tempestuous & a Thunder Storm & hard blow and to our astonishment we were on a Lee shore and among the

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Breakers & our vessel struck, the water only 8 feet deep & our depth better than 6—nothing then was expected but imidiate shipwreck! as the wind & Current was both against us you may imagine the state of our feelings, they can not be described, but just at this critical moment when all hope of escaping shipwreck was gone, did we witness the most remarkable interference of divine providence in our favour; the wind which was then blowing a gale from S. W. accompany<sup>d</sup> with heavy neady(?), imidiately shifted to N. W. & Blew us out to sea, & cleared off handsomly!

Oh! my soul what were thy feelings then, never shall I forget this merciful this unexpected deliverance & whilst the thoughtless crew were below enjoying their can with unseaming mirth & unthankfull hearts thou wer't lifted up in Grateful, tho silent adorations of Love & praise to him who protects & preserves all those who put an entire trust in him, this is another among the many evidences I heretofore experienced in my life of a special as well as a Gen<sup>l</sup> providence.

Thursday 23 Wind moderate with swell. Sea sick—

friday 24 Wind light & weather prety good. Sea continued with high swell, continued very sick & sore from hard vomiting

Saturday 25, Weather pleasant, felt much better & came on deck.

Sunday 26 clear pleasant weather, light Breeze, 12 OClock saw land at great distance, proved to be Galveston Island east end, between 4 & 5 saw the mouth of the Brassos, wind fresh & sea high, sent the Boat off shore to sound, the vessel came to anchor, at 7 weighed anchor & endeavour'd to enter the River, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile from Land grounded on the Barr & Continued beating the hard sandy Bottom untill day light in danger every minute of being wrecked but our vessel being uncommonly strong bore all without much injury, at day light Monday 27 got a pilot & endeavour<sup>d</sup> to warp over, it being then flood tide, and after a severe attempt to force her over under press of sail were oblig'd to take advantage of the high swell of the sea and stand out to sea again. at Ten OClock the Pilot Bro<sup>t</sup> us safe in thro the main channel, this River affords good depth of water & safe Harbour.

Tuesday 28 continued at the mouth & Concluded to discharge vessel at this place, cn to morrow, Wrote home via N Orleans by Mitchell, sloop Rob Roy.

Wednesday 29 began to unlade the schooner on west side Brassos.

Thursday 30—finished unlading & discharge the Schooner Rights of Man, Capt Lore of Port Elizabeth, Jersey; fixed for Camping on the Bluff, wrote home by the Cap<sup>t</sup> via N Orleans.

So ends this terse account. The old covenant God “protects & preserves all those who put an entire trust in him” and is even more considerate than Nicholas gave him credit for being, inas-much as he delivered “the thoughtless crew” as well as the adoring diarist from the raging of the sea.

The two letters which Nicholas “wrote home” at this time have not come down to his descendants, the next one which has done so being dated June 20, 1826, at San Felipe de Austin; it is addressed to his children in Cincinnati and reports his recovery from the effects of vegetable poison. “We are doing well as it respects worldly things and much pleased with the country, and although some of the Indian tribes are troublesome yet, they will soon be brot to peaceable terms and the country will settle.” The pronoun “we” in this letter embraces James C. and Israel



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Ludlow, David G. Burnet, and Nicholas. Burnet had come from his long residence with the Comanche Indians, had studied law, and now planned to found a colony himself but soon gave up the project and sold the contract to a New York firm; ten years later he was the Texas Republic's first president.

Writing at San Felipe de Austin on July 20, 1826, to his children in Cincinnati, Nicholas gives interesting information:

"My last letter, I fear would cause you some uneasiness, it was written in haste and from the effects of medicine I was then in a weak state of health, the Fever attacked me much in the same way it did 12 months since and I pursued a similar course to that Doctr Ramsay directed and in a few days with the Blessing of God was restored to usual good health, and am now in a remarkable manner enjoying that Blessing. I have been confined to the store here since 1st May without any kind of assistance, our assortment is now broke & Business is dull, & Cash scarce, our principal Trade is in Barter Jas. C. Ludlow is now starting to Mississipy to see his familiy, expects to return here late in September, soon after his return I calculate to visit Cincinnati. Israel is going to Rio Grand to Trade for mules, D. Burnet remains here. Gen<sup>l</sup> Fullerton has gone home & expect called on you with my Letters, I am exceedingly anxious to hear from you, the last Letter was from Rebecca & dated 17 March, expect there must be a number on the way some where.

"I would like to know if the articles sent from N Orleans got safe to hand &c

"I shewed that part of Rebecca's Letter which related to the pigs to James Ludlow, he had entirely forgot them and was much hurt that they were so troublesome & said you ought to have let them go or cut their throats, so that you are at liberty to dispose of them as you please. I want to know where you live & how you are doing &c [perhaps Rebecca was looking after Ludlow Station in her cousin James's absence.]

"I have purchased a Lott in this place & Building a store house & dwelling, and have a farm near Town on which is a natural vineyard, the grapes are large & fine & am making Wine & Vinegar very good. Am now boarding with a family by the name of Calvet, they are very genteel & Clever, the Ladies are from Charles County, Maryland. Gen<sup>l</sup> Long's widow is a sister of Mrs. Calvet's & lives with them, she is a sprightly fine woman aged perhaps 33. This Town is but in a state of infancy, only about 9 familys & 10 or 12 Log houses, the situation is handsome & the Land around very rich, there has severel familys lately arriv'd from the States and are below, there are not many large plantations yet open, but those who are industrious are well paid for their labour. Corn & Cotten grow remarkably large, & the increase of cattle & stock of every kind surpass any thing I ever witnessed in any country. The first settlers here as in all-new Countries are a Class of people who do not Labour, but soon make way and are succeeded by those of a more industrious description, we are now ready to receive and encourage a goodly number of the latter kind, this is one of the principal wants at present.

"but our most prominent want in my opinion is a free Religious Toleration, untill that is the case the country will not flourish, to any great degree, but we are still looking with anxious hope & high expectations to that period. We have a considerable intercourse here with Spaniards from the interior, but they, like the mass of the settlers here, pay no regard to the Sabath but live like

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heathens, abounding in vice & immorality. Oh how thankful ought all to be whose lot is cast in a Land of Gospel light and who have opportunities so frequent of assembling together even in an Earthly Sanctuary, to hear the Gospel's cheering sound. May God grant you all grace that you may be enabled duly to appreciate those precious advantages, and to profit thereby. When you write to Woodland send my affectionate remembrance to them, it was my intention to have written to my Brother but my time has been so much occupied & opportunities so seldom offer that it has been omitted. I have written a number of Letters to you at different times which it is probable you have not received.

"Some time since I directed you to send your Letters to me by mail via Natchitoches to care Col Austin, Sanfillipe de Austin & to pay the postage, direct the post master at Nachitoches to forward on to me, or should private opportunity offer to Fort Adams, Mississippa, direct to care Charles Clarkson Esqr who will forward on, as there are frequent opportunities from there, here. Adieu my beloved Children, and may God of his infinite Love, grant you all Grace, that you may ever put an entire trust in him believing that by a wise providence he over rules and directs all things by unerring wisdom, and that all things shall work together for good to those that Love, serve, honor and obey him. With best regards so prays

Yr affectionate father N. Clopper

"N. B. Mr. Ludlow was taken sick & not able to Travel so that this Letter has been delayed. 2<sup>d</sup> Aug<sup>t</sup> this day rec<sup>d</sup> Rebecca & Edward's Letter date 25 May by which am inform'd of the death of Mrs. Este, Mrs. Dunlop's marriage & Caroline's trip to the east. I am pleased with her jaunt & trust it will prove beneficial to her health. Mr. Ludlow is weak & will travel slow. N. C."

The restless Nicholas wrote again at San Felipe de Austin to his children on August 21<sup>st</sup>, saying he was in good health and was making preparations to return in October; he did not go back, however, until the next Spring. "Mr. James Ludlow left us about 2 weeks since in a weak state of health to visit his family, have not heard from him since. Israel started about same time to the interior, also unwell. Mr. Burnet has had a spell of fever also but is now convalescent. a number of strangers who were not acclimated have suffered with sickness here and several have died . . . I am tired of the Life and manner of living here, and sincerely wish my self once more sitting under the sound of the Glorious Gospel of light & salvation. the aspect of affairs here do not appear as favourable and promising as they did some time since; the different Tribes of Indians are Hostile, and the settlers are a Turbulent unsatisfied race, and do not know thier own interest. a Convention of the people from all the districts are to convene here in a few days, to endeavour to effect some wholesome regulations, but we know not what will be the issue . . ."

He bought a league of land on the San Jacinto and Galveston Bay from Johnson Hunter and the deed, written in Spanish, was given to him in this year of 1826. On December 12<sup>th</sup> he gave Hunter two notes, one for \$800, which Stephen F. Austin signed as witness, and the other for \$650; both of these were paid in



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full within three years. Hunter reserved one *labor* (177 acres) for himself. This square league or *sitio* was located on the west bank of the San Jacinto River at its emptying into Galveston Bay, and had been granted to Hunter as a resident of Austin's colony two years before. To the deed Stephen F. Austin attached his certificate that it was taken from the original.

In October of this year Nicholas had bought from John Brown for \$410 the lower half of a league on the northern bank of Buffalo Bayou. His *sitio* or square league of 4,428 acres, being his headright as a settler, was near San Felipe, on the Brazos River, and was exchanged four years later for League No. 7 on the right bank of the Colorado River.

His mind was at work upon an undertaking as vast as these great stretches of land, involving not only agriculture and grazing but also manufacturing and trade. While he could now supply the land for these purposes, he was without the necessary capital and this he decided to get through forming a company. To carry out this plan he returned to Cincinnati.

Andrew, his eldest son, had given up the attempt to teach in Kentucky and had joined his brothers and sisters in the Queen City where he was making another effort in the mercantile line.

Joseph had entered an attorney's office there in March of 1825 and was reading law; his notes from Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England are dated two months later and he was still studying this work at the beginning of 1826. Several poems of his, addressed to members of the fair sex at intervals in these months, show that his thoughts were not confined to the law but in the glowing time of June he made up his mind that the ladies would have to wait, for he wrote, "A student's private thoughts and last resolve: Love, be banished from my heart; study, be thou instead my lady-love." Subsequently the Cincinnati Directory reported him as a lawyer but it is not known that he ever practised.

In December, when his father was buying land in Texas, Joseph copied a puzzle from *The Parthenon* at Cincinnati and answered it cleverly:

### Puzzle

Three fourths of a cross, a circle complete,  
Two semi-circles a perpendicular to meet,  
An angle triangle to stand on its feet,  
Two semi-circles, and a circle complete.

### Answer

Three fourths of a cross is the alphabet's T.  
A circle complete in the O you may see.  
The two semi-circles conjointly do meet  
An upright in B, both exact and complete.  
The angle triangle of which you next speak  
Is first in our language, the Latin, and Greek.  
The two semi-circles again you may see  
If the letter's repeated that's next after B.  
The circle once more. Not to bother your brains,  
TOBACCO'S the word—and a chew for my pains!

## XVI

### WARES AND WOODLAWN AT CINCINNATI

AMONG the several plans which Nicholas had formed and partly carried out in his efforts to enable his family to live again in the comfort to which they had once been accustomed, was the setting up of his sons in business as Cincinnati merchants. His thoughts harked back to the prosperous days of his youth when his father and brothers were so successful in the mercantile line that they were spoken of as "the Medici of Baltimore" and he saw no reason why history should not repeat itself in this western city where he and his sons might come to be known as "the Medici of Cincinnati."

But he was incapable of starting in a small way and gradually building up and expanding his business—as always, he must begin on a large scale and in the grand manner, confident that all he had to do was to tilt the cornucopia and wealth would pour out into his lap. He had once had his hands on the horn of plenty in Chambersburg and believed it was still within easy reach. Consequently, instead of launching out modestly in one store which he and his three sons could operate together with least expense, he tried to equip three with a son in charge of each, and gave them resounding firm names: Andrew's emporium was dubbed A. M. Clopper & Company; Joseph's, J. C. Clopper & Company; and Edward's, E. N. Clopper & Company. His concept of life was thoroughly patriarchal and he never swerved from it, ever centering his activities and hopes on his sons and leaving his daughters to their own devices, in the belief that the sons would soon amass wealth and get the whole family out of its predicament.

So in the Spring of 1824 we find J. C. Clopper & Co., merchants at 195 Main Street, Cincinnati, buying buckets, buckles, buttons, cambric, chairs, flints, shawls, skins, stoves, thread, and many other kinds of goods to constitute this general store's stock-in-trade, purchasing at the City Auction a supply of dry goods, scissors, nails, andirons, gloves, blankets, cigars, china, knives and forks—a bewildering array of merchandise.

Luke Kent Sr., who had established his watch-maker's shop in 1813, was at 193 Main Street, close to the Clopper store, and through being neighbors in the business world the Kents and Cloppers became acquainted and grew to be friends, and their friendship has lasted generation after generation to the present time. On May 22nd, 1940, Luke Kent's granddaughter, Amelia E.



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Kent, usually known as Lillian, celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of her birth in Cincinnati and died seventeen days later.

Nicholas had put his sons' shaky hands on untried helms in the stormy sea of commerce and his expectations of rich freight in the harbor burgeoned out luxuriantly. Fond hopes destined to disappointment! The good-natured, easy-going, unambitious Andrew had not in his make-up the stuff out of which merchants are fashioned; Joseph's real interests were literary, social, to some extent musical, and in ever-increasing degree, religious; Edward was gentle and immature; and their father had become too much of a rover to settle down to the steady grind of commerce. They all lacked the qualities necessary for success in business, hence the fate of these stores was written in the stars. Andrew's went out of existence in January, 1827, when his share of its profits was calculated at \$94.91½, his personal account was credited with this sum on the books, and his stock of goods was turned over to J. C. Clopper & Co. which, in its turn, expired before the end of that year; and, finally, E. N. Clopper & Co. also had its affairs wound up in 1827, according to the fragmentary records, inasmuch as one of its debtors, after having shipped five barrels of pork @ \$8 a barrel to New Orleans in November for Nicholas, still owed \$109.03 which he discharged by assuming this store's indebtedness to five persons and by agreeing to pay the balance of \$6.20, not to the store but to Rebecca—who must have been grateful for this mark of consideration. By this time Nicholas had another scheme in mind—an undertaking in Texas—and the closing of these stores was preliminary to the setting out on the new career; however, a shred of organisation was kept for the sake of convenience and as a sort of branch or agency for the wide-spread transactions of the future.

Business was not conducted in those times on a cash-and-carry basis—cash was scarce and trade was inevitably carried on largely by means of barter. The ledgers tell the story. A local hat-maker exchanged hats and sealskin caps for sugar, tea, coffee, calico, cassinette, cheese, nails, a Shaker broom, and "sundries," being credited with only 12½c in cash; one of these hats was for Andrew, another for Joseph, and another for James C. Ludlow, their cousin and life-long friend. A dealer in stoneware bartered some of his stock for a silk handkerchief and blue cloth @ \$5.50 a yard. A manufacturer of cordage gave rope, bedcord, and clothes-lines for linen, sugar, candles, a bedstead, a load of wood, and "check & riband"—by which checked goods and ribbon were likely meant.

Edmund Harrison, a friend who taught in the Lancaster Seminary and lived next door to their store on Main Street, often borrowed small sums ranging from 12½c to a dollar; at the end of 1825 he owed a balance of \$8 and during the next year he borrowed at nine different times a total of \$4.34¼. Someone else bought a pair of spectacles for half a dollar, a



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silver watch for \$36.56, a jug of whisky for \$1.56 $\frac{1}{4}$ , and other items, paying for them in part with bedcord, trotlines, plough lines, and fish lines. A shoemaker paid the equivalent in shoes and the repair of the family's footwear for the goods he took. Another person is charged on the books with nails, linen, a slate, a broom, a demijohn and wine, and is credited with \$2.50 for the repair of Rebecca's writing-desk and \$8 for a shotgun.

The daughters, too, had accounts on the books and at least one of them held a share in the commercial enterprise—Rebecca is credited with \$75 stock as well as with cash in payment of goods purchased and is debited with money advanced from time to time, probably for household expenses; her faith in her father and pride in her brothers were unbounded and she invested her slender means gladly in whatever they proposed. On April 25, 1826, Caroline is charged with \$40 cash which she drew to pay expenses on her trip to the East. Mary Ann is charged with goods taken and also with several payments of tuition fees aggregating \$25.50 in the year ending in April, 1827, to Locke, principal of the Cincinnati Female Academy.

Andrew is debited on March 22, 1827, for the miniature of himself painted in February of that year by Richard Verbryck, a Cincinnati portrait painter who was born in New Jersey and lived at the corner of Third and Sycamore Streets, later at Sixth and Main. Nicholas's children seem to have decided to have all their miniatures painted before the pending project in Texas should separate them in the coming November, the boys to leave theirs with their sisters so that there might be a likeness of each to look upon during their absence. Portraits of both their parents had been painted on wood years ago, probably by an itinerant artist who carried his materials and frames and who chanced upon their residence either at "Greenfield" or in Chambersburg. These portraits and miniatures form a complete set of family paintings which are still intact and in the treasured possession of their descendants, as well as a number of silhouettes cut at different times. The artist of the miniatures was a customer of the Cloppers, as the Cloppers were patrons of the artist—a refinement of the barter system—and may have been paid for his creations with goods out of the store, for Andrew was debited in July of 1827, "To sundries pd R. Verbryck, \$1.62 $\frac{1}{2}$ ."

In order to eke out the family's income Rebecca took in boarders. In domestic matters she was an efficient manager, full of determination and endowed with the power to direct others. From the time of her mother's death in 1814 she had been the home-maker, unflinching and undismayed. By means of her exertions she contrived to preside over a fairly comfortable home and saved enough besides to buy a small interest in the store. Ephraim Robins and his children (mentioned by Caroline in her letter of May 30, 1826) boarded with the family for a season at \$6 a week; he is charged in the store accounts with various



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items of merchandise and is credited with a few cash payments as well as with two trunks, a mortar and pestle, a tin canister, a coffee-mill, candles, and due-bills—these last offered in lieu of cash for the payment of board, one surmises. With the Cloppers or, to be more specific, with the speculative Nicholas, he had taken a “flyer” in tobacco—being debited \$100 for this in 1825 and credited with \$50 cash and a \$50 interest in the hazard.

In what house the family lived at this time is not known. A rental of twelve dollars a month was paid, hence they did not own the place, wherever it was. On September 27, 1826, they moved to a dwelling they called “Woodlawn” on upper Broadway near the foot of Mt. Auburn and Liberty Street which was then the city’s northern boundary. Here, it appears from their writings, the surroundings were suburban if not actually rural, the view was extensive, and close to the house was a mound of the aborigines. In his journal a year later, Joseph referred to the place as “Woodlawn of the Mound.” The rental was nine dollars a month, this lower rate having been an inducement to move as pointed out by Caroline in her letter. House-rent had been paid in connection with the store also, in the Spring and Summer of 1827 as well as before, indicating that all the boys did not reside at family headquarters and that at least one of them stayed close to his place of business—this one was Andrew, in all likelihood, because A. M. Clopper & Co. is debited \$189.83 for house-rent expenses in the year 1826.

Writing in March of 1828, Rebecca describes “Woodlawn” in these lines:

On the brow of a hill, near a mound quite commanding,  
Is the spot where my footsteps delightedly roam —  
On a sloping green hill the house firmly standing,  
This priz’d of all dwellings—my own happy home!  
The prospect how brilliant, no place more imposing —  
The quick-growing city is full in our view;  
And those picturesque hills fresh beauties disclosing  
. . . . .

Continuing, she points out that “On yon knoll on the left are forest trees growing . . . And a small shining riv’let is silently flowing;” (probably Deer Creek); then, having become resigned to the thought of leaving here and going to unknown Texas, she bids it farewell.

To Joseph this home was a charming locality whose trees, flowers, and birds were a source of grateful relaxation:

Sweet Woodlawn! delightful retreat  
From the city’s confusion and throng,  
Where oft my communion was sweet  
With the silver-ton’d sisters of song.  
. . . . .

The tumulus standing alone  
Like a beautiful mole on thy face—  
Sole record of nations unknown,  
Showing only the end of their race.

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It is unusual to look upon a facial mole as a thing of beauty but the wildest flight of fancy must be permitted a poet. And one wonders what writers of that day would have done without the adjective "sweet".

"A Friend" presented *The Works of Lord Byron* in four volumes, 1821, to Rebecca in 1823. Three volumes of Rollin's *Ancient History*, published in 1780, contain Alexander Scott's bookplate with the name William Eaton written with pencil and the words, "Rebecca C. Clopper's, presented by a Friend, Cincinnati, 1829."



## XVII

### CAROLINE VISITS THE EAST

LETTERS to Rebecca from her Aunt Ann in 1826 reveal what the Maryland relatives were doing. In March Aunt Ann's baby, Mary Augusta Clopper, is the center of attention—"a fatty, with dark blue eyes and glossy brown hair." Little Francis is again the victim of spasms. Ellen is attending St. Joseph's Academy and Douglas is to go to Mt. St. Mary's at Emmitsburg, called "The Mountain" for short. Uncle John Clopper is still at "Woodland Mills." Charles, one of the late Andrew Clopper's sons, "is learning to be a tanner in Adams County, I hope it may be the saving of him, for he was in the fair way to ruin in the city." Later, this lad went to Hagerstown.

In April Aunt Ann wrote, "I should like to know what could induce your father to go a second time to that abominable Texas." Little Francis has been taken to Philadelphia for treatment by Dr. Physic, as his spasms were increasing, and is now taking white mustard seed and a bitters made of iron-rust. Mary Augusta was baptised in Baltimore and Aunt Ann spent a day at Aunt Nancy's—widow of Andrew Clopper; Rachel, daughter of Andrew and Nancy, grows like Rebecca; May, their son, was brought to "Woodland Mills" for the Summer; and their son Charles is still with the Adams County tanner. Uncle Peter Clopper's family are well—Peter was Nicholas's older brother, born in 1764, and long a sailmaker at 58 Albemarle Street, Old Town, Baltimore, according to the city directories for 1814 to 1827. Letitia Douglas is well, "she has a fine house and lives in stile, but it has made no change in her, not so with Mary Jane, she did not show it to me but everybody says she is much uplifted." Referring to Rebecca's sister Caroline, "I should not be surprised to see her coming in as Mrs. Scott some of these days for I expect that is what he is going after, and she could not have the heart to refuse him after going so far . . . There is a Champny rose, Glassena, Jessymine, honeysuckle, and some French grapes round your Bower."

About May 1st, 1826, Caroline started from her home in Cincinnati on a journey to the East for a visit. She passed through Washington, Pennsylvania, and Brownsville; at Kirkpatrick's she asked the old woman to let her see the register book, expecting to find the name of her brother Nicholas which had been entered in it four years before, when she and her

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brothers and sisters were westbound, but it had been torn out. She was travelling with "Aunt" McKnight (probably Mrs. Eleanor McKnight who kept a boarding-house in Cincinnati), Mrs. Smith, Amanda Wilson, and Mr. Wilson. She calls Mrs. Smith "a hen-pecker and an ignoramus." At Hagerstown Mrs. Smith and "Aunt" McKnight went their ways and on Monday, May 8th, Caroline and the remaining members of the party started for Frederick; at the foot of the Blue Ridge they saw a young man who had just been stabbed and robbed of \$85, and in half an hour more than thirty men had gathered to hunt the bandits. She ate breakfast in Middletown and at Frederick she saw William Johnson who held her hand for a long while—she was twenty-six and attractive—then brought his uncle Richard and Louisa who happened to be there, up to the carriage, and they urged her to go home with them; but she continued on her journey with Mr. Wilson and Amanda, spending the night in New Market. In the morning, when they were leaving this town, a gentleman demanded vengeance on a waggoner who had upset his carriage and crippled his father; he procured a warrant and levelled a pistol but the waggoner would not budge, whereupon Wilson got out and helped the gentleman drag him to the house, and Caroline writes of Wilson, "I did not think he was a man of so much spirit." The party arrived in Baltimore in the evening of the 9th and Caroline sent a message to "Aunt" White, announcing her arrival and mentioning that Mr. Wilson and Miss Wilson were with her—whereupon, women-like, the Whites jumped to the conclusion that she was married, perhaps it was a runaway match! and "Cousin" Jane hurried to see the newly-weds. Jane herself had married a man named Gould, "they have 5 of the sweetest children in Baltimore," says Caroline, one of whom had been named Rebecca in honor of her sister. The Cloppers were so friendly with the families in whose homes they had boarded that they called their landladies "aunts" and the children "cousins"; so it was with Mrs. Jane White who kept a boarding-house at 45 South Charles Street, Baltimore, where James F. Gould, principal of the Baltimore Female Lyceum, also resided; and so with Mrs. Eleanor McKnight who conducted a similar business on Fifth Street near Main, and later on Fourth Street near Broadway, in Cincinnati. Continuing her long letter, Caroline writes in reference to the family of her Aunt Nancy, widow of her late uncle Andrew Clopper, "there has been a very great change in that family indeed since we left Md, I do think the Cloppers have their share of ups and downs in this world, my heart has felt for Aunt, not one of the children are going to school—which I think is a very great pity—but Elizabeth [the eldest daughter] tries to teach them all she can at home—she is a very fine girl indeed." Prices in the Baltimore market are much higher than in Cincinnati: butter is fifty cents; she has feasted on shad; a crab is so ugly that she can't understand how anyone can eat it. She intends to leave



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Baltimore on June 5th with Mrs. Ellen (Byrne) Maher who has just returned from Philadelphia with little Francis Clopper. She has not yet seen Letitia Douglass or Mary Jane—"they live in great style & see a great deal of company." Her spirits were high and she declares merrily that she may never get home again because "a little Lark gave my hand such a gentle squeeze—it pierced me to the heart—so you may tell Mr. Nash he must *finish* writing that piece on *first impressions* against my return." Was the squeezer William Johnson? "Cousin" Jane still teases her about the farmer's eldest son but she insists that this will never come to pass; then she roguishly writes, "but now I say to you—answer Taddy [her own nickname] with a wink—suppose I'd take him, what would you think—I dread seeing him again—as well as I do seeing W J [William Johnson] —I tell you what I think—I think I will have to take somebody for the sake of getting home again—for I am as poor as Job's turkey—I mean in the money line." The journey from Cincinnati to Baltimore has cost her \$45. She mentions a gift of \$10 from her Uncle C - - - - who has invited her to spend two or three months with him; he has a daughter five weeks old and she would like to see him but does not know how she is to get there—hard times in Baltimore and money scarce—"plague on the thing, I believe I will take *Fredonia* [the Johnson farm near Frederick] and then Susan [Johnson] will accompany me out." Her Uncle John Clopper wishes Rebecca would write to his daughter Ruth and ask her if she has forgotten that she has a father, as he never hears from her except when Rebecca urges her on; his son, Dr. John Crawford Clopper, who married Anna Marie Kauck in 1816 and was found dead on her grave shortly after her death in 1825, wrote to him while in life and was kind to him; all of this son's children now have excellent homes—Benjamin D., the eldest, having been adopted by "a very rich gentleman" who has no offspring of his own, and the daughters being with their aunts. Since her arrival in Baltimore Caroline has heard that Rebecca has a "beau", a widower; she can't find out his name—it is not Mr. R [Ephraim Robins?] but she believes it is David K. Este and reminds her that when his wife died she had predicted "that would be the next thing." Este's first wife was Lucy, daughter of General William Henry Harrison, and her death occurred in April, 1826, just before Caroline left home on her eastern tour; the true gift of prophecy was not hers, however, as three years later Louisa Miller became his second wife. With regard to Ephraim Robins and his children, who boarded with Rebecca, Caroline asks whether they have gone yet "or do they still stick there—if they do, remember me to them—but if they are gone I am glad of it for your sake—are you still in the same house—I often think of you all and often wish I could hear Nash [another boarder?] sing 'a jolly young fellow' and 'such a beauty I did grace.' "



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Continuing this lengthy letter on May 31st, Caroline reports her visit to Letitia Douglass and Mary Jane, the McCurdy sisters; Letitia, who was not well and whose baby was out with a nurse, was agreeable but Mary Jane received her coldly. Letitia had received a long letter from Julia Ann (May) Morton who, Caroline supposes, had a great deal to say about her mother, Elizabeth (Clopper) May Biays, and half-sister, Rachel Biays; Letitia declared it was a pity Edward N. Clopper had married such a young woman. Caroline's letter was brought to an end on June 1st: she has heard sermons by several preachers; Aunt Rachel (Peter Clopper's wife) and Cousin Rachel Nowland have joined the Methodists; Jane (White) and Mr. Gould intend going to Boston in July; Cornelius desires to be remembered to her brother Andrew and she asks Rebecca to give her love to him; Jane Nowland sends love to Rebecca and Joseph.

In mid-October Caroline wrote from "Woodland Mills" to Rebecca and Joseph, concerning their old friends and acquaintances in the neighborhood of "Springfield": O. Magruder is to be married; W. A. S. is courting Sarah Gittings—"she will be a fool to marry him when she knows he drinks so hard . . . I have not seen him . . . and as to the other two—they are a disgrace to society;" Josephus Beall enquired after Joseph and talks of going west next fall; Sally Scott is married again, to one of the young Wests; Richard West, George Lackland, and John Magruder, the preacher, intend moving to the west this fall; Kitty Willett is married, but not very well; "I never witnessed a greater change any Where than there is in that neighbourhood . . . most all married, some for better & many for worse—so I hope when *you* [Joseph] make a change it will be for *better* & not worse—look well—weigh well—consider well—and take care of Sally's sparkling black eyes . . . I think she appears to be your favourite." Was this Sally Vance whom Joseph knew in his Pleasant Hill Academy days? Caroline regrets that Rebecca had all the trouble of moving but is glad the house suits her and is cheaper; "the folks" might have been more patient and have waited until she was "a little better fixed" before they visited her; it was kind of the two young gentlemen to offer to come and assist her—"tell them not to take my Mary off before I get back again . . . tell Mr. Nash I say Hurra for Old Kentuck!—He did not like the Cincinnatians at all, and to prove it he chooses one of them for a wife—that is a good one I think." Her old friend, William Johnson, is "to be link'd . . . to a better half—*perhaps*" and both he and Susan have invited her to the wedding. She is glad that Dr. Dashield is "coming in" (coming from the West to the East) and that he has offered to take her out with him—she will be ready at a few hours' notice and wishes to know where she is to meet him; and she is glad that she did not go with Mrs. Smith who is "a very unpleasant companion to travel with." She asks Rebecca not to put herself to any trouble in order to get money for her journey home as Aunt Duryea has sent her a



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gift of \$40 and she is very grateful—"I don't know how to thank her enough for it; I feel much but cannot express my gratitude . . . I am deficient in that point, for when I feel most I generally say the least." She regrets that her father who is in Texas has been ill. She thinks of her whole family "particularly in the evening when we are all eating chesnutts around the fireside . . . poor little Francis has had a very bad spell . . . he is one of the sweetest children I ever knew. Uncle Francis is much better and rides about now—his complaint was 1st the dysentary then sore eyes and inflammatory Rheumatism." The word "complaint" is too feeble for such a plethora of ills! She asks Rebecca to alter her coat so that their sister Mary Ann, who is attending the Cincinnati Female Academy, may have it whether she herself gets a new one or not, as "it is too cold for her to go to school with nothing but that thin cloak of hers—if she will accept of it she is welcome to it . . . perhaps you had better send me \$10 for it is better to have to much than be in want on the road—it will take at least 12 for a coat." She is increasing in weight—now weighs 113 lbs. and does not wish "to gain more than ten pound more." She asks Mary Ann how her Sunday scholars "come on—I feel anxious to hear if they learn fast or if they have left the school since." Susan Johnson sends greetings and at the end of the letter Patrick J. Byrne adds a few lines, thanking Rebecca for her poetry on the close of the year; he wants a lady to superintend the beautifying of his "White Cottage," he playfully writes, and fears it will be a long time before the ornamental part of his place improves unless Rebecca takes pity on "the old Batchellor" and condescends to leave Ohio, return to Montgomery County, and smile on him; and he declares that Caroline has lost and recovered her heart several times, and may marry a doctor who is related to a man who is soon to wed.

Aunt Ann wrote in June of 1826 that the state of Caroline's health alarmed her: "we have been dosing her ever since she came, she takes two powders every day, which causes her to make such a pretty face, I wish you could see it. If laughing will make her *fat* she will be as big as Odel Wheler before she leaves us . . . I do not think Aunt Duryea can say anything about Caroline's coming on, as her health required it . . . I should say the money that will be laid out in the wild goose chase to Texas would have been much better laid out in regaining a new stock of health and strength for you [Rebecca] by a journey to Maryland." Uncle Abraham Clopper has died, after a week's illness. Little Francis's condition is improving. Caroline added a few lines to her aunt's letter: concerning Rebecca's boarders she was "a little surprised to find the *folks* left you next day . . . I am glad for your sake that they are gone, at least I will rejoice when I hear Smoothe has left you—do for pity's sake, don't take him to board again, for I really do think him a *mean sheep*. Remember me to Nash, I sometimes conceit I hear him & Joseph

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playing and singing A Jolly Young Fellow together." She sends her compliments to certain men and her love to certain women, and enthuses over the baby, Mary Augusta, at "Woodland Mills."

In October Aunt Ann wrote that her nephew, Ferdinand F. Carrell, had left Philadelphia for Cincinnati and she hopes that Rebecca will be attentive to him, also that he may get employment there as she suspects "it is less dissipated than most of the western cities and he would have a chance of meeting good female society there." Her sister Ellen "has taken Caroline as her apprentice, she is making the people's [slaves'] clothes and keeps her hard at work, she says it is your orders." She hopes that Rebecca also will come for a visit—"I am sure your Aunt D [uryea] will not object to your trying the pure air of Montgomery to cover your bones, for from your account they must want a little flesh on them. Caro[line] wrote to the Old Lady last Monday to thank her for the fifty dollars she sent her, it was a hard task but she got through it very well." Little Francis is better; "my little Mary Augusta is one of the sweetest little toads you ever saw." Caroline adds a recommendation of Ferdinand Carrell as her particular friend.

The school referred to in one of these letters in connection with Caroline's coat was a private institution organised in Cincinnati in 1823 by John Locke, a physician who made use of the new Pestalozzi methods. Its location was on Walnut Street between Third and Fourth and its name Locke's Female Academy or the Cincinnati Female Academy as it was exclusively for girls.<sup>88</sup> Mary Ann had a long walk to this school from her home on Broadway near Liberty Street and doubtless accepted the warmer garment, even though at nineteen years one is not so mindful of the cold, for it was in the years 1824-27 that she attended here. Her exercises in memory and penmanship of this period—quotations primly copied on sheets of paper bound together in booklet form—have been preserved. The report of Mary Ann's work at this academy for the week ended June 11, 1824, submitted by John Locke, M. D., Preceptor, shows one written composition, twenty lessons recited perfectly, and excellent conduct; and that for November 10, 1826, shows her at the head of her class once, one written composition, twenty lessons recited perfectly, and excellent conduct. Slips of paper called tickets were issued to students who had done their work well—several are at Beechwood—and on them was printed: "Cincinnati Female Academy, Literature & Science Exalt the Human Character. The bearer of the greatest number of these tickets at the annual examination shall be entitled to a Gold Medal or a premium in books." Mrs. Chapone's *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, Addressed to a Lady*, 1823, was "presented to M. A. C. Clopper on the day she received the silver medal in Dr. Locke's Female Academy, Cincinnati, Ohio, as a reward for merit from her friend and sister, Rebecca. July 30th, 1825." Mary Ann was eighteen years of age then. Her copy



of Hugh Blair's *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*, 1824, was used by her in this school in 1826.

Her sister, Rachel Ruhamah, who was two years younger, was her fellow-student. She studied Lindley Murray's *English Grammar, Adapted to the Different Classes of Learners; with an Appendix containing Rules and Observations for assisting the More Advanced Students to write with Perspicuity and Accuracy*, published in Baltimore, 1806; but whether she used it in Maryland or in Cincinnati is not made known in her copy—probably she used it in both places. There is no uncertainty, however, about her copy of William Paley's *Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy*, published in 1825, for in it she wrote, "Rachel Ruhamah Clopper's, Dr. Locke's Female Academy, Cincinnati, Ohio."

Old letters from friends and acquaintances of the family are often baffling to anyone who tries to determine who their authors were; sometimes references in other letters reveal their identity but when there are no such illuminating statements elsewhere these shadowy persons remain in an outer area of perplexity and doubt. Such an elusive correspondent was Susette Johns. Who was she? Joseph wrote in March of 1827 "A Remembrancer. To Susette, Going South." She and the Cloppers had friends in common as shown in her letter of January 28, 1827, addressed to Rebecca and written in Port Gibson, seat of Claiborne County, Mississippi, lying between Vicksburg and Natchez. She bewails not having had letters from Rebecca or Maria Louisa Harrison, Edmund Harrison's daughter. Her prospects in Port Gibson are good—she has been recommended for the headship of the Clinton Female Academy's female department (which sounds a bit redundant!) under the superintendence of the male department's principal (which is bewildering!), and now a trustee of the Port Gibson school promises to make more flattering terms than Clinton's. She has twenty-eight pupils—also a pain in her right side and shoulder! She fears the pain may end in the liver complaint, and in order to have the exercise of walking she now lives a mile from town. "This is the most dissipated place for its size I ever saw, the company of Equestrians have been here this week, we have a theater prepared by the thespians with the most grand scenery I ever beheld, they perform about once a month very well indeed. Have you been to the Bend [North Bend, home of William Henry Harrison] lately or to Judge Lowe's [in Warren County]? tell Mrs. Kemper she must call her daughter Susette . . . The most pleasant news I have heard for some time is the reformation of Henry W - - -, how gratifying it must be to his parents who so long looked upon him as one who had given up his *once* promising talents and abandoned those pure principles of virtue which they vainly endeavored to instill into his youthful mind for the most contemptible vices and the most degrading conduct that man can possibly commit, do you think he really has repented of his past



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conduct? I feel very much interested for it must add so much to the happiness of Frances." On the back of this missive she has noted: "Augustine's mother departed this life at the mouth of the Tiber on their way to Africa in the 56th yr of her age & 33 of his work, the ninth day of the fever."

Aunt Ann wrote several letters to Rebecca in 1827. Caroline left "Woodland Mills" on April 8th and was back at "Woodlawn" before her father arrived there, ill with inflammation of the lungs. Aunt Ann pleads with Rebecca to take care of herself: "for remember they all look to you as their prop, poor Caro is not calculated to bear the cares or troubles of this life." In July: "We have had Ellen, Elizabeth Hurley, Douglas, and Fielding Lucas with us for a week, the girls are as wild as deer, the boys are more sedate." Her nephew, Ferdinand Carrell, has assured her that he likes Cincinnati. In mid-September: "Your Uncle is election mad, he does nothing but ride about . . . one week he was down in your old neighborhood [Springfield], your old beau is his warm friend, Otho Magruder . . . this week he has been in the upper neighborhood, and made his first speech to-day near Barnstown, his stage was an ox-cart, do not forget to tell Ferd he says every body says they will vote for him, and he thinks he will be the first on the list, a true *Clopper*, nothing like having a good conceit of yourself." Little Francis suffers from spasms at intervals; Mary Augusta is "as fat as she can waddle . . . she is the most engaging little creature you ever saw, she is an everlasting talker and speaks so sweetly."

The name of the Clopper plantation has been changed from "Woodland Mills" to "Woodland Farm" and five or six years later it was again changed to "The Woodlands" which it retains to-day. There was a flour-mill on the place before Francis Clopper bought it—the one now standing on the bank of Seneca Creek was built by him in 1834—and not long after he moved there he built a woolen blanket factory whose mill-race can still be seen—hence the name "Woodland Mills."

As to Edward N. Clopper who had moved to Greensburg, Pennsylvania, Aunt Ann wrote in October: "I was sorry to hear the report your Uncle F brought from Baltimore of Edward's situation, they are liveing in some small town I have forgot the name of it, they have no servant, she has to do all the worke herself, for poor Julian [Julia Ann, Edward's crippled daughter by his first wife] is not able to assist her but must add very much to her worke, she is not able to walk a step but has to drag herself across the floor on her hands and knees, it is a dreadful affliction, they say Mrs. C. is a very amiable woman. It is strange to me that Letitia D[ouglass] has not had her brought to B[altimore] and some good advice got for her, when she married she wanted Julian to live with her but her father would not consent."

Writing on Christmas Day of her husband's having taken a position in New York for three years to transact business for



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John T. Barr of Baltimore, Aunt Ann says, "his difficulties here has obliged him to accept, for he finds it impossible to pay off the debts (most of which had been incurred while he was in Alabama) from the produce of this farm." If she had the means she would send for Rebecca and Rachel Ruhamah so that they might visit Maryland but "we never have been as low in cash as now." She is of the opinion that Rebecca should not go to Texas and declares that her uncles, her Aunt Duryea, and all her friends are of the same mind. Caroline, with her sister Mary Ann, was off on another visit, this time to the home of her cousin Arthur Chambers in Shelbyville, as Aunt Ann writes: "she will spend a gay winter in Kentucky. You were right in urging Mary Ann to go, if she is so diffident." One day in November when Uncle Francis was riding a young horse on the way to the Court House to serve as a juror, he was thrown so violently that he lost his senses; one of Richard Henderson's men found him and helped him to his master's home where he had to stay three days, three ribs having been broken; he was then brought to his own home on a litter and was helpless for two weeks.

## XVIII

### PRELIMINARY TO DEPARTURE

MARY McEwen Este spent the first twenty-six years of her life in her parents' home at Morristown, New Jersey. When she was nine years old her mother died. A relic of her school days is a copy of Oliver Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, 1807, in which is written: "This is awarded to Miss Mary Estey by Mrs. Wetmore for her improvement in the 1st Parsing Class and for her amiable conduct while at her school. Morristown. Oct. 7th, 1815."

The family was of the Presbyterian persuasion and attended church services faithfully. Mary noted in her Bible on June 4, 1815, that "Dr. Wm. A. McDowal preached, communion Sabbath, in Morristown, 50 joined the church, my two sisters among them." Two years later, "September 17, the day I joined the church," the same minister preached. Her brother-in-law, Lewis Mills, a Morristown business man, gave her a copy of the Holy Bible on August 28, 1825.

At the age of nineteen years she still found the road to knowledge a little rough, even in the field of religion on which so much stress was laid at the time, for she writes that with others she commenced the study of church history in her father's house under Mr. McDowell but the group had so much difficulty in procuring books that, after a few months, they were obliged to give it up; however, a new edition of the text having been published at a more reasonable price, several got copies and the study was resumed with great animation on December 5, 1821.

Throughout her life Mary was inclined to look upon the world with a mournful eye, and so, on a June day of 1824, we find her writing: "He who weeps with the orphan and soothes the widow's grief has a foretaste of heaven. He who gives with liberal hand and because 'tis Christ's command, a bright example long shall stand of a Christian's faith in heaven. He who feels that life ebbs fast, by toils and cares driven, yet still holds his hope in Christ, he has tasted heaven here. There are some who feel and know a joy in grief, a peace below, a sweet prelude to heaven." These lines may not have been hers but the sentiment was.

Her sister Elizabeth, one gathers from four stanzas which she indited at Mine Brook, New Jersey, on May 4, 1825, "on the memorable afternoon after riding," loved some one who either was not in love with her or gave no sign if he was, for she had



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to conceal her own feelings and ends her plaint with this distressing thought:

How dear, alas! is prudence bought  
    Whilst nursed in falsehood and disguise—  
If robbed of each ingenuous thought,  
    We must be wretched to be wise.

In October of 1826, six months after the death of her sister-in-law, Lucy (Harrison) Este, Mary left Morristown and went to Cincinnati to be with her brother, David K., a lawyer, and, possibly, to keep house for him, although Dr. Charles Este's widow, Mary D., made her home with him. In her sentimental way she noted, "I parted from my Father in tears."

Rebecca C. Clopper, one of whose nicknames was "Musa"; Maria Louisa Harrison, daughter of Edmund Harrison, who was called "Melia"; and Mary McEwen Este, styled "Morna"; all grew to be close friends in Cincinnati and spoke of themselves as "the trio". Their inveterate habit of nicknaming everybody turned Joseph into "Lothario"—a bit of raillery at his liking for the ladies. On a Summer's day in 1827 these four rode to North Bend to visit General William Henry Harrison's family, the three women in a carriage and "Lothario" beside them on a pony. In celebration of the jaunt "Melia" wrote "The Praises of Paddy" in fourteen stanzas on the good qualities of the horse they drove; "Musa" added a few lines of prose, also in commendation of Paddy; and "Morna" devoted three pages to the theme. Then "Lothario", in four pages, sets forth "Paddy's Retort Courteous". So much was made of a trip from Cincinnati to North Bend in those times.

Mary must have fallen in love with Joseph within a year of her arrival in the Queen City, only to learn that he was to go to Texas with his father and brothers. Her taste for the morbid was offset by Joseph's comparative gayety, and so they attracted each other. Her belief that misfortune was inevitable stands out in verses which she composed on an August day in 1827 concerning the transitoriness of earthly things as well as concerning friendship, hope, and love; following these there are four stanzas on "The Rainbow"—which argues a triumph of hope over despair—but she finds a gloomy satisfaction in these lines with which she brings the day's literary effort to an end:

Calm sleeps the sea when storms are o'er,  
    With bosom silent and serene,  
And but the planks upon the shore  
    Reveal that wrecks have been.

So some frail leaf like this may be  
    Left floating o'er time's silent tide:  
The sole remaining trace of *me*,  
    To tell I lived and died.

Three days before Joseph started down the river on the way to Texas that Autumn, Mary wrote nineteen stanzas on

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the departure of "Lothario" with his father and brothers and of her depending upon his sister Rebecca and "Melia" to keep her spirits up. On the day he left she copied one of Burns's poems and wrote, "*Home of my heart, farewell!*" They must have had an affecting scene at her brother's where she lived, perhaps "Lothario" proposed, for she made note that it was a day "ever to be remembered". Two years later they were married and then she wrote, "we part no more."

Joseph wrote several poems at Cincinnati in 1827, including an acrostic for Jane Keys and, when he was about to leave for the south, Farewell to the Three.

In 1826 Maria Louisa Harrison presented to Rebecca an album in which only original pieces were to be written and gracefully dedicated it to her in lines ending:

"The muses own the thrilling strain,  
And thou, the priestess of the fane  
Dost often join the gentle choir  
And strike with skillful hand the lyre."

A favorite theme for versified narrative at this time when the Clopper sisters ranged in age from 17 to 34 years, was the contest among Blue Eyes, Black Eyes, and Hazel Eyes for the prize of beauty, entitled "The Dispute, or Cupid's Decision." Ruhamah, the youngest, devotes ten pages of her album to this momentous competition. Sometimes one type of beauty, sometimes another, bears off the palm, depending upon the writer's preference. A long narrative poem concerning the love of Oscar and Adela—"The Cedar Bower, Address'd to a Friend"—seems to have been written by Rebecca with a purpose in view: her sister Ruhamah may have been pining for a light-hearted lad who had gone away and had not written to her, as in the poem Oscar takes leave of Adela and bids her to forget him not—then forgets her completely, and never returns; at length Adela makes up her mind to live her life despite this disappointment, and her intellectual powers bring about the triumph of reason over love.

One August evening, when Rebecca was grieving over a friend's death, she set forth her philosophy of life in the following lines—a philosophy which was her stay and strength until her own death:

. . . . But cease these tears, be hush'd these sighs  
That now in quick succession rise—  
'Tis God that strikes the sudden blow—  
Then murmur not—death is no foe—  
For Christ the mandate now has giv'n,  
And death shall ope the gates of heav'n.  
Be still and own the sentence just  
That lays an idol in the dust . . . .  
Then shall thy sun descend in peace  
And thou obtain a sweet release  
From ev'ry pain and trial here,  
And dwell with Christ in yonder sphere.



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On February 26, 1826, her thoughts were on her father and in her album she penned "Extempore lines written the evening after my dear Father's departure for Texas" in which she refers to his portrait—the one painted on wood:

Thy picture, too, which decks our wall,  
Looks mildly down on me.

Joseph enthused in verse in April, 1826, over the Ohio Valley's attractions and wrote several stanzas, one of which reads:

"Sweet vale of Ohio!" here long could I rest me  
"On thy bosom of shade" with green hills circled round;  
Nor feel this cold world's stormy sorrows molest me,  
Mid charms such as those on thy bosom I've found.

For several years, beginning in 1827, Rebecca subscribed to the "Philadelphia Album and Ladies' Literary Gazette," edited by Robert Morris, and had her copies bound.

She held modesty in great esteem, as shown in these lines:

### THE BLUSH

What most bedecks a lovely face  
And gives a sweet, expressive grace?  
It is the native, artless smile  
Of female features, void of guile.  
What is the flower of fairest dye  
That softly pleasing strikes the eye?  
It is the beauteous female blush—  
That winning rose  
Which recommends the modest bush  
On which it grows.

At times she had difficulty in controlling her emotions, as confessed in this one of six stanzas on "A Passing Thought":

Oh! oft have I strove—but in vain—  
To blunt these strong feelings of mine;  
The effort I've made once again—  
But the conquest I still must resign.

Like many who are of ruminative disposition and resourceful mind, Rebecca enjoyed a season of solitariness now and then. As she put it, she was "never less alone than when alone." Perhaps she had observed this phrasing of an old thought in Samuel Rogers's "Human Life" which had been published in 1819, or in Canto III of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, published in 1816, where Byron puts it: "In solitude where we are least alone". Cicero had said the same thing in his *De Officiis*.

Once, when asked to write in a friend's album, she obliged with seven stanzas on "The Old Pen", as she termed her quill, picturing the troubles one had in putting thoughts on paper:

With the stump of a pen, with ink pale and thin,  
On a cricket I'm seated to write . . . .  
An emblem of innocence these leaves appear,  
Unsullied and fair to behold—

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I'll throw by the pen, nor sit scribbling here,  
For methinks 'tis presuming and bold . . . .  
Scarce a stroke can it make—'tis split, I declare,  
Nor a knife have I handy to mend . . . .

When her father and brothers left Cincinnati on November 10th, 1827, bound for Texas, Joseph sent her a letter of farewell in which he begged her to love his Mary; he referred to Rachel Ruhamah as his "dear, dear little sister, youngest of the four," and asked that his love be given also to Caroline and Mary Ann who were visiting in Kentucky—"tell them I dropped some tears of bitterness for them, but still felt satisfied that they would be pleasantly situated till our return." Caroline and Mary Ann were in Shelbyville, Kentucky, visiting the family of their cousin, Arthur Chambers, who had left Pennsylvania and settled there in 1799; Nancy Alexander who was born in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, in 1772, and died in Charlestown, Indiana, in 1851, was his wife.

To Mary Este this day of parting was memorable and, committing her feelings to her album, she wrote of "moments when in a few words all the eloquence of sentiment is unfolded—when thought meets thought and the eye becomes the conductor of the soul's effusions." In her handwriting also there is a page of blank verse about a lonely cloud which did not glow until it caught the moonbeams, and about its likeness to herself who was lonely until she "met the influence of thy smile". After this outpouring she copied four stanzas of Auld Lang Syne.

"On the morning of his departure from Cincinnati for the Province of Texas" young Edward presented to his sister Rachel Ruhamah a copy of Walter Scott's *Rokeby*; and to his sister Rebecca copies of *Beauties of the British Poets*, Niles's *Life of Oliver Hazard Perry*, Cowper's *Poems* in three volumes, Jane Porter's *Thaddeus of Warsaw* in two, and Scott's *Ivanhoe* in two. All these are at Beechwood now, so perhaps he gave them other books which have gone astray in the many intervening years.

In one of his letters to Mary Este when he was in Texas in 1828, Joseph set down seven stanzas concerning their prospective life there together. The "dark rolling river" which he mentioned was probably the Brazos.

Bride of the wilderness, blooming in youth,  
Blushing in beauty the wild wood among—  
A Bard and a lover of nature and truth  
Would hear from the wild wood an echo of song:

Be hushed thy hoarse mutterings, thou dark rolling river,  
Glide softly on down to the billowy main;  
Ye groves, on the wings of bland zephyrs deliver  
More sweetly my song to the fair one again.

He writes of the blossoms of earth which light up the scene and of the prospects of pleasure which crowd on the view, then asks "Shall these fade away, shall the storm spirit rise?" and



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wonders whether the Red Man may ruin all by making war upon them—"Oh, curtain the thought!" Mary copied these verses in her album "when Mrs. Anna H[arrison] was lying sick at Este Place". Unaccountably she added, in her brooding way: "A bud of friendship was snatched from the ruins, how beautifully it blooms cultured in the soil enriched by the ashes of love."

## XIX

### ON TO TEXAS AND TO FORTUNE!

NICHOLAS now proposed a more ambitious business venture in Texas and associated his three sons and three other men—Capt. James Lindsay, Dr. George M. Patrick, and Darius Gregg—with himself in the undertaking. Five of these seven hopefuls went down the river from Cincinnati in November of 1827, and the two others joined them at Louisville, both Edward and Joseph keeping journals of the voyage. The invoice of goods shipped shows boxes of utensils and other hardware, baskets and barrels of miscellany: dry goods, clothing, shoes, brushes, combs, paper, books, medicine, camphor, spices, tobacco, snuff, cider, gin, brandy, whisky, wine, gunpowder. These were put on board S. B. Ben Franklin, the 10,300 lbs. of freight @ 12½c costing \$12.90 to Louisville where it was transshipped to S. B. Amazon. Passage from Cincinnati to Louisville cost the party \$4 each.

In New Orleans on the first of December the stockholders in this new corporation, called the Texas Trading Association, held a meeting, adopted a constitution, elected officers: president, Nicholas Clopper; cashier, George M. Patrick; and clerk, Edward N. Clopper; fixed the capital stock at \$10,000, provided that each subscriber to the constitution should become a stockholder upon payment of \$150, empowered the officers to act as a “board of agency” or executive committee, and authorised this board to take in money at any time at from six to ten per cent. The association’s purposes were set forth as the engaging in agriculture and grazing, the making of sugar and salt, and the carrying on of mercantile business—a program varied and comprehensive enough to satisfy even Nicholas. The seven sanguine men subscribed to these articles.

The manifest of goods on board the schooner “Little Zoe” shipped from New Orleans to Galveston for “Clopper & Co.” as the Texas Trading Association was conveniently (and accurately) termed, bears the date of December 21, 1827, and includes whisky, wine, tobacco, powder, hardware, tinware, glassware, nails, beans, flour, mackerel, soap, and candles, among other items. A shipment destined for Harrisburg, Texas, included dry goods, clothing, shoes, table utensils, lamps, hardware, tools, tomahawks, powder, and books; another for San Felipe was made up of blankets, stockings, gloves, reticules, buckles, spectacles, brushes, combs, mirrors, scales, tumblers, snuff-boxes, spices, writing paper, and medicine, in addition to items already mentioned.



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At Harrisburg, a village on Buffalo Bayou about sixteen miles from its mouth, the seven paid in \$150 each early in January, making \$1,050; in addition to his \$150, Nicholas had disbursed \$1,409 for goods; and the company also owed Lindsay \$95 and Patrick \$3.62, as well as Johnson Hunter from whom they had borrowed \$80. Several meetings were held in March at Harrisburg. Patrick, Lindsay, and Joseph C. Clopper were appointed as a committee to buy real property for the company's business and shortly afterwards recommended the purchase of the league near the San Jacinto's mouth, called Orange Grove or Point Lookout, which Nicholas had acquired from Hunter, with the exception of the one *labor* retained by him; the minutes of the meeting refer to this tract as No. 1, valued at \$2,000. Number 2 in the committee's recommendation also belonged to Nicholas and was his half league on Buffalo Bayou near Harrisburg, valued at \$500. The acquiring of these tracts was approved but all was not well, for Darius Gregg wished to withdraw from the company and, as the constitution made no provision for such an emergency, the board promptly met and considered the problem. Four days later this body convened again and then settled with Gregg by giving him a note for \$100 payable in six months and another for the same amount payable in eight months, both to draw ten per cent interest; by this transaction Gregg ceased to be a member of the corporation.

On March 14th an agreement was entered into at Harrisburg, Province of Texas, Jurisdiction of Austin, whereby Nicholas sold to the association the two tracts mentioned for \$2,500 and the association bound itself to pay Nicholas's two notes, one for \$650 and the other for \$800, which he had given to Johnson Hunter in payment for the league at the San Jacinto's mouth two years before, and the balance of \$1,050 to himself with interest at 10 per cent "as soon as practicable". To this agreement there was added in June a notation that Nicholas, having sold to Martin Allen 200 acres of his half league on Buffalo Bayou opposite Harrisburg, should give Allen a deed to the same and to the association a deed to the residue, by virtue of an understanding had. Nicholas's *sitio* or head-right of 4,428 acres near San Felipe, which had been granted to him by Stephen F. Austin, was not involved; it will be remembered that Austin, as *empresario* for the establishment of three hundred families on the ten border leagues along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico between the San Jacinto and La Vaca Rivers, had been commissioned by the Coahuila-and-Texas government to distribute lands to his colonists.

One day in March a raft was loaded at Harrisburg with articles to be floated down to Clopper's Point or Point Lookout, as it was sometimes called. From the mouth of Buffalo Bayou the distance to the Point was about eight miles. The cargo consisted of tools, nails, hinges, ropes and blocks, plough, log chain, grindstone, buckets, seed, ink, powder, shot, cooking utensils, bacon, corn meal, mackerel, lard, whisky, and soap.



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At San Felipe on the Brazos River three messages were written on one sheet of paper, May 19th, and addressed to Andrew M. Clopper who was keeping the store in Harrisburg. One was from G. M. Patrick, asking him to send cream-of-tartar, balsam copeira, hartshorn, four-penny nails, funnels of different sizes, and Mr. Jamison's mill hopper, the medicine to be got from Capt. Harris. The second was from Andrew's father, saying they were in great want of the items mentioned, also coffee, chocolate, herring, mackerel, flour, wheel spindles, and irons; that the Brazos was over its banks and still rising, preventing progress in business. The third was from Andrew's brother Joseph, asking him to send a pair of new cotton drawers which he had left in Harrisburg, as he is in need of them, and he adds, "The lasses are all well."

Some of the company's customers in Harrisburg, if the spelling of their names may be trusted, were: Martin Allen, John Alcorn, Wm. Andrus, D. Anderson (at Vince's), Gen. G. Brown, Wm. Bloodgood, David Bright, Daniel E. Bayless, Wm. Cooper, Peter Duffield, Clement Dyer, Dr. Dunlap, Obadiah Dotson, Capt. Earle, Ephraim Fuqua, Dr. Johnson Hunter, Capt. Hiram, Wm. Harris, John R. Harris, Samuel C. Hady, John Hamlet (negro), Samuel Isaacs, James Knight, Wm. Laughlin, James Lynch, Luke Moore, Mrs. Kellus McFarland, Miss M. Owen, John Owens, J. Peyton, Wm. Praether, Mrs. Praether, Elijah Roark, Wm. Swail, John D. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor (who washed the company's clothes), Henry Terwichter, Urbane, Wm. Vince, Susan Vince, Allen Vince, Richard Vince, and Frank Barnes, a negro employed by the company who was discharged in April. Matilda succeeded Mrs. Taylor as washerwoman for the company.

About forty other names are entered in the books for October as debtors, most of them at San Felipe apparently, the amounts charged against them ranging from 50c to \$45. Anselmo Belgar gave his note for \$36 Eagle money or of new coinage, payable to George M. Patrick on demand at Béjar, for goods from Clopper & Company's store, dated June 21, 1828; it is written in Spanish and signed by Nicolás Gallegos at the maker's request. In the Spring of that year molasses was sold @ \$1 a gallon and whisky @ 25c a pint.

Writing at San Felipe de Austin in October Nicholas informed his daughters that he had just returned from San Antonio and was still unable to rejoin them in Cincinnati as "our business is not yet in sufficient train, but is progressing fast and we shall not delay unnecessarily . . . Captain Lindsay, Dr. Patrick, and Mr. Gregg are getting well." Gregg, who carried this letter with him to the United States, resided near Mr. Lindsay's and Mrs. Irwin's—which leads one to suppose that both he and Captain Lindsay had homes near Georgetown, Kentucky.



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Did the company give up the store at San Felipe de Austin? Was another opened in the hamlet of New Washington at Point Lookout where the raft, loaded with goods, had been sent last March? A letter from Nicholas at Harrisburg, dated January 23, 1829, and addressed to his son Andrew and to Captain James Lindsay who were at San Felipe, indicates that this change was made. He says that he will remain in Harrisburg "a few days to do something with the cane" and asks them to pack up the goods, sell what they can to Newton &c, tells them where to find the key of the chest and his trunk, to pack such things as may be wanted in them, and to bring all the meal they can. Dick is to drive the team and when they get opposite Dr. Brown's they are to stop in the road and ride over—presumably on horseback, leaving the wagon for Dick to bring. "Brown will let us have some shelled corn, bacon, and pickled beef, and he will want some articles in the store. Jamieson will give you an order on J. Randan for 15 bbls. of corn. Bring your shelled corn in bbl or bags. Get the wagon sheet from Robins. I shall try to be over in a few days. Cooper will send corn to pay Capt. Hiram for horse food here. Bring as much bacon as you can. I paid Cooper. Major League's note is \$185. You will find Col. Grace's note among the notes and accounts—deliver it to Major League. Cooper received the saddle from Laughlin and paid Moore \$15 in cattle, he will pay \$9 for R. Kuykendal."

One week later Nicholas wrote at Harrisburg stating that he was sending by Splain and Allen a grass bag and a small box containing trousers, vests, tobacco, knives, forks, spoons, tumblers, tin dishes, sugar dishes, pepper boxes, tea canister, coffee and tea pots, candle sticks, tin pans, milk strainers, skimmers, dippers, shears, japan trays, and tin bucket and cover. This missive does not reveal for whom it was intended nor where the goods were being sent; as all the company's members were at Point Lookout a few months later, the articles may have been intended for that place.

## XX

### JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE FROM CINCINNATI TO THE PROVINCE OF TEXAS IN 1827

*By Edward N. Clopper*

NOV. 10th left Cincinnati this day about seven o'clock A. M. on board the Steam Boat Ben. Franklin. No remarkable occurrence took place during this night's sail, stopped several times to take in freight & put out passengers. Passed the town of Madison on Sunday morning and arrived at Louisville quarter past twelve same day, being Sunday could not unlade the vessel, walked about the City, went to Methodist Church in the evening—preacher said he heard that the people in Louisville could stand *every thing*, but he did not believe it—thought so too. After meeting returned to my lodgings on board. Monday morning commenced raining, had several hard claps of thunder—soon cleared off, and had a fine day to unlade.

Monday 12th—Drayed the freight from the Franklin to the Steam Boat Amazon which lay at Shippingsport two miles below Louisville, it is a dirty, filthy, place on the Kentucky side just at the foot of the rapids or falls, about one and an half, or two miles below this is Portland on the Ky. and Albany on the Indiana side.

Tuesday 13th—being a leisure day, walked out to see the canal &c. here saw a steam mill grinding stone to make cement for the building of the locks, laid in provision for the voyage to New Orleans, fired a gun this evening in token of our departure, but did not get off.

Wednesday 14th—Left Shippingsport this day on board the Steam Boat Amazon, at half past eleven A. M. full freight, & about seventy cabin passengers for N. Orleans, fired a salute to the Steam Boats Philadelphia and Genl Washington, (as we passed portland) the salute was returned by one of the boats lying there, Gentlemen stood on the deck of one of the boats with their wine glasses filled and just as we were passing by, they drank our Captain's health, then gracefully waved their glasses & white 'kerchiefs in token of their good wishes, which our Captain returned by an easy and graceful wave of his hat. We then took in a passenger and proceeded on down at the rate of from ten to twelve miles pr. hour untill dark, having passed several villages & rivers. We then put to shore and waited the return of day.



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Thursday 15th—put off this morning about half past five, stopped during the day to take in some\* Kentuckians with twenty young likely negroes for the New Orleans Market, having now about 40 slaves on board for the above mart. passed numerous flat boats & craft, passed Rock-port on the Indiana side, situated on a high rocky hill, glided rapidly on till dark, put to shore above French Island. Went into the woods hunting, kindled several fires, then kept watch for the deer, saw two & heard a wolf, but killed nothing—returned to Boat at half past ten oclock, slept sound till mornings dawn.

Friday 16th—Put off this morning about seven oclock. Crossed French bar, and came on with great speed passed the mouth of Green River which is a considerable stream, passed Evansville a very pretty little town on the Idiana side, thence to Hendersonville, on the Red Banks, Kentucky side, a few miles below this place lies diamond Island which takes its name from its shape, it is three or four miles long, and said to be from one and a half to two miles wide, and is decidedly the most beautiful Island that I have yet seen, passed Mount Vernon—the county seat of Posey County, situated on the Indiana shore, this is a beautiful situation for a city—having an extensive view of the river for severel miles both up and down it. Mem. one of the pigs jumped off the upper deck, and swam ashore, guess he saved his bacon. Saw a cane brake being the first one I've seen, thought it very pretty, wished to be in it after the deer,—passed the mouth of the Wabash River which is the largest we have passed yet. Now have the State of Illinois on our right, and Old Kentuck on the left still. put to shore about one mile below Shawnee Town a little after dusk. The Town is situated on a high level plain, could not see what sort of buildings they have, being dark, the river here is very wide and glides smoothly and beautifully along.

Saturday 17th—Put off this morning early, and came at the rate of twelve miles p. hour. passed several Islands this morning. Scenery very romantic on either shore having tremendous cliffs of rock with handsome cedars interspersed among the other shrubbery and rocks, passed the great Cave on the Illinois side, saw two men at the entrance, here are said to be thousands of names inscribed on this rock of Fame, had not an opportunity of handing my name down to nations yet unborn, by recording it on this indestructible tablet of stone, this cave is under a high bank apparently composed of one solid mass of rock. a few hundred yards below this cave is a small house. Shores for many miles below this place are very high and rocky affording in the Spring beautiful scenery for landscape painting. About eleven o clock passed Golconda on the Illinois side, a small shabby looking town, took in a passenger here, passed the mouth of Cumberland River on Kentucky side, passed the three Sisters (Islands) below these is Stewart's Island—a fine large tract of land, below this Tennessee River empties into the Ohio. Passed

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\*Mr. Jas. B. Campbell



Trinity about dark it is a small village on the Illinois side, hove too and made land below this place on the Kentucky side  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles above the mouth of the Ohio laid here till daylight.

Sunday 18th—Put off this morning about daylight and sailed rapidly down, entered the Mississippi just after daylight, the Mississippi is not so wide as the Ohio at the junction of the waters. We now have the State of Missouri on the right and Kentucky on the left. Passed New Madrid an inconsiderable village on the Missouri side, this place was very much racked by an earthquake. Some miles below this place we came to the last end of Kentucky, then commences Tennessee on the left side, here we could stand and see three States, Kentucky, and Tennessee on the left and Missouri on the right. Met Steam Boat Liberator above N. Madrid eight days from New Orleans. Put in to shore about dark and lay all night on the Missouri side.

Monday 19th—Put off this morning about daylight, pass a great many flat boats, Islands, &c. Now have Arkansas on the right, and Tennessee on the left. Passed Plumb Island about twelve oclock, here saw the Steam Boat America, which on thursday the 15th run on a sandbar at this place and in attempting to get off she struck a snag and sunk, just as we came in sight of her, the Captain (Scott) had her set on fire, the deck and stern being above water, as we came alongside she burst into one sheet of flame which rapidly spread along her deck and quickly consumed her combustible part. This was at once the most awfull, distressing, and yet sublime spectacle that I have witnessed for a long time. To see a fine new Boat of two hundred tons burden enveloped in a sheet of flame in the midst of the river, and consuming in a few moments what perhaps cost the labour of years to build is certainly a distressing & trying scene. She was set on fire with the intention of burning off the top and deck, in order to get out the freight which was in the hold, the freight, furniture &c. having been previously taken on shore. She was bound for New Orleans. Passed the Chickasaw bluffs on the Tennessee side, these are very high and picturesque banks, which are yearly caving in and falling into the river—exhibiting an almost perpendicular front of from 50 to an hundred feet high, shewing the different strata of various coloured earth, such as red, blue, yellow &c &c—just below these bluffs is the residence of Col. Benton who it is said fought a duel with, and wounded Genl Jackson. Saw large and extensive cane brakes on both sides the river put in to shore after dark about fourteen miles above Memphis a little town on the Tennessee side. lay alongside the Steam Boat Decatur which left Shippingport a day or two before us.

Tuesday 20th—Put off this morning about daylight—left the Decatur raising her steam, had a severe snow storm which commenced about daylight and continued snowing very hard untill about ten oclock when it turned to hail. Arrived at Memphis about eight oclock this morning, and put out some



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passengers. Met Steam Boat Lexington—full freight and passengers from New Orleans. About six miles below Memphis commences the State of Mississippi on the left. Arkensaw Territory still on the right—Put in to shore at Helena a little village on the Arkensaw side, here we came up with the Steam Boat Lafayette which left Shippingport two days before us and here we met with an accident in breaking the axle of the wheels so that we could not use either wheel. We however were very fortunate in overtaking the Lafayette at this place as our Captain prevailed on the Capt of the L. to tow us down.

Wednesday 21st—put off this morning about eight oclock, lashed to and towed by the Lafayette we now make but little progress, the Lafayette having the Amazon lashed on one side and a keel boat loaded with sheep and turkeys on the other, and she herself being much smaller than the Amazon. Met two Steam Boats the Cavalier and Pocahontas, Put in to shore a little after dark, at Montgomery's landing, two miles above the mouth of White River, and about twenty miles above the mouth of the Arkensaw River, having come about eighty miles to day, before the accident which befel us we came about one hundred and twenty miles p. day, from daylight untill dark.

Thursday 22nd—Put off this morning about daylight, and passed the mouths of White River and the Arkensaw, the latter was very high and water very muddy and of a reddish cast which made a very perceptible change in the colour of the Mississippi water. Saw about two hundred pelicans all huddled together in shoal water, about the great Cypress bend, shot at them but killed none. Put in to shore a little after dark, and lay there till morning.

Friday 23rd—Put off this morning about half after five oclock. Soon after, the S. Boat Decatur came in sight, we passed her two days previous to this time but since our accident she can sail faster than we. She passed us about an hour or two after sunrise. The foliage now is quite green on the shores and very extensive cane brakes on both sides of the river. There is also a perceptible change in the weather. Attempted to sail after night, but got on a barr just after dark, the Boats swung round with the bow upstream and there we lay. Made several attempts to get off, but in order so to do, was under the necessity of unlashng our boats and working one off at a time, we however got afloat again, and started about half after seven oclock in the morning.

Saturday 24th—Put off from our anchorage in the river about half after seven as above stated—commenced raining in the night and continued on until late in the day. forgot to mention that we landed yesterday opposite Lake Providence, & put out some passengers and took in some wood, here we saw some of the Aborigines of the country they were miserable looking creatures, had their guns, bows, and arrows &c and a small poney along. Some of our passengers set up apples for them



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to shoot at, they were not very expert bowsmen. We now have Mississippi on the left, and Louisiana on the right. Passed the mouth of the Azoo (Yazoo) River on the Mississippi side, this is quite a large river.—Yet notwithstanding there are so many rivers and streams emptying into the Mississippi it does not appear to be larger than the Ohio—put in to shore at Vicksburgh on the Mississippi shore. this appears to be quite a place of business, they had a muster here and a Jackson dinner, a good deal of drinking and carousing of course.

Sunday 25th—Put off from the Vicksburgh landing at half past six oclock, this is the most elevated situation for a town that we have yet seen on the Mississippi, here is a fine country for cotton growing though we were informed it is very sickly back in country and a number of the planters died with the fever this season. Passed Warrenton this morning, this is a pretty little town on the Mississippi side, situated on an eminence about ten or twelve miles below Vicksburgh, very picturesque and romantic scenery around this village and on either shore, along the river, on one side the green foliage of the forest seems to invite the lover of romance to hold his solitary course through her unfrequented wilds, and here pour forth his unmolested sighs, and invoke the sylvan Gods to meliorate his case, or, to awake the slumbering fire which has hitherto lain dormant in the breast of some inexorable fair one, and produce a lively emotion in her fair snowy bosom which shall beat responsive to his heart's dearest wishes, or, if his invocation be not acceptable, to bury himself in the depths of its wilds, there to die "unknown and unknown." Whilst on the other, the trees are clad in long flowing moss, from two to six feet long, exhibiting a very striking contrast with the opposite shore, the one side exhibiting the desolate appearance of Winter whilst the other appears to wave in all the pride and foliage of midsummer.—Passed Point Pleasant this is the residence & property of a rich widow by the name of Turner. 'tis said they raise six hundred bales of cotton p. annum on this farm. below this a few miles Black River puts in from the Mississippi side it is a very small stream. Passed the Grand Gulf, here is a very elevated point of ground almost in the shape of a sugar loaf, covered with cane and other green trees or shrubs, below this place a few miles the Bio Piere (Bayou Pierre) empties into the Mississippi here is a little village called Bruinsburgh, up the Biopierre a few miles is fort (Port) Gibson. twenty miles below the Grand Gulf we came to Petit Gulf, this is a very romantic place, having high hills in the rear and houses built on them with green trees interspersed among them, here some twenty or thirty Ladies went ashore from our Boat, and a number of Gentlemen and bade farewell to them then returned to the Boat, soon after we set sail, cast our eyes back towards the tavern where the Ladies put up and behold, they had ascended to the upper porch and were waving a last farewell with their white 'kerchiefs, the Gentlemen mounted the upper deck or roof



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of the Boat and waved their hats, caps, and handkerchiefs to the fair ones, who continued waving untill we were out of sight. Some of the Gents. hoisted their white hdkfs. on long cane rods and waved them untill one of them went overboard, and so farewell—a long farewell—to the most interesting part of our cargo.

Monday 26th—Put off this morning about daylight. Soon after we started, the Steam Boat Danl Boone passed us. we lay about twenty-five miles above Natchez last night. Arrived at Natchez at half past ten oclock. Walked up in town and prominated the streets an hour or two, visited one or two gardens, roses, flowers &c in full bloom the lettuce and radish beds looked green and flourishing as though it was midsummer—The city lies on a very high hill, suppose about two hundred feet above the level of the river, it cannot be seen from the river, is quite a large place, & a place of business the streets are very narrow and dirty, not being paved. Here is some very handsome buildings (in the suburbs) with flower gardens and summer houses attached to them, tarried here two hours, then put off again passed several fine farms, passed Thompson's Cliffs, this is the most grand and picturesque landscape I have yet seen on the river. The lower we descend the river, the greener and more flourishing does the foliage and shrubbery appear. we continued running or sailing all night, passed Ft Adams about nine oclock, about half past ten passed the mouth of Red River—this is a large river, but does not appear to increase the size of the Mississippi any, it is not so wide here as the Ohio is at Cincinnati.

Tuesday 27th—Arrived at Bayou Sarah this morning early, landed here and put out some freight and passengers. Walked up the Bayou about one mile to St. Francisville, this is a tolerable large village situated on a hill about one mile from the Mississippi, it is said to be a very sickly place, on the opposite side is a beautiful sugar plantation, saw the green sugar cane growing from this side. Passed a number of fine farms on both sides. the State of Louisiana lies on both sides the river now. Passed Baton Rouge in the afternoon this is a beautiful situation for a City, the houses are old and indifferent with a few exceptions, the Barracks at this place are very extensive Brick buildings, between this place and New Orleans are some of the finest farms I ever saw. Continued sailing all night.

Wednesday 28th—Wind blows pretty strong, and tolerable high waves running in the Mississippi. The S. B. Lafayette, (which has us in tow) caught fire this morning, which excited considerable alarm among the passengers & crew, it was however soon extinguished, and all things go on smooth again—Very extensive sugar plantations on both sides the river, planters all busy making sugar. Their dwelling houses are generally one and an half stories high, with four square roofs running up to a point, houses painted white with porches all round, roofs painted red, their yards ornamented with Orange, and china



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trees, the farms have from ten, to twenty, or thirty little cabins or negro houses on them, making at once an Ohio or Kentucky village or town, indeed it may almost be considered as one extended town from Baton Rouge to N. Orleans, a distance of one hundred and ten miles. Arrived at New Orleans at half past two oclock, the health of the city is said to be very good but few cases of fever &c. being a rainy day did (not) go into the city much. there are more shipping in port at this time than has been known for a number of years. Had an Oyster supper, then retired to our lodgings on board. Slept sound, and dreamed the recruiting officers were about to press me and force me to enlist, made my escape, and awoke somewhat surprised to find myself on board the Steam Boat.

Thursday 29th—The weather has clear'd up fine and cool. Walked out to market this morning, never heard such a jabbering of french negroes and all speak french, markets tolerably well supplied with meat and vegetables. Walked round several squares of the city, streets very narrow and dirty, the public ground in front of the Catholic Church is a beautiful square of green sward, the church, together with two other public buildings, one on each side of it, front the public square, they are fine large buildings of white stone, they fill my idea of a once splendid castle, now mouldering in ruins. Saw a number of fine large buildings, walked back to the Basin and canal leading from the back part of the city to Lake Ponchartraine.

December 10th—Walked down the river about five miles, to see the ground where the celebrated battle was fought on the eighth of Jany 1815. Saw some of the most beautiful gardens during my walk that I ever saw—One of them was ornamented with four white statues nearly as large as life standing upon white pillars, like the guardian Angels of that lovely spot—In an adjoining garden there is a solitary statue standing in the middle of a fine white gravel walk leading through the midst of the garden up to a flight of steps, which ascend to the dwelling (the houses, generally are raised eight or ten feet above the level of the earth, in order to be more airy & pleasant during the warm weather) And this image stands rather in a leaning posture immediately in front of the door—the gardens are also decorated with orange hedges, and other shrubbery together with many beautifully variegated flowers &c. below this garden, after passing several others, we came to that of Mr. Montgomery which is decidedly the most beautiful of any that I have seen, it is about two hundred yards from the place where Jackson had his line of battle formed, and this is the place where Jackson had his head quarters, this garden is a place of considerable resort for the Ladies and Gentlemen of the city during the summer months, it being about five miles from the city and a fine road on the margin of the river, there is now an extensive sugar plantation carried on, on the battle ground, by a French Gentleman, one of our company and myself went to the sugar house,



and found the proprietor to be a remarkably polite and very attentive Gentleman to strangers, he took us through the establishment, then treated us to a glass of sugar wine, and after shaking hands several times, and receiving as many polite invitations to repeat our visit, we parted with him, and returned to the city, where we remain'd untill the 22nd Inst. when we set sail on board the schooner Little Zoe.

Saturday 22nd—Set sail from New Orleans this evening about five oclock on board the schooner Little Zoe of N. Orleans full freight for Harrisburgh (Texas) 14 persons on board. Sailed twenty or thirty miles down the river when we ran against the drift wood on shore, there we furled the sail and rested untill morning, the logs beating against the side of the vessel all night, added nought to the soundness of our repose, 23rd—Shoved off our vessel at daylight, and “tugg’d at the oar” untill we got under way, thought this was tough sailing, wind continued ahead, passed several fine sugar farms on either side the river, the banks of the river are very low and levees built to prevent its overflowing. Met several sail of vessels going up, ran ashore about dark, among the drift again, but soon got off and under way, and continued running untill one oclock when we cast anchor, and lay untill morning—rested somewhat more comfortably this night than the preceding one.

Monday 24th—Weighed anchor and got under way early this morning. Met a large Brittish Brig bound for N. Orleans. Took the south-west pass and soon came within hearing of the roaring sea, went aloft and could discover the sea, which looked like a white cloud away off. Passed a number of Bayous, and saw a flat boat in one with people and several dogs aboard, they hailed us to know if we wanted any ducks—they live here in the flat boat and gain what I should call a miserable subsistence from fishing and fowling—just below this place we hove in sight of the Revinue Cutter, this is one of the United States’ vessels of war, stationed here for the purpose of guarding the pass, keeping off pirates &c. She was lying at anchor in the middle of the pass, they let us pass without hailing us. the land on both sides gradually becomes more narrow and flat untill you apparently get a considerable distance into the sea, and then there appears to be a cluster of Islands on the right hand side and among these are two or three pilots’ houses, they make their living by piloting vessels out, and in from sea. This day being very warm and pleasant we could set upon deck quite comfortably with our coats, shoes, and stockings off. About twelve Oclock we bid fare-well to the Mississippi, and to the United States, and put to sea. Saw a great many porposes, or sea hogs, about the Baliesse [*balise*, French for buoy or beacon]; what appeared a little surprising to me was to see clear water in the wake of the vessel whilst on either side it was quite muddy and impenetrable to the eye, the fresh water being lighter than the salt, it floated on the surface, and spreads over the surface of

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the sea for a considerable distance from shore. After we had left land three or four hours, and before we got out of sight of land, one of our passengers became very sick and commenced evacuating his stomach, in an hour or two after, there was another on the sick list. In the evening the breeze blew up so that we made better speed, we spoke a vessel this evening off the Baleise, it was the Brig Margaret, she had been sixteen days out from New York. this was the only sail of vessel that we saw, after putting to sea. had a fine pleasant night, clear, and moonshine. the water is now very clear and of a greenish cast—after dark the water sparkled handsomely where it struck the bow of the vessel, and the white-caps were bursting and flying, which added to the beauty of the scene.

Tuesday 25th—Had a wet, disagreeable morning, it commenced raining sometime before the dawn of day and continued untill the middle of the day therefore had an unpleasant Christmas morning, it however cleared up and we had a fine afternoon, the waves were now much higher and looked more dangerous than at first, one moment we appeared to be on a high hill, and the next down in a hollow, or deep ravine, where the ocean appeared to rise all around us, and we could not see more than half a mile distant, then we would rise on a billow so high that we could see the white caps at the distance of ten or twelve miles—yet it was called a calm, smooth sea.

Wednesday 26th—Nothing remarkable took place this day, had fine wind and good weather except a few showers, had some eight or ten sea sick folks aboard, some of whom appeared to suffer very much from continual vomiting.

Thursday 27th—This morning about nine or ten oclock we thought we discovered land, the Captain then went aloft and soon sung out the welcome & cheering news of Land O! Land O! which wrought a very visible change in all on board, the sick were as suddenly restored to health, as they had been taken sick: all save one whose sickness hung on several days longer. it was some time before we could near the land so as to see whether it was the place we were aiming for, at length we thought we discovered a house and after several hours hard sailing we found it to be a bunch of trees, on the middle of Galviston Island, and we were about fifteen miles from the pass into Galviston Bay, we then tacked about and stood for the mouth of the bay, but it was too calm for us to make that day, so we came to anchor in about eight fathom water—about nine oclock the wind blew up pretty fresh from land, we immediately weighed anchor and got under way—the wind continued to increase untill we had a severe storm, which lasted all night and blew us off twenty or thirty miles from our anchorage, so that we could not get into the bay untill Saturday afternoon.

Saturday 29th—Spent the forepart of this day in sounding out the channel to get into Galviston harbour—the Captain took an observation at the mouth of Galviston and found it to be



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29° 10' N. latitude, the direction or course is a little south of west from the Baliese, in the afternoon we found the channel and sailed into the harbour with a fine breeze, and not knowing the channel we ran aground about two or three hundred yards from shore, five or six of us went ashore and remained there untill morning, we found a great variety of fowl on the Island, some of our hunters shot some ducks and other fowl, also shot three fine large fishes, they are called red fish and are not inferior to the shad of Potomac.

Sunday 30th—Lay at anchor all day, in Galviston Harbour and feasted finely on fish and fowl, this passing for our Christmas dinner, the weather being remarkably fine and warm, we were wading about in the water the greater part of the day, gathering oysters, shells, &c. Plenty of very fine oysters in this Bay, and abundance of game of different kinds, such as deer, wolves, Geese &c. So that should a person be cast away here, kind Nature has made ample provisions in her stores for his sustenance. On the opposite side, and about five or six miles distant from our anchorage, is Point Boliver. At this place General Long was stationed during the revolution of this country, and 'tis said that during his journey to the interior he left his Lady at the encampment with his army though during his absence, the provisions becoming scarce the soldiers all deserted the camp and left her alone with a negro servant, to perish or gain their sustenance by hunting and fishing. So she was reduced to the necessity of shouldering her gun, which she did like a Heroine and went out and shot deer, and eat the meat, and dressed the skins and made garments of them, and lived thus untill she got into the interior where there was settlers. She is now a widow and resides in the city of San Felipe de Austin on the Brassos, and is said to be decidedly the gayest and most splendid Lady in the whole colony. Whereas many other females of less masculine spirit, would have sunk beneath so sad a reverse of fortune, and possibly would have died, in these deserted wilds, "unknowing and unknown."

Monday 31st—This morning while the tide was up we hauled our schooner off from where we ran aground, and anchored in deep water, then went to sound out the channel, but did not move our vessel this day from her anchorage. Saw the wreck of the Rising Suns, about three miles to the right of Galviston harbour, this schooner was lost in a storm last Spring, she was bound for New Orleans from Galviston Bay. The tide rises and falls once in twenty-four hours in this Bay, and rises from two to three feet high. Galviston Harbour is a safe harbour affording good anchorage for shipping, the depth of the channel from the sea into the harbour varies from 10 to 30 feet, the channel in places is very narrow, this was the harbour of the celebrated pirate La Fitte. Went ashore about dusk, and struck up a fire and had a fine oyster supper, then encamped there for the night.

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Tuesday Jany 1st 1828—Weighed anchor this morning and steered for the mouth of the San-jacenta River, which is called forty miles from Point Bolivar. We went close by the spot where La Fitte had his camp, it is on the north west side of Galveston Island and will doubtless at some future time be the cite of a great commercial city—here we lost the channel and got into shallow water, we then cast anchor and sounded for the channel but found the water very shallow all around us. Our Captain returned in the jollyboat, almost discouraged from making any further attempts to find the channel, we however set sail again, and sailed about ten or twelve miles, with from five to seven feet water, untill we came to Red fish barr, this barr extends quite across the bay, and the main channel or pass through which the vessels must pass to ascend the bay, is not more than fifty or sixty yards wide and about one mile from the left hand shore going up the bay. About half a mile to the right of this pass lies the wreck of the schooner Mary, which was wrecked here about three years ago. the best channel is between Pelican Island and Bolivar Point, though we, not being acquainted with the propper course, went several miles to the left of Pelican Island. After crossing Red fish barr we had the most beautiful Bay that I ever beheld, the bay is said to be forty miles wide, and from the Barr up to the mouth of San jacenta River a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, we found the depth of water to vary very little from eight feet. Anchored in the midst of the bay for the night.

Jany 2nd—Were boarded this morning by three men in a canoe. they saw us lying at anchor, and saw the American Flag displayed at our masthead (a precaution we took the evening before) and came to us and piloted us into the river which affords an excellent harbour, here we lay untill morning, found plenty of game of the fowl kind, here we went ashore on a most beautiful tract of land, once the estate of Doct. J. Hunter but now the property of — — — — (Nicholas Clopper) fronting nine miles on the Trinity Bay and Sanjacenta River, and having a charming situation for a city just at the junction of the River and Bay.

Jany 2nd (should be 3rd)—Went ashore this morning and planted some orange and Lemon seeds, then returned on board and weighed anchor, unfurled our canvass and sailed up the river for Harrisburgh about 30 miles up, by water. Doct. Hunter served us as Pilot to lynch's ferry about ten miles from his residence. we hove to at the ferry and lay at anchor an hour or two. this ferry is at the junction of the Sanjacenta and Rio Buffalo Rivers, the river is about 150 yards wide, though we found about six fathom water there and from the mast head had in view one of the richest and most beautiful landscapes that the eye of man e'er saw. here we left the Sanjacenta and sailed up the Rio Buffalo 20 miles to the City of Harrisburgh. the Rio Buffalo is a beautifully meandering river, from sixty to



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an hundred yards wide and deep enough for schooner or Steam Boat navigation. the tide ebbs and flows once in twenty four hours at Harrisburgh and rises from six to twelve inches. Harrisburgh is situated at the junction of Buffalo Bayou and Brays Bayou, which form the Rio Buffalo River. We arrived at Harrisburgh on the 4th of Jany 1828.

Jany 5th—Were busy this day discharging the cargo of the schooner at the Landing at Harrisburgh where we rented a ware house @ 6\$ p mo to put our goods in. During the ensuing week we went into the woods and commenced clearing a spot of ground whereon to build a store house &c. It is a privilege granted by the Proprietors of this burgh, that every settler who wishes to build in the town is entitled to a lot, we selected one of the best, on the bank of the river, at the junction of Braes and Buffalo Bayou, the river opposite our lot is about one hundred yards wide and 12 to 15 feet deep, and well stored with various kinds of fishes, turtle, crabs &c not excepting the vile and hideous aligators. Commenced gardening on the twelfth of this month—planted some beans, onions, potatoes, & transplanted some corn which I found growing about the old houses. had a great deal of rain during this month, some heavy thunder and sharp lightning. In consequence of the almost continual rains, we were very much retarded with our building. We however being strong handed, went to work with willing minds and a determined spirit, and soon got our lot cleared off, our logs cut and hewn, shingles made, and the house erected, and moved into it in about one month after our first landing in this Burgh, bravo. Find plenty of game of almost every kind in this country, very frequently see from forty to fifty or an hundred deer in a herd. Wild cattle, horses, and hogs are also numerous, one of our Hunters killed a wild turkey that weighed twenty pound grace\* caught a turtle (loggerhead) that weighed eighty-five pounds, the head after being severed from the body weighed  $10\frac{3}{4}$  lbs.

March 2nd—We have now got a fine garden with various kinds of vegetables & other seeds deposited therein, have also got about an acre of sugar cane planted for seed next season, which if it grows well will produce seed sufficient for ten acres. have also some corn planted, sweet potatoes, melons &c &c. Here is a fine timbered country—the timber consists principally of pine, cypress, oak, cedar &c. here also we find the magnolia, which is an evergreen and is said to bear a beautiful flower in the Spring, it also bears a kind of bur similar to the wild cucumber. there is a bush growing in this part of the country called the Yapon from the leaves of which the inhabitants make a very pleasant tea, there is another bush called sweet-bay which also makes a very palitable tea—the bush is an evergreen and very much resembles sasafras both in taste and looks, the sasafras bush is also found here and several other shrubs or plants of which tea is made—but the herb that is prized most highly for its medicinal virtues is the golden rod, it is found in



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great abundance in the prairies, the leaves of which when chewed has a very pleasant taste, similar to fennel, this plant is very much used for tea in cases of fever &c. there are also many other plants to be found in these prairies, which are said to possess great medicinal virtues, such for instance as the one that is called the rattlesnake's master—which is said to cure the bite of the rattlesnake, which serpent is sometimes found in this country from eight to ten feet long—they are said to be larger and more numerous on the sea coast. Snakes are not so numerous in this country as I expected to find them, they are mostly such as I never saw before—there is several kinds of the scorpion & lizard here, the camelion is also found here they generally stay in and about old houses, logs, &c I have stood and looked at them changeing their colour to my surprize, in one moment they would be of a dark brown colour, bordering on black, in a minute or two after they would be a light brown, then look again and they would (be) of the most lively green, thus would they change at pleasure, they are about the size, and very much like, the lizard—but the greatest curiosity of that kind with which I have met is the *horned frog*—it has four legs, and a long tail which curls, on the top of its head (which appears to be nearly four square & flat on top) is 6 or 8 horns which gives it the appearance of having a *crown* on its head, the thing looks very *fierce*, and at first sight reminded me, very forcibly, of the representation of the *Dragon* in the Bible, only that it was deficient in *wings*.

March 24th—I started this evening about eight oclock in company with Capt. L - - - (Lindsay) in a small canoe, and descended the Rio Buffalow to overtake a *raft* that we started from Harrisburgh a few days previous, the raft consisted of hewed logs, shingles, and plank, with which we intended building a warehouse and dwelling at Point Pleasant which is at the mouth of the Sanjacentia River and at the head of Galviston (or Trinity) Bay—after having paddled our canoe about 6 miles we came alongside of the Schooner Pomono which we left in the Bason in N. Orleans, they told us they had been 56 days out—they were detained by head wind &c. We bade them good night, and paddled on down the river with the determination of coming up with the raft that night, (as we had received intelligence that the raft was in a sinking condition) which we done about two oclock after having laboured hard against opposing winds (part of the time) and tide—we made about eighteen miles that night. The next day in consequence of opposing winds we only made about three miles, that evening there sprang up a pretty stiff breeze whilst we were all ashore preparing our supper, our raft which was cabled to an old log, broke loose and was driven back *up stream* (for the tide was setting up then) We were apprised of the accident by a man on the opposite shore, we immediately manned our *long* boat and put out after the raft which we soon boarded again, but with our combined force (which



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was five hands) we were unable to check her headway and had the extreme mortification of seeing ourselves driven back a considerable distance up the river without being able to stop it. the wind had increased untill it was quite storm, we were however driven into the mouth of another river where we remained that night in expectation of our rafts being driven to peices here, we lost a number of our logs & shingles, but concluded that we came off very well—but before daylight there came up a very dark cloud which appeared to threaten us with immediate destruction, presently the rain descended in torrents amid vivid sheets of flame and heavy jaring thunder, we were under the necessity of getting up and wrapping ourselves with our Blankets and setting in an erect position to keep as dry as possible, we weathered it out untill daylight when we cast off again and tried the current, the wind was now favourable, we hoisted a small sail that we had fixed and plied our oars with vigour, and made considerable headway for five or six miles, when we got aground, soon shoved off and went on rapidly to our place of destination where we arrived the same day about 4 oclock.

# XXI

J. C. CLOPPER'S JOURNAL<sup>89</sup>  
&  
BOOK OF MEMORANDA FOR 1828  
PROVINCE OF TEXAS

NOVr. 10th 1827—Departed Cincinnati on this evening on board the Steam boat Franklin for Louisville—Company for the same destination Messrs. N. Clopper, A. M. Clopper, E. N. Clopper, Capt. Lyndsay—for this night's darksome series of conflicting emotions, why the spirit slumbered not & the heart was ill at ease, vide: the records of Memory:—

Novr. 11th Sunday morning arrived at Louisville; met Dr. G. M. Patrick & Mr. Gregg of Ky. who connected themselves with us under the firm of the Texas Trading Association. Remained here three days awaiting the departure of a steam boat—pleased with the town's commercial appearance, the picturesque wildness & grandeur of the falls & spirit of enterprize discoverable in the progress of the canal around them—wrote four letters, three to Cincinnati, two of which remain not at Woodlawn of the Mound.

Nov. 14 This morning departed for N. Orleans on board the splendid Boat Amazon—our compy seven in all. Had a delightful passage down as far as St. Helena on the Mississippi where the boat broke her shaft—the border & island scenery of the different rivers & streams generally undiversified, occasionally picturesque & beautiful. At the last named place were taken in tow by the La Fayette with a keel lashed to her opposite side, presenting such a wide front to the waters our progress was very slow affording sufficient time for the eye to delight itself with the prospective loveliness of the border country which increases in interest as we approach the great southern depot—reached the city on the 28th instant.

Purchased a large flat as a depository for our freight & boarding house—father's residence at the Western Hotel—first night's supper oysters & oyster soup—A vast number of shipping in port, say three hundred sail, from most of the principal commercial countries. City stands on a flat plane secured from inundation by the river by a levee of sand & shells extending many miles up & down the river continually kept in repair within the corporation by hirelings slaves & criminals—streets unseemly and inconveniently narrow tho' mostly laid off at right angles—there are several streets of handsome breadth ornamented with trees



& some fine brick buildings, tho' the greater part of the city is constituted of frame & these mostly very low houses about one & half story. The public square fronting the river with the Cathedral at its rear presents a very beautiful view rendered more picturesque as the building externally has much the stamp of antiquity awakening the eye of the mind to rest upon the time-stricken ruins of a castle of romance. There are many handsome public buildings such as the new theatre, exchange, the several banks &c. Population variant according to the periodical seasons when health or sickness most prevails, supposed in all, migratory & stationary, "from snowy white to sooty", to be between 40 & fifty thousand souls at this time; composed apparently of all tongues & kindred & people. The French language still prevails tho' the Americans (as in contradistinction those citizens who speak the English tongue are termed) are fast gaining the ascendancy in manners, customs, style & the general character of a city or people. New Orleans has a small artificial basin on the west side connected with lake Pontchartrain by a canal which will admit coasting vessels freighting one hundred tons. The Sabbath is distinguished more as a day of amusements, balls, dances, excellence & variety of the markets, than as a day of sanctity & rest—very few stores are closed & drays & carts run without intermission—The french soldiery attend mass in the morning in full uniform & the rest of the day in parading & exercise at the guns. Walked down with three or four of our compy to the battle ground, five miles below the corporation—charmed with the elegance of taste displayed by gentlemen residents at their different mansions on the river—the eye rests with rapture on the beautiful groves & hedges of the orange tree in its survey of the fascination scenery enriched by the profuse variety of fruits & shrubbery skilfully arranged & intermingled one with the other—reached the field of carnage, now covered with stalks of sugar cane & corn—the plane is here about one mile in breadth, perfectly level & widening with the course of the river—the only vestige of that day's glorious triumph of *Freedom* is the intrenchment extending from the shore of the Mississippi to an impassable swamp, being about one mile in length—this trench is about 10 or 12 feet in width by 4 or 5 in depth, in many places nearly filled—here then I stood & silently surveyed the scene, for this was a *wide field* for meditation: at this point the gallant foe was found in heaps of slain, here "blood burst & smoked around", here the cries & groans of the wounded & expiring were heard "as when a thousand ghosts shriek at once upon the hollow wind", there the British chieftain fell & yonder stand the two lonely trees where his remains were embalmed as a sad solace for the afflictions of kindred spirits in a foreign land—at a distance of one hundred & fifty yards in the rear of the entrenchment is the beautiful seat whence Gen'l Jackson viewed the battle raging, a spectator of the deeds of arms while Fame was weaving around his brow a chaplet of immortality too dazzling alas! for the visions of thousands boasting



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

themselves discerners of the intrinsic merits of man—when shall we be able to discriminate & know that “it is not all gold that glitters”? that there are things apparently all glorious in themselves that shine with but a borrowed lustre—light that is not their own. Returned.

Were detained in Orleans much longer than we anticipated—often disappointed in our prospects of leaving a city with which we had already become most heartily disgusted—some of us continually presenting to others the infectious mien of dejected *Ennuis*. To remove this made several visits to Miss C. W. (Wray) an interesting & intelligent young lady with whom I became acquainted in Cin. a few years previous; these visits were too ineffectual for frequent repetition—the eye, the ear, the taste for intellectual elegancies were agreeably entertained & delighted but ah! the Memory was but too much awakened & the heart grew sick—obtained some handsome specimens of this lady’s penmanship & poetic taste for my sister. Wrote six letters, four for Cin:—Query—Woodlawn of the Mound, hast thou *still* with thee more than an equal division?

Dec. 18th The comp’y purchase three eighths of a small schooner, the Little Zoe, burden 20 tons. 20th Cargo on board & Custom House clearance procured. Spirits once more light & buoyant. 22nd Saturday evening 5 o’clock, passengers all on board. “This hour we part, this hour our flutt’ring sails spread their white bosoms to the gentle gales”—the breezes slowly die away—the spirits sink—Land of my love, how lone am I! Friends of my heart, how lost! As a gondola that scarcely *wakes the tide* our little bark moves gently on toward her destined port—not so with the mind—the movements of its thoughts are retrograde and screened by a veil of “leaden gloom”; far beyond lies the beautiful scenery on the constituent loveliness of which it delights to dwell & revel & feast upon the sweets of pensive retrospect—the stars are in brilliant glow—the wind from the N. West grows high—about 11 o’clock at night under full sail the vessel strikes the shore where we are obliged to lie all night in great peril of our vessel as she lay in a whirlpool of the river, receiving against her side huge logs & trees borne on a current of unusual rapidity. In the morning the crew & passengers, fourteen men in all, succeed in getting her off. Sunday: have pretty favourable breezes—scenery nothing imposing, a flat prairie & swamp country on both sides—gratified with the majestic & beautiful appearances of many large vessels bearing for N. Orleans under full press of canvass. Land & take in wood for our voyage—tormented almost to madness by swarms of sand flies, a small insect or gnat more intolerable much than the musquito. This night strike the shore again a little below Fort Jackson, get off without damage, cast anchor within sound of the roaring of the sea. Monday morning: the sun unclouded rises & a bland breeze from the west promise us a delightful entrance into the “vasty deep.” Ascend the mast-head—the ocean is seen on both sides the river, the land appear-



ing as two great artificial banks or levees thrown up as barriers against the “meeting of the waters”—reach the Balize, river of great breadth—the eye is lost in its survey of extensive alluvial flats & watery surfaces—enter the S. West pass—most of the morning at the masthead charmed with the boundless & novel prospect, anxious for the moment when we should launch upon the broad bosom of the sea—met by a pilot boat, are conducted through the nine feet pass at 12 o’clock, delightfully wafted away on the gently undulating billows of the ocean amidst the smiles of the elements & sportive exhibitions of innumerable porpoises—the Mississippi waters distinguishable for fifteen or twenty miles at sea. Mr. Gregg is very sick ere the land is out of view. Water has now a beautiful sea-green hue. Monday evening: out of soundings, the sea is now of the deepest indigo, the swells increase & billows roll confusedly as tho’ there was an angry commotion at their unfathomable depths—the evening is yet without a moon & the stars twinkle & beam a soft & lovely lustre, a lively southern breeze springs up, our little bark glides swiftly o’er the waves, leaving apparently a fiery stream behind—this was to us a beautiful phenomenon—the vessel seemed to have stirred up myriads of animalcula that glowed in her wake as so many “sparks from smitten steel or nitrous grain the blaze.” The sea at this distance from shore is of the liveliest & deepest cerulean hue. Christmas day: very heavy rain in the morning for several hours, exposed to it all. Mr. Gregg & Andrew sick & vomiting as for a wager—sea pretty heavy, undulatory motion of the vessel very quick & sickening. Father commences a course of severe vomitings. A large brig heaves in sight all sail set & coming fast upon us—begin to talk of powder, lead, guns and pirates—brig nears us—hoists signal for us to come to—do so—find that she was a fine brig sixteen days from N. York bound to some point on Vermilion Bay with materials for the establishment of a Lighthouse—Capt’n apologises for our detention & sails off. Clouds are dispersed & sun again appears—sea still running high—feel somewhat unpleasant myself as did the whole comp’y but none so bad as to vomit saving those above mentioned—have no appetite for any thing. Laughing at poor Gregg upon whose forlorn & dejected countenance a smile had not dared to appear since his first greetings with the ocean—strove all of us to rally each other on the comparative excellencies of this Christmas day’s amusements, pleasures & social happiness with the fair. Saw some sea-fowl that seemed to have been driven off by the stormy winds. Another unpleasant night is laboured through. Sail on all Wednesday without any remarkable occurrence—saw some large trees which we determined should be & saluted them as old neighbours from the forests of Ohio & Kentucky—they were driving along with a fine breeze & strong current towards the shores of Texas tho’ too tardily for us & we were again without a neighbour. Our dogs three in number all sick & refuse to eat, but fight continually from pure peevishness.



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Thursday morning feel a return of appetite, feel a freshness in the breeze—the sea is of a green cast. About 9 o'clock the joyful cry of land is echoed round the deck—strain the eye & discern the breakers at the shore—great flocks of geese & ducks fly over us—think it to be Galveston island—coast along within sight. While sitting at breakfast a sudden squall of wind & heavy rain take us & turn over dishes & drench the whole of us—thought once we should capsize ere the sailors could furl sails—wind lulls in about an hour & rain ceases—clouds & fog disperse & we have a beautiful afternoon. Still in sight of land, come to an anchor early in the evening in 10 fathom water, powerful current running parallel with the land. Saw the sun as he appeared in the act of engulfing himself—shortly after the lovely star of evening gracefully descended the horizon after him & bathed her golden locks in the western tides, “whilst high amidst her silent orb the silver moon rolled clear”—the breeze was bland & the surface of the waters unruffled—there was a magnificence in this scenery, an imposing grandeur that seemed to rivet the soul & interest it to exercise all its faculties in contemplation of Him who arrayed them in all their splendour & gave to each his mighty energies—there was a corresponding calmness on the mind—all was quietude—the Capt'n had gone to his repose when about 9 o'clock the wind suddenly rose, the Capt'n was called & told the wind was favourable for sailing—the anchor is weighed—the sails set & we scud away—in about 15 minutes encounter a severe gale from the N. West—the sea becomes fearfully tumultuous—gale increases—top-sail is furled & sails reefed—billows rolling to a prodigious height—vessel lying on her side & riding majestically over the towering waves—a dutch passenger's hat & bible are blown away, he fastens himself to the ropes—we are all stretched across the deck—water dashes over upon us from bow to stern—suffer greatly from the cold—gale continues till morning—high winds till late in the day—find that we are blown off about 20 miles from the coast—discover smoke in several directions—supposed to be from the fires of Indian hunters—wind still from the land—beat up & down the coast till the evening of the next day when we discover the mouth of the pass leading into Galveston bay between the eastern point of Galveston island & Point Bolivar—after striking on the bar discover the channel leading into the harbour of the celebrated La Fitte—this is a deep & commodious harbour perfectly secure from any wind, having good anchorage—not knowing the channel we ran into a sand bank under full sail, next morning found that our vessel was on her side with not more than 18 inches water. Saturday evening four or five of us went ashore with our guns & lay till morning on the soft grass—not knowing that it was Sunday we rambled about shooting at geese, ducks & other water-fowl of the country which collect here in innumerable multitudes every morning to feed on marine substances that are left on the beach by the tide. Shot some fine large red fish which with our fowl & oysters afforded our craving appetites a banquet that was



most exquisitely delicious & savoury—not able to get our vessel off to day go on shore again in the evening, kindle a large fire of drift wood—none growing upon this point of the island—step a little distance to a small bayou where we gather loads of oysters—roast them & feast till feasting is a labour & we are invited to repose by “tired Nature’s sweet restorer—balmy sleep”. Monday morning see deer on the island—out shooting again—in the evening at flood tide succeed in hauling out into deep water—lay at anchor till tuesday morning—favourable breeze from the South, hoist sail & pursue the western channel running on the left of Pelican island, so called from the vast number of that species of bird that are continually seen on & about it—sailed many miles through water of five feet depth, our schooner drawing upwards of four & a half. Saw the wreck of the Rising-suns, lost when father was in this country last—discover the western pass leading into the ocean. Galveston island is about 30 or 40 miles in length varying from one to five in breadth & makes a fine hunting ground for several small tribes of Indians—anchor for the night in seven feet water—not much timber yet to be seen on the land—come in sight of the wreck of the Mary, a schooner of 100 tons burthen, lost three years since on Red fish bar, a dry shoal of sand, pebbles & shells reaching from one shore at Davis’ point to the other, fifteen or twenty miles in length & forming the dividing line between what are termed Galveston & Trinity Bays. This Bar is about twenty five miles from Point Bolivar—it has several channels connecting the Bays, the principal of which is about one mile from Davis’ point, having five fathom water immediately in the channel & a hard bar or shoal directly after passing through, upon which we struck in four & half feet water & dragged over into the Trinity, considered the safest & handsomest Bay on all the coast—discover Cedar Point directly ahead, it being about four or five miles to the right of the mouth of the rio San Jacinto for which we were steering. Anchored for the night about two miles off the mouth in 8 feet water. In the morning are visited by three men in a small boat, one of them (Major Taylor) an acquaintance of father—get favourable news—are piloted by them into the San Jacinto—strike on a bar at the entrance—haul off & anchor for the night—go ashore on father’s league known by the name of Hunter’s Point, a lovely spot of land surrounded by a beautifully picturesque scenery, decorated with groves of cedar, pine, magnolia &c, presenting a perpetual view of evergreen scenery & considered one of the handsomest situations in all the Colony—the bay on one side, the meandering San Jacinto or sacred hyacinth on another, the back of it prairie & timber standing in bodies & clusters like small islands of green upon the broad waste of ocean. At this season the surface of the waters are enlivened with vast shoals of water fowl from the majestic swan to the smallest fowl of that class—are amused & gratified in viewing them in their airy circles & graceful movements on the streams—shoot a number of different kinds which make dainty dishes for



our spare tables. Get a pilot & sail up this beautiful stream ten miles where we enter the mouth of Buffalo bayou—this is the most remarkable stream I have ever seen—at its junction with the San Jacinto is about 150 yds. in breadth, having about three fathoms water with little variation in depth as high up as Harrisburg, 20 miles—the ebbing & flowing of the tide is observable about 12 miles higher, the water being of navigable depth close up to each bank, giving to this most enchanting little stream the appearance of an artificial canal in the design & course of which Nature had lent her masterly hand, for its meanderings & beautiful curvatures seem to have been directed by a taste far too exquisite for human attainment—most of its course is bound in by timber & flowering shrubbery which overhang its grassy banks & dip & reflect their variegated hues in its unruffled waters—these impending shrubs are in places overtopped by the evergreen magnolia rising in the grandeur of its excellence to the reach of deserved preeminence where it unfolds its far-scented magnificence, softening to the eye of admiration the dazzling lustre of its expansive bloom by agreeable blendings with the deep sea-green of its umbrageous foliage. The banks of this stream are secured from the lavings of the water by what are here termed “cypress knees”—these are apparently exuberances of cypress roots & shoot up along the margin of the waters to the height of three & four feet & from 3 to 10 inches in diameter without leaf or branch; & so closely & regularly are they often found standing in lines as to resemble piles driven in purposely as security against the innovation of the tides. Often along these shady banks have I rowed my little skiff & wondered if ever some Bard had consecrated its border shades by a correspondent flow of song—if some native Ossian had ever breathed forth in his artless strains the dictates of an inspired Muse—I thought of other streams immortalized, & thought that this might by its enchanting beauties give immortality to some future Bard, for it cannot forever be “by fame neglected & unknown to song” & “creep inglorious like a vulgar stream.”

Harrisburg is laid out on the west side of this bayou just below its junction with Bray’s bayou—it is yet in the woods consisting of 6 or 8 houses scatteringly situated—the timber consisting principally of tall pine & oaks so excludes the prairie breezes as to render the Summer’s heat almost intolerable, but this can be the case but for a short time—being situated at the head of navigation without any local cause for unhealthiness & surrounded by a vast quantity of timber which in this country must prove immensely valuable, there is only wanted a population a little more dense & a few capitalists of enterprize & energy to render it one of the most important towns in the colony. Here then we safely landed on friday the 4th January 1828—we pass the winter in a small log pen, our fire in one corner—have a great deal of rain for five or six weeks—no snow & very little frost—in all as to weather the most delightful winter I ever lived through.



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Shoulder our axes & build a fine large warehouse with a shed dining room—move across Bray's bayou into it—now feel ourselves comfortable—sitting in our own house, the work of our own hands, & as the N Western winds blow cool & chill, encircling a large log heap at evening hour as a band of youthful brothers & as the spiral flames dispelled the gloom of night, so would we feel our cares, our secret griefs, dissipated by the genial influence of social converse—"Home! sweet home! receptacle of each fond tender tie that binds us to existence" this would be our theme. The winter passed away without the melioration of gentle woman's converse—there are it is true several married women, but these are seemingly of as rough a mould as their uncultivated & disagreeably rustic partners—there are but two unmarried females in this quarter, to me altogether unpossessed of the *winning* graces of which their sex is so susceptible. Several evenings the Doct'r and myself made efforts to soothe "the savage breasts" with "concord of sweet sounds", but we found but little or no "music in their souls." By the middle of March have about two acres of ground cleared & planted in cane, corn, beans & a variety of garden vegetables—purchase a couple of houses & cut large timber for another—tear down those standing & construct with the whole a raft, consisting of four houses with board & stuff sufficient to roof them—collect our farming utensils, kitchen furniture, bedding &c & prepare for a voyage of 30 miles on a raft to the mouth of the San Jacinto at Hunter's Point, our league—Dr Patrick, myself & cook Frank compose the crew—first day's sail 1 mile—next day 2 by working hard at the oars frequently against wind & tide—second night endure a thunder storm—very heavy rain—cold & wet through—walking the raft a great part of the night—body ill at ease but mind solacing itself in far distant lands. I go ashore & kill two fine fat turkies—catch a fish weighing about 20 lbs.—live well while these last—fourth day we have sunk so that half our deck is under water—meet a canoe bound for Harrisburg, send word for speedy assistance—same day meet the Sch'r Pomona from Orleans for the same Port, send further intelligence of our *distress*. Sunday—floating along—sun bearing down upon us with almost intolerable violence—land—our dog discovers a large rattle snake in the high grass—set fire to it—the wind rises & very soon the prairie for a considerable distance is one conflagration forming a truly appalling spectacle. In about half an hour great numbers of crows, daws, hawks & other carnivorous birds are hovering over this scene of destruction ready to devour the various animals found, ready roasted—a large alligator swims close up to the raft, lands among the rushes, attacks our dog which escapes—fire two guns at him without any other effect than to drive him off. The fifth night, after a day of toilsome labours, land & lie down to rest—about midnight are roused by human voices—are boarded by Capt'n Lindsav & Edward who had left Harrisburg that same evening at 8 o'clock & paddled a canoe 19 miles—our whole distance in a voyage of five days—by



this time our whole raft is under water except the two ends where boards were piled—next day by hard labour against a strong wind, reach the San Jacinto, 1 mile from where we were overtaken—at this place is kept a ferry by Mr Lynch, very hospitable & kind Yankees & acquaintances of Mr Loring of Cin. Here the surrounding country is very flat & void of timber immediately on the waters—we make our raft fast to a drifted tree & get into a yawl, make for the landing & go to cooking supper—a heavy S. E. gale springs up—the tide rises several feet in a very short time & carries away our raft—waves are rolling 3 or 4 ft. in height—we all 5 in number man our boat & come up with the raft driving rapidly before the wind—we jump on board—waves dashing 2 or 3 feet over it—a number of our logs are torn loose—are unable to get her ashore, our oars become unmanageable but one—are driven into old river—succeed in getting her behind a small point—by this time it is dark twilight—drive up close to an island of water flags—Lindsay & myself with the cable in hand jump in to the boat, make to the flags—thinking to leap on dry ground I spring out, am up to the middle in water, a deep mud bottom thick set with rushes—am follow'd by Lindsay—drag our boat but find no diminution of depth—have some apprehensions of alligators, seen here from 10 to 12 feet in length—run a pole into the mud & make fast—get on board again—beds & utensils in the meanwhile put into the yawl by the balance of the crew—here we lay tossing all night in continual expectation of our raft going to pieces—toward midnight the whole heavens are wrapt in darkness—never did I witness so awful a scene—the thunders rolled & the forked lightnings glaring through the gloom made “night hideous”—thick “darkness visible”—the cloud burst over us, but already drenched, we scarce heeded the descending torrents—about break of day the wind veered round to the N. West & then the billows struck us if aught more furiously—we knew this would soon blow out the tide & unless we escape soon our labours would be all lost—to work we went with poles, our raft which drew about 4½ ft. water dragging over the mud, lifted & dropped alternately by the waves—almost despairing to get her out we redoubled our exertions—Cap't Lindsay falls overboard—the sudden immersion into the cold water angrily dashing around him nearly proved fatal to him—I reach him my pole & gets aboard & to work again—we get round the point in a shattered condition & reach the San Jacinto—wind & tide fair we construct a sail & pass on without breakfast or change of raiment. I should have mentioned that after being *cast away* & making the harbour above, we felt nearly exhausted & wanted our suppers from which we had been so unfortunately driven about 1 mile—I agreed for one to venture the wind, darkness & the tide after it—poor Patrick who was nearly spent & sick with fatigue, agreed to go as steersman—leaving Lindsay & Edw'd to watch, I & Frank manned the oars—after turning the point & meeting the full force of wind & tide, we pulled our utmost for 10 minutes or more without any apparent



gain—but persevering we got under the opposite shore & reached the goal of our wishes—taking a hearty glass & full rations we loaded & embarked again, taking our faithful dog along who had trustfully watched over the provisions during our absence. To continue, we past on prosperously down the San Jacinto for about five miles when we struck on a bar, two or three jumping overboard to their necks & the balance with poles, we get off—our sail still up we pass briskly down—we enter a small bay at the river's mouth about 1 mile in breadth & several in length—here the wind having greater scope, a strong current & tide setting out & the waves rolling higher than any we have yet passed through, we are apprehensive of two dangers: the one of being dashed to pieces, the other of being carried out into the broad expanse of the Trinity Bay—however, not yet daunted we succeed by means of our sail & oars in reaching our destined port an hour before sun-set after a voyage of one week precisely from Harrisburg. We landed at Hunter's point about the last of March, and many an hour's talk & lively jest has this voyage afforded us—young men who had thought themselves *brought up*, thus to find that they in fact had “come down on a raft”—it was no small matter for lively reflection & humourous sallies on the comparative merits of past & present situations—our descriptions were to father rare food for merriment. Father & Gregg who had travelled down by land, meet us on the beach—we accompany them up to Doct'r Hunter's & spend the night.

Turn to making improvements, get our houses out of the water, establish ourselves in a small cabin about 10 ft. square open all round, admitting a free circulation of sea breezes—continue here about six weeks during which time we are hard labourers, living on coarse fare & subject to many inconveniences—we clear off about an acre of woods & briers—fence in about two acres, plough, dig & plant it in corn, potatoes & garden vegetables—and finish putting up & roofing a fine warehouse. The Rights of Man arrives—Gregg & Patrick return to Harrisburg. Lyndsay & I remain a few days longer—here I receive my first letters from the States, four at once—am quite another person—such joys come not oft to gild the darksome days of the wayworn traveller. One evening about an hour before sunset the Cap't & I load a small canoe with our little household matters, fix up a sail, take our dog Gunner aboard & set out for Harrisburg—we had not more than half crossed the little bay before spoken of, before a stiff southerly breeze springs—the white caps begin to foam angrily around us & once pitched over the bow of our frail little bark—I had command of helm & sail. Capt'n sitting in the bow—breeze driving us along so as to create some apprehensions—lose my steering oar—fortunately find another in the boat—night overtakes us—the breeze still brisk & lively—see some swan & a flamingo, the most beautiful of birds that float on water—deer also on the little islands that beautify the lovely San Jacinto—driving on at the rate of six knots, we several times narrowly



escape shipwreck upon snags & sawyers—reach Mr. Lynch's a little after his supper, having sailed 10 miles—they are very kind, Mrs. Lynch is quite a respectable & amiable woman—she & her husband came to this country in the same vessel with my unfortunate & lamented brother Nicholas—she spoke of him in the most flattering terms—departed spirit of an exalted mould, I felt it was but a tribute due to thy excellent worth! Next morning before 'tis light we sail—the wind soon falls & we have to ascend Buffalo bayou by force of paddles—breakfast four miles above at Capt'n Hiram's & reach Harrisburg at mid-noon all well.

Find that Father & Edwd had started some days previous with a load of goods for Sanfelipe—the Doctr, Capt'n, myself & cook Frank start with another waggon load for same place about the last of April which we reach the evening of secd day—distance fifty odd miles—we passed over very little land of productive fertility, most of the country being prairie—this prairie abounds with deer & mustangs or wild horses—it is beautiful to behold their lofty gambols & wild manoeuvres unconstrained & unshackled by the thralldom of Man. The grand prairie is here about 20 miles across, its length is said to be from 80 to 100 without a tree & scarce a shrub to obstruct the view—it is all clothed with grass from one to two feet in height—the eye in its wanderings is lost for a resting place & returns to the mind nought but the resemblance of a boundless ocean—its billows, the pliant bendings of successive swards before the unbroken blasts—its canopy the same cloudless azure of the skies or dark pavilion of the threatening storm. After passing through pine island, a small cluster of that species of timber, the first we reach for a distance of 15 miles & the only watering place for the same distance, we journey three miles before entering the Brassos bottom. This is a low flat black rich soil from five to 6 miles wide well timbered & in many places covered with impassible cane breaks—the greater part of this bottom is inundated by the overflowings of the Brassos River which happens at an average once in three years, sometimes two or three years in succession. It is a stream of prodigious rapidity & great depth when full—it is scarce 100 yds in breadth at Sanfelipe from bank to bank—Sanfelipe is situated on the west bank on a high rolling prairie that here runs in to the river—it is composed of about 20 houses principally of hewn logs—Col Austin's is quite a commodious & respectable dwelling. This town is centrally situated as the capital of Austin's Colony in latitude  $29^{\circ} 45'$ , long about  $97^{\circ} 30'$ —there is a great deal of excellent land in its vicinity, much of it unfortunately subject to destructive overflows—it is also a fine stock country—the choice lands tho' for cotton & sugar on this river lie about 20 miles above & commencing perhaps at the same distance below, from there down to the sea board where lies the best land & being on tide much of it, is not inundated. Vessels do not yet approach nearer than within 60 miles of Sanfelipe, but at a small expense can be



rendered navigable for small steam vessels the whole distance up 160 miles by water & 80 by land from the sea board. San Felipe can not be called a healthy place because of the inundations of country around by the River—this generally takes place in May—another cause is the prevailing South East winds blowing over a large portion of these stagnations must bear with it miasmata sufficient to affect of itself the health of the place—it is thought that these causes may in a great measure be deprived of their baneful effects. There is however very little sickness prevailing this year—many attribute it principally to the great drought which commenced immediately after the overflow & still continues—notwithstanding these natural causes so powerfully operative against the colonial planter, there is more than one individual on this *Mississippi of Texas*, as the Brassos may be well termed if small things may be compared with great, who will turn out more than 100 bales of cotton, & sugar cane proportionally—it is thought there will be a sufficiency of sugar made this year to supply both colonies—Austin's & De Witt's—tho' in the former alone the census of last Spring makes a total of 3,000 souls. There are several planters already engaged in erecting sugar mills & they have resolved to dispose of it at 10 cts, this is cheaper than it can be sold at here by purchasers & shippers from N. Orleans—Many have their cotton gins in operation & the establishment of a cotton factory is already agitated. Here also is raised some of the fattest & most delicious beef & bacon in the world at no expense nor trouble, the grass of the prairies & mast of the bottoms makes it all—salt is made abundantly & sold remarkably low & the waters abound with the finest fish, oysters, crabs, turtles &c—the forests with Buffalo, deer, bear et cetera. The Society of San Felipe is fast improving—the laws are becoming better known & more rigidly enforced & the Colony fast disgorging itself of that corruption & moral depravity so prevalent in the first establishment of colonial communities. The colonists have no fixed code of laws as yet—their legal proceedings are regulated after the common & municipal laws of the United States of N. A.—what statutory provisions they have hitherto recd from Saltillo, capital of the State of Coahuila & Texas, are modelled after the Civil or old Roman Laws—it being a constitutional provision there shall be no other courts than courts military & ecclesiastical—this is bringing into practice here the Code of Louisiana. The young society of San Felipe consists of two or three married ladies young & old, 3 or four widows young & old, two or three young ladies—these compose the first class or *higher circle* & very respectable & measurably interesting folks they are; from amongst whom as the head of the *Ton* I would name Mrs. Long, widow of Genl Long, shot in the City of Mexico six or eight years since—a short sketch of this lady must suffice for them all. In person, she is tall forming what is called a beautiful figure, presenting the conformation of a delicate female endued with the energies



of masculine vigour yet moving with a grace that is truly & wholly feminine—her countenance tho' not expressive of the fire of genius nor the striking energies of more than ordinarily effective talents yet is highly interesting—her features are regular—her aspect smiling—her eyes sparkling—her tongue not too pliant for a female, being kept in admirable subjection to her excellent understanding—almost ever pouring forth the vivifying humours of her lively spirit & consequently very engaging in all her conversations—as she will now command all your sympathies in an artless & moving detail of personal privations & sufferings such as the hearer is ready to believe few such frames ever encountered & lived under—now she will fascinate her auditors by the ease & fluency with which she can descant upon general topics—addressed by the beau, the fop or gallant, he does not find her out of her *forte*—a gay widow of about 35 she is agreeable where & when & as the manner & disposition of her company requires. She has one daughter—a beautiful little girl of about 12 or 13. Mrs. Long is now residing with her brother in law, Majr Calvit at the mouth of the Brassos. The most respectable portion of the male society consists of about eight or ten, married, batchelors & young men, four or five of whom are lawyers. Col. Austin is a small spare little old batchelor without any remarkable intellectual qualifications, of rather a dry & reserved disposition tho' possessed of excellent common sense & considerable general information; altogether well qualified to be the founder of a Colony.

Mr. Gregg withdraws from the Co & connects himself with some connexions of his on the Guadalupe. We purchase thirty odd beeves & make preparations all of us, except Andw who remains at Harrisburg, to drive them to San Antonio market—are prevented by the rise of the Brassos from crossing them. I volunteer to return to the mouth of the San Jacinto for necessary articles that had been neglected. Young Eaton from Chilicothe Ohio accompanies me as far as Harrisburg. We have a large Bayou to cross, at this time filled by back water from the river & widened 100 yds, he plunges in & 30 steps from shore he & his horse become entangled—he swims out & with great difficulty the horse is saved—presently there come up a couple of Spaniards, we construct a small raft of brush &c to bear our saddles, baggage &c, drive in our horses & swim over. These Spaniards were soldiers of Genl Teranne's (Teràn's) escort, commissioner of the Mexican Republic, to meet at Natchitoches the United States' commissioner for the purpose of determining the dividing line between the two governments. This Genl's escort consisted of 35 soldiers & a number of attendant mechanics & servants, also a botanist & astronomer—they were several weeks at Sanfelipe. The Genl's coach was a remarkably curious construction, after the fashion of the capital city—what that fashion is or was cannot be understood without a view of the indescribable machine—suffice it to say that the long vista which



discovers to the mind's eye the gradual advancement of civilization, arts & sciences show'd me the unseemly vehicle standing in its proper place—a splendid specimen of the ingenuity & cunning workmanship of man when the last shades of the dark ages were vanishing from before the dawning of the intellectual world. It was of a prodigious size, two or three feet wider than ours—constructed of huge pieces of timber much carved, inlaid & plated with silver—the hinder wheels larger than those of Cin. & those before little superior to that of a wheel-barrow. But to our journey—we travel on wet & cold as night approaches, roads very muddy, drop down in the midst of the Grand Prairie, spread our blankets & slumber the night away—next evening reach Harrisburg after a complete soaking from a heavy shower—next day pass on alone—have another bayou to swim—reach the Point—vegetables & peas we had planted, flourishing finely—had a long search thro' the cedar groves after a small pocket book supposed to have been dropped by me & which for its &c &c thought invaluable—find it not. Next day Dr Hunter accompanies me, swim again the Bayou, a large Alligator floating near, a very invigorating circumstance—travel on till we reach the bayou near the Brassos—here we have to raft & swim again—push on a new track thro' the Brassos bottom—darkness overtakes us—never was I in such a dismal place—nothing but a small horse path—the large cane meeting above our heads form one continual arch—the eyes kept mostly closed & body bent forward to force a passage—reach the river almost famished, find it swollen to an unusual height & far extending over the lowlands, by means of a canoe the ferryman takes us to his little hut surrounded by water—gives us some supper—in the morning enter Sanfelipe having rode 160 miles.

About the middle of June the river has fallen & the bottom becomes passable, Capt'n Lindsay, Dr. Patrick & hirelings cross over to collect our beeves—weather very hot & oppressive—great difficulty in driving cattle thro' the bottoms—get but a few over at one time, the others escaping & getting back—I am taken down with the fever—company return for the cattle, Edward in company—they drive them 20 miles up the river to cross—my fever continues, have shakes or chills—am visited by Mrs. Calvit & Mrs. Long in our Hall of Batchelors—my feelings for such kindness were indescribable—the first females I had seen from the first attack—am considerably restored by it & in a few days after walking about—cattle are most of them brot over. In course of a week I set out with the Capt'n to hunt the remainder, we get lost in the bottom, finally get out—discover the cattle—set out again & in one day ride 50 miles thro the scorching, treeless prairies, & two days in the dismal wilds of the Brassos bottom—at length get all our cattle over the river. Dr. Patrick has a slight attack & recovers—about the 1st of July my dear brother E- & I are attacked with the fever brot. on by our extreme exposures & fatigues—on the 5th



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Lyndsay & Patrick start with the cattle for San Antonio—on the 4th July a great ball is given about 20 miles off, made up by subscription of the colonists in honour of that day so glorious for what they still feel to be *their Country*—my dear brother & I lying lonely side by side on our cheerless palates, none but father with us—on the night of the 5th I receive a letter dated 7th April, it were vain to attempt an expression of its effects situated as we were—two days after I am able to ride about & gather strength very rapidly—am able to attend on brother—he is able to ride a little morning & evening—thursday evening he called at Mrs. Wilkin's—presented Miss Jane with a couple of sheets of favorite songs—friday morning 11th he rides about 1 mile to a spring & back—falls on his palate quite exhausted. For several days previous to this, in my solitary rides over the prairies, I seemed to have a presentiment that his death was near at hand—the thought was ever in my mind—had he complained of suffering & audibly mourned his afflictions, I should have felt more easy—but no, no, like the solemn stillness that precedes the tempest, so did he seem to be awaiting the dissolution of soul & body—the patience of the Christian, the pious resignation of the believer being beautifully exemplified in & throughout his last series of afflictions—his fever continued rising till about the middle of the day—father & I sit by him—he could not speak without the greatest pain—father asked him where he felt most pain—with broken catches he answered “throughout—my—whole—system”. Shortly after he became somewhat delirious—got up & walked into a room for water—lead him back—he sat up—I sat behind him & supported him for awhile on my breast in an agony of sorrow—father groaned aloud as he contemplated us—I laid him down—he complained of a great pain in his limbs—rose up & sat again—looked at father & exclaimed “the lambs ought to be gathered”. I was sensible at the time that his rational powers were affected by the fever, yet was this exclamation to me a consoling indication of what but a short time previous had been the joyous tenor of his thoughts. Dr. Nuckols arrives—attempts to stimulate, but the hand of Death was already on him—father & I both called on him—he became roused—we asked him, did he know the Dr.—from the manner in which he turned his head & looked upon him I was satisfied he was perfectly sensible—father & I had hold of his hands—he then turned his eyes on his beloved father for a few minutes—then turned them on me with a feeble farewell pressure of his cold hand—withdrew his eyes—fixed them on the heavens & in a few minutes we perceived that he breathed no more. Farewell! Edward, thou most dutiful & affectionate of sons; thou tenderest of brothers; truest of friends; most guileless of the children of men—short were the wanderings of thy pilgrimage, but they were toilsome, mingled with sorrows, leading from the home of thy kindred—thou hadst no mother, no sister, no gentle voice of womankind to smooth thy passage to



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the tomb, but thou hadst the tenderest of fathers, the most affectionate of brothers—O, Edward, thou hadst Him who sticketh closer than a brother—so that we rejoice in believing that, tho' thou hast fallen asleep in a far distant land, far from "the scenes of thy juvenile days"—one of a little community budding in the wilderness—"thy last days were thy best days"—"Let me die the death of the righteous & let my last end be like his"!

He died on friday evening about an hour & half before sunset—Saturday evening was buried attended by all the citizens male & female who had had an opportunity of knowing how to appreciate his merits & who with one sentiment of respect paid this last mournful tribute to the worth & memory of the amiable, the youthful stranger. Sunday I write the melancholy circumstances to my dear, only brother. Father & I commence boarding at Mr. Whiteside's—in a few days father takes sick—he took my hand & with tearful eyes said "I fear we have been here too long"—what a volume did these few words speak to my soul! upon which a deadly apathy had seemed to have seized—I did not weep, I did not speak, but stood alone like a blasted trunk already stripped of its branches, braving the thunderbolts, heedless of the storm. With the attention of the Dr. & timely use of restoratives, he is stirring about in a week's time. Isaac B. Desha is lying in the house at same time sick & a prisoner—he had been apprehended some weeks previous for the murder of a Mr. Early from Ohio whom he followed to this country for his money—they land on our league at the mouth of the San Jacinto last spring when we were at work there—they then came on to San Felipe where they remained till we arrived. Desha called himself Parker—he & Early then started alone for San Antonio—at Gonzales (90 miles from San Felipe) Desha was alone—staid a few days there & went on to San Antonio—returned to San Felipe sick—told different tales as to Early & was shortly after apprehended. On the 23rd father is able to ride, about sunset same day we start for San Antonio, father with a brace of pistols & I with a rifle leading a pack mule—we travel by moonlight till one o'clock & lay down in the prairie till morning—about mid-day reach Judge Cumming's on the Colorado—father is quite exhausted & overcome by the excessive heat of the sun—remain here till next day—Judge has a fine young orchard of peach trees—peaches just ripening—has a rich & valuable farm prairie; & bottom land finely timbered. Start again—cross the Colorado—this is another rapid stream somewhat less than the Brassos & very seldom overflowing its banks—it is a much shorter river than the Brassos & the country much healthier—we put up at Mr. Beeson's—this part of the Colorado is about 25 miles from the Brassos & becoming quite populous—as well as the last named stream it has a grist mill on it & the frame of a sawmill—meet with a large company of Tonkaway Indians at Beeson's, a friendly small tribe. Journey



on thro prairie land five miles to Scull-creek, so called from a murder there committed 6 or 7 years since—find no water—a dismal savage looking place—turn my head round & see an Indian with his rifle close up behind father—tell him of it—he turns round & salutes him—find him to be a Tonkaway hunter—he soon strikes off into the woods & we pass on through a country thinly covered with post oak—find no water till we have travelled 17 miles from Beeson's—this is the first branch of the Navidad (nativity)—here we unpack, turn out our horses, strike up a fire, cook our breakfast & dinner—rest about three hours—start again—cross the main branch of the Navidad, a small branch at this distance from the gulph into which it empties—good timber on it—continue on through a post oak country, soil generally thin & sandy tho' well clothed with grass, reach the main branch of the rio La Vaca (cow river) this is also a mere branch & forms the western boundary of Austin's Colony, the dividing line between him & DeWitt—cross it & ascend a high & extensive prairie—the view here is almost boundless, the breeze is strong, bracing & delightfully exhilarating—Father fancied he could almost taste its sweetness—the eye is charmed with the loveliness and grandeur of the prospect that here so opens on it—the deer & wild horses playing before us—the latter more especially with arched necks, lofty heads, their manes & tails given to the winds, the regularity of their movements with a sudden wheel like thought, & the wild terror issuing from their nostrils, all tending to remind us of Job's war horse "clothed in thunder & swallowing up the ground" these give an animation & lively zest to the scenery that makes the whole superior far to description—these prairies are interspersed with what are termed islands of timber charmingly variegating & destroying what would otherwise be a monotony of undulations in the prairie—we cross a second branch of the last named stream—a mile further & we camp at the third fork—we lie under a large tree with a fine fire, the wolves keeping a terrific howling around us throughout the night—this is the principal Indian range—many have been robbed of money & horses—in the morning have a strong pot of coffee & start—this day travel thro' the loveliest country I have ever seen—the greatest stretch of my imagination never pictured a scene to be compared with this—we cross a 4th & fifth branch of the La Vaca—the last of which stands in deep pools of the purest sweetest clearest water I ever beheld, I stood on the bank & on the clean white rock about 10 ft below the surface I could have seen a pin—these pools are full of trout & sunfish—it is a most pleasing and grateful thing to contemplate them, throwing in little matter to them & seeing them darting about thro the amber-like fluid—art has had nothing to do here. Nature seems to have chosen this region for her own fanciful pleasure works.

After passing this last branch of the La Vaca we ascend a very high prairie—the scenery here as much surpassed the



former day's as that did any I had before seen. I will not attempt to describe but only say that there are in Cin. about half a dozen young persons, ladies & gentlemen, whom I then wished with me—they are lovers of the sublime & the beautiful & with such, how delightful would have been the pictures of that day, as they seemed freshly touched by the inimitable hand of Nature. We ride on about 9 miles thro this high prairie land when we enter post oak woods which continue on to Gonzales on the rio Guadalupe—we arrive at Peach Creek within 8 miles of Gonzales, here we find 6 or 7 men from San Felipe come to this place purposely to search for the bones of Early—our compy had found part of his clothes in said creek as they passed on—we stop & get coffee & venison—these men had found a scull bone but nothing more—we saddle up & go on over a stony piece of ground for several miles, then thro' a most lovely post oak woods open, green with long grass & abounding with deer—by sunset reach Gonzalez—find Capt'n Lindsay & Dr. Patrick lying prostrate with raging fevers—they had been there in that situation nearly a week—the Capt'n was lying on a scaffold in a little arbor of trees, the Doctr on the loft of a miserable hut burning up with the sun & fever. Father continues with them a couple of days, is much recruited & starts on with a traveller after the cattle which a few days previous had been driven on by Mr. Gregg & hirelings. I remain to nurse the sick—Doctr more particularly becomes fearfully alarmed—after two weeks Mr. Urban's goods come on—we get the Capt'n into one waggon—the Dr. is sufficiently recovered to ride on horseback in Co with the waggons. I start—have a wild animal to ride, a pack to manage & the sick to attend to, but the fatigues, the exposures, privations of natural rest that I was compelled to undergo is past & will not be attempted here in detail—we were seven days from Gonzales to San Antonio—distance 76 miles—the country between these two places is principally a wild sandy broken woodland country indifferently watered, commencing with the Guadalupe—a narrow but deep & rapid stream of great length & pure limpid waters—Gonzales stands on its banks, the capital of De Witt's Colony, composed of 6 or 7 log pens—two leagues westward of the Guadalupe runs De Witt's western boundary line, making the whole Colony between 40 & 50 miles in breadth & 100 in length, running down to within 10 leagues of the sea coast—it contains a great deal of beautiful country, high, rolling & healthy tho' but a comparatively small portion is of great fertility. On the river St. Marks, which empties into the Guadalupe 3 miles above Gonzales, there are many great mill seats the water power being very great—this Colony contains but few settlers nor can it be expected to flourish under its present Empresario, Col. De Witt. This man has been raised among the pioneers of the Western states, is well acquainted with Indian manners, customs & modes of warfare—his has ever been an unre-



strained life with regard to morals & religion—his situations have necessarily exposed & as it were compelled him to class & associate with those bold independent & but too loose & dissipated tho' brave & dauntless sons of Liberty, introductors of civilization. Yet has the Col. been much in refined society—his education is considerable & his natural powers of intellect strong & vigorous, sufficiently so to render him well qualified for his station—but alas, dissipation, neglectful indolence have destroyed his energies & are rendering in a great measure abortive the efforts of his colonizing assistants—he is tho' much of a gentleman & like his most excellent Lady is very kind & hospitable to strangers. To our journey—we come to no more streams till we reach the Sewully (Buffalo river) [Cíbolo] fifty miles from the Guadalupe—what water lies between is only that which is found standing in deep holes formed by drains or sluices by which the superabundant waters are carried off in rainy seasons—these holes are 12, 13 & 16 miles apart—between the two last named rivers the country is high & mostly sandy & thinly wooded—there is one stretch of 8 or 9 miles which seems to be one immense hill of the finest unmixed sand—I could compare our march thro' it to nothing but a slow journeying thro' a deep dry frosty snow, tho' widely differing in several respects—the excessive labour & fatigue to our animals & the suffocating heat—it was early in Augt we travelled along here—these Summer skies are unclouded & the sun's powerfully reflected heat was preserved unchanged in temperature by the stunted growth of post oak, black Jack & hickory that stands low, bushy but thinly over this great scorching sand bank—I really think the burning wastes of Africa would be but little more intolerable to the thirsty traveller, were it not for the grassy verdure which I found to my astonishment every where growing in luxurious bunches out of this seemingly sterile unproductive portion of the earth—these bunches spring up at distances of 1, 2 & 4 ft so that when the eye is placed near to the earth the whole country seems one compact surface of the most beautiful green—we were nearly a whole day getting thro' this *fluid earth*, admitting the term, for the sake of expression. It was in this dreary region I feared we should have to bury Capt'n Lindsay—and such were the Dr's apprehensions would be his own fate—here also & every additional day seemed to prove to me that my own constitution had undergone a radical revolution, for notwithstanding my weakness at Gonzales & labours daily & nightly, my copious perspirations, I seemed daily & almost hourly to strengthen & even to fatten—these causes, tho' much more lightly operative, ever produced contrary effects in the summer seasons in the more northen latitude where I resided—upon the whole, as a result, I really feel myself already acclimated tho' not yet wedded to Texas.

We lie two days at the Seawully—this stream has but little water in the Summer or dry seasons, its valley extends to a



considerable distance on each side, is rich in soil & no doubt a healthy country—it is entirely unsettled. My patients experience a change greatly for the better—I take the Dr. into the river, in the height of his fever & give him a complete bathing. Start on again—meet some of the drivers of our cattle from S. Antonio—inform us of Mr. Gregg's extremely low state & that on the banks of the Seawully they expected to dig his grave—from this stream on about 10 miles we pass over a lovely country abounding with deer, bear, mustangs &c—we then traverse a barren broken country for five or six miles, when we enter upon what is here called Musquite prairie—this is a very thin soil producing a short delicate nutritious grass—the musquite tree seems to be a species of the honey locust, bearing a resemblance in the leaf & producing a long delicate thorn, also a sweet pod in shape like that of the small black-eyed pea—the trunk & growth of the branches are more after the form & appearance of the peach, & indeed at a distance the whole prairie or country seems like one immense peach orchard, now on the decline having outlived Earth's giant race who strode over this region dropping a seed at every 10-yard stride. The first appearance of this tree in travelling westward from the States is at Peach Creek near Gonzales. We cross the Salou (Salado) a small stream within five miles of San Antonio—musquite prairie continues—the earth here is covered with small smooth grey flint stones from an ounce to two or three pounds in size—the land is ascending for a couple of miles when we are on an exceeding high country—two miles further & we come to a Spanish fort & magazine commenced some years since & left unfinished—this stands on the summit of the circular ridge within one mile of San Antonio, commanding a view of the town & the vast plain on which it stands—from this spot San Antonio has a very striking resemblance to one of Uncle Sam's handsomest & largest country villages—the curious traveller feels stimulated to urge on his jaded steed, satisfied from this *first blush* that he shall be transported with a nearer view of its proportions, its lofty domes, its elegant simplicity & natural beauties—he hurriedly descends the eminence in a fever of body & mind, comes to a little canal which he beholds with rapture extending itself abroad o'er the thirsty land & watering beautifully verdant & flourishing fields of corn—enters a regular avenue of huge cotton wood trees—thinks of the grand avenue leading to U. Sam's house—asks who it was who so slandered this people by saying that they are but little superior to the lowest grade of the human family—surely the labour & utility of these canals, the beauty & taste displayed in the planting of this avenue is a flat contradiction to it all—he passes on thro' the midst of this friendly shade—on the right stands a massy pile of ruins—for what purpose were these stones piled one upon another & why were they thrown down—this he discovers was one of the strongholds of Popish delusion, in which the Royalists in



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1810-11 sought refuge from the avenging fury of the Patriots who battered down the mighty walls with their cannon—it is now a garrison—a few yds before him he sees the exceedingly serpentine San Antonio coming winding around the town & gliding by as if hurried with important despatches to the Gulph of Mexico—he looks with mortification & disgust at the order of architecture which suddenly presents itself on his left—he crosses the little river & beholds the same wigwam style of building which constitutes the principal part of the town—he proceeds on, finds that the streets intersect each other very irregularly, presently enters the public Square, this is laid off at right angles being about 150 by 300 yards, in the centre of which stands the Church, a large clumsy stone building that seems to have been standing for centuries. It has a steeple of the same materials, very well modelled of octagonal form—in this is hung 2 bells kettle-toned & of different sizes—these have their tongues tied with ropes & are made to bellow most horribly by two barbarous boys who stand close by & jirk these engines of torture to the utter dismay & confusion of the astounded stranger perhaps 40 times per diem—this Church has also a sky light dome at the opposite end. In the midst of this Square the traveller stands & contemplates the buildings around him—he had before entering been disgusted with their dwellings that first met [his eye]—being formed of branches of the Musquite tree set up end ways in all the zigzag varieties of their growth, having the interstices daubed with mud—these *hollow squares* are thatched over with the swamp flag & stand ready to receive their inhabitants who carry in a few chests, a palate or two & some dried skins & the mansion is furnished. But the public square presents to the strangers eye a more solemn picture, each side is formed of one unbroken solid wall except where the streets pass through—these walls have doors at neighbourly or family distances, opening into what may more properly be termed cells than rooms, as few of them have windows, none indeed have sashes nor is there a pane of glass in the town—they seem more like port holes than windows, having bars like a prison grate, or dark shutters—these walls show no roof above them but seem to stand as we may suppose do the ruins of an earth-shaken or sacked & burnt city after the buildings had been battered down to the last story by a destroying & victorious enemy—these walls are about 18 or 20 ft in height, the roof is invisible from the outside, is formed of huge cedar logs as rafters on which are laid small boards—these beams have a descending inclination from the back walls outwardly so as to rest upon the front walls about 2½ ft below their height—the roof is then covered with a cement from 8 inches to a foot in thickness from off which the rain is conducted by wooden troughs passing thro' the walls & projecting 3 or 4 ft. into the square. Thro' this square & the heart of the town runs a canal for the purpose of watering the garden lots, as the water by small out-



lets may be conducted from this to all parts of the place—the traveller hears around him a confusion of unknown tongues, the red natives of the forests in their different guttural dialects, the swarthy Spaniard of a scarce brighter hue, the voluble Frenchman, a small number of the sons of Green Erin, & a goodly few of Uncle Sam's Nephews or half expatriated sons—he feels himself now for the first time in his life a stranger truly in a foreign land and enters a door for a short residence that he may discover something more of this people—but what he has seen we will let him make known in his own proper person. I find that Father has obtained a house & opened his goods—Mr. Gregg is convalescent, tho' like Lyndsay & Patrick, continues in a very debilitated state—business tolerably brisk, profits moderate—some difficulty in dealing with the Mexicans, not understanding their language—form an acquaintance with two or three families—become somewhat a favourite with our landlady who has two pretty daughters—accompany them several times to the fandangos—waltzes & reels the principal forms of dance among them—always performed in the streets—Men do not select their partners—this is more gallantly left to the ladies—the former placing themselves in a line on the floor & when the latter arise & face the object of their choice, it sometimes happens that two or more make the same selection & then there is a good deal of elbowing among the fair ones—there are always managers to regulate matters. Often solicited but never participate in the intricacies & mazes of their figures. Delicacy forms but a small part of female character in San Antonio—their very language seems almost to forbid the cultivation of this most beautiful of the Graces—unmarried girls are very vigilantly kept from all intercourse whatever with the other sex unless one of the parents be present—soon as married they are scarcely the same creatures, giving the freest indulgence to their naturally gay & enthusiastic dispositions as if liberated from all moral restraint. The complexion of the native Mexican is a shade brighter than that of the aborigines of the country—the men are not generally well formed in feature or person—are extremely ignorant in all the advanced arts of civilization, the majority not being able to read—they are astonishingly expert in the management of horses, not surpassed perhaps by any other people on the Globe. They are completely the slaves of Popish superstition & despotism—distinguished for their knavery & breach of faith. The softer sex are generally handsome in person & regular in feature & of rather a brighter hue than the men—eyes black, sparkling, holding most intelligent converse when disposed in the still language of the affections—wear long black hair handsomely adjusted into curls & puffs on public occasions—they are remarkably addicted to dress & jewelry & on festal occasions appear as richly arrayed as any females I have ever seen, exhibiting no small degree of taste & are certainly among the vainest of their sex—but all this show lasts



no longer than till they reach their homes, where they instantly appear as if they might soon be numbered on the charity list. The Gochapines [Cachupines] or European Spaniards that dwell among them are exceptions to these remarks—these are mostly intelligent & wealthy—became acquainted with a daughter of one of them and often have I regretted my ignorance of their bewitching language—she was of the middle size, her person of the finest symmetry, moving through the mazes of the fandango with all the graces that distinguish superiority of person, of mind & of soul—her face was perhaps not sufficiently oval to be of that form most admired as the model of beauty—her features were beautiful, forming in their combination an expression that fixed the eye of the observer as with a spell—her complexion was of the loveliest, the snowy brightness of her well turned forehead beautifully contrasting with the carnation tints of her cheeks—a succession of smiles were continually sporting around her mouth, her pouting cherry lips were irresistible & even when closed seemed to have utterance—her eye, but I have no such language as seemed to be spoken by it else might I tell how dangerous was it to meet its lustre & feel its quick thrilling scrutiny of the heart as tho' the very fire of its expression was conveyed with its beamings. I felt lonely & sad as a stranger in that place & a vision so lovely coming so unexpectedly before me could not fail to awaken tender recollections & altogether make an impression not soon to be forgotten.

The 16th of Sept., the anniversary of the Declaration of Mexican Independence, was celebrated with a great deal of order & unanimity & considerable enthusiasm of feeling. A stage was erected in the public square very much resembling a huge bedstead with a tester & curtains reaching down like drapery to the platform & made fast to the four posts at the tops of which were flying their own National flag, that of the United States, of Great Britain & of France—while that of Old Spain formed a carpeting for the staircase ascending to the stage. The soldiery & citizens both ladies & gentlemen paraded the streets in the afternoon, in the evening an oration was delivered from the stage by a Priest—was told it was an excellent & patriotic composition, but I thought badly delivered & apparently with but very little effect on the multitude—a large table was set covered with wines & other liquors, sweetmeats &c “*pro bono publico*”—The Square was then lighted up with lamps & candles & every thing cleared off for the enjoyment of the “dearly loved fandango”, five or six setts at it at once—never before did I witness so large a collection of such happy beings. Thus passed off their day of Independence. Continue to be myself “chief cook & bottle washer” for our company of invalids in San Antonio—have some amusements in teaching the girls A.B.C. & learning their language with them—old lady no longer afraid to trust them to my discretion—have opportunities of witnessing their manner of



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living—every family has in the yard an oven built in form of a cone solely for the purpose of roasting the heads, legs & tails of animals—on such occasions all the connexion round are invited, skins are spread on the earth, when these delicacies are thrown down in the centre of the waiting circles, and every one that is fortunate enough to have a knife makes a lively use of it till the whole head is fairly demolished & as many of the legs as can be possibly crowded after it. When they have to pay for their meat in market a very little is made to suffice a family, it is generally cut into a kind of hash with nearly as many peppers as there are pieces of meat—this is all stewed together. The way in which they obtain their bread is worthy of notice—they raise only Indian corn, this is soaked in lime or lye till the rind of the grain is taken off, it is then ground on a concave stone about 12 inches wide & 20 in length with legs cut to it 6 or 8 inches long, the hinder being somewhat longest so as to give the stone an inclination from the body of the grinder—a handful of corn is laid on this & masticated with another stone resembling a roller but cut so as to fit the concavity, this operation is always performed by the women & in a kneeling posture—they generally go over it a third time—if they wish to treat their friends with very white bread the whole family gather round the pot of corn & grain by grain bite off the little black speck at the end of the germ—when the dough is already a small portion at a time is taken & patted in the hands till thin as a flannel cake—this cake making operation is always accompanied with tunes & words that seem peculiarly to chime in with the patting ceremony, it reminded me very much of our tuneful ladies in a *finery-starching* scene. These cakes are baked on sheet iron & when eaten hot with butter or gravy are very palatable, but soon get tough—they answer the natives for spoons with which they all dip into the same dish of meat & peppers prepared as above, one spoon not lasting longer than to supply with two mouthfuls when a new one is made use of. Very few families are supplied with the common necessary kitchen & household utensils, not even with chairs, sitting on skins spread upon the earthen floors of their dwellings—thus live the commonalty throughout the northern provinces of Mexico.

The population of San Antonio is differently estimated from three to five thousand—they must rapidly improve with their increasing intercourse with the Americans. There is kept up here a garrison of three or four hundred soldiers for the defence of the place against the Indians but more particularly that very powerful tribe the Cumanches who are supposed to be 6 or 7,000 warriors strong & are continually at war with the Mexicans in some one part of the Province of Texas. Saw about 20 or 30 of this tribe, who came in to trade—they are fine looking men & the largest in frame considered collectively, I ever saw—are remarkably proud & overbearing toward the Mexicans whom they heartily despise. Always on horseback



in their travels & warfare, are expert horsemen, use the bow, the lance & the shield, not having many firearms among them—their mode of attack is generally by arranging the lances in front, the guns in the centre & bows in the rear, their horses at full speed accompanied with the fury & yellings of demons—they are among the bravest & most warlike of the Mexican tribes, friendly in their disposition toward Americans & dreading the deadly rifle. The Lapans [Lipans] are a branch of the Cumanches & the next most formidable tribe in Texas. These two tribes range from the Brassos River to the Rio Grande & the mountainous country south of Santa Fee but are rarely known to molest American traders in those countries. Have abundance of figs, peaches & melons here—very little attention paid to the cultivation of fruits tho' it is a climate very congenial to most of tropical productions. Fall from a grape tree, very seriously hurt. Sell off our goods at auction, make arrangements for journeying to the east. Take a ride with Capt'n Lindsay toward the head of the San Antonio river which rises 6 or 7 miles above the town or rather gushes a full sized river of the lesser magnitude from under one of the immense hills north of the town—we become bewildered among the hills, woods & ravines & are disappointed in seeing the romantic spectacle but feel in a measure compensated by witnessing a few miles farther N the most picturesque & pleasing scenes of country that ever gratified our views—immense hills, extensive vales, barren rocks, luxuriance of verdure, deer starting up from before us & bounding over the adjacent landscape, blue mountains towering in the distance, as it were to shut out the view of infinitude, the whole lovely in its original wildness & most impressively imposing in sublimity—such is the scenery around San Antonio, forming an immense & complete amphitheatre 6 or 7 miles in diameter, within which nearly the whole plain is a rich & productive soil & may be watered at any time of the year by canals of little expense from the San Antonio river—certainly there never was a stream better calculated for the purpose of manufacturing machinery—but all is in the possession of a people too ignorant & indolent for enterprise & too poor & *dependent*, were they otherwise capacitated. Begin to understand the “common parlance” of the place tolerably well—landlady & girls most willing to assist me—am asked all about *my country*, how far to it, how many relations I have, what religion they profess—tell them some were Roman Catholics, greatly delighted—By the by, this family are pretty strict in the observance of their forms—repetitions of “Our fathers”, “Ave Marias”, “credos” &c, for indeed the religion of this place is understood by very few if any as a gracious affection of the heart & soul but a mere requisition of personal mortification in form of penances &c. Old lady very anxious to know when I would visit her country again—tell her perhaps in two or three years—informs me by that time her prettiest daughter will be marriageable & wished



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I would bring her some jewelry with me—gives me a brass ring with a blue glass sett as a remembrancer from her daughter whose delicate fingers at the same time were ornamented with more than one of gold—put it carefully in my pocket however, seemingly much flattered by the *distinguished* compliment. On the evening of 3rd October leave San Antonio for San Felipe on the Brassos—Mr. Gregg having started some days previous with a company, Father, Doctr Patrick, Captn Lindsay, myself & a traveller forming our company. As we ascend the hill one mile from town look back & behold the sun taking *his departure* also behind the *western* hills, not a cloud to hinder the *warm* greetings of his farewell beams—the evening was as tranquil & serene as I ever witnessed—our hearts danced within us & our mouths spoke the gladness thereof—not even the great distance, the toils & dangers that lay between us & our homes, could lessen the joyousness of our feelings—for we felt for the first time that the slow measured steps of our horses were *now* bearing us *toward* the land we loved best. Camp about 8 miles from town where we overtake a large company with silver & mules for Louisiana—next day reach the Seawully—meet two or three Mexican families moving to San Antonio with a small stock of horses, cattle & hogs—they were making a part of their supper from a polecat, which caused a considerable space between their camp & ours—these are beautiful little animals to look at & very numerous, tho' too offensive for near approach when they choose to make themselves so. Loose our horses—see vast numbers of deer in the search after them—when found 'tis very late in the day—do not overtake the drovers till late in the night, in a woody country—'tis very dark, discover their fires—come up & prepare our suppers—keep a guard out—about midnight are alarmed by the guard who came in from his post with the report that there were Indians or other persons heard going off at speed through the woods & thought that some of *our* horses were stolen. Captn & Doctr are too fatigued to accompany me, I mount a horse kept up for emergencies & after considerable riding discover & get all ours collected—meanwhile great preparations going on at the camp for a desperate defence of the silver, et cetera. Morning at length arrives—father quite unwell from his exposures to the heavy dew & fatigues through the night—are consequently late starting—nothing particular in this days journey—meet a large drove of beeves for San Antonio market—reach the Guadalupe & enter Gonzales about sunset—propose resting here a day or two—finished a letter to Rebecca & sent it by Mr. Burnet—several small log habitations erected here since our last visit. With recruited spirits recommence our journey—reach Peach Creek, the dismal scene of Early's murder by Desha—meet an old hunter who takes us to the spot where he had a few days before found the bones of that unfortunate traveler—they had been very much scattered & some broken by the wolves—he had discovered all but the scull and collected



them together for the purpose of exhibiting & then burying them—reach that branch of the La Vaca which forms the dividing line of Austin's & De Witt's colonies—find a house erecting, pitch our camps for the night—catch some large sunfish from the limpid stream. Camp the second night three miles west of Scull Creek—hear bear in the night gathering mast from the live-oak. Next day cross the Colorado & camp near Judge Cumming's—arrive safely at San Felipe the day following—friends all well—continue here about one month—meanwhile brother Andw visits us from Harrisburgh—is considerably recruited in flesh & spirits—succeed badly in making collections. Father & I about the middle of November start for the mouth of the Brassos to meet a vessel expected from Galveston Bay—not yet arrived—hear of her detention by a Mexican cruiser sent on this coast for the capture of smugglers—become acquainted with the families of Doctor Wells & Mr. Bell—much pleased with them, intelligent & amiable people. Father concludes not to return to Cincinnati before the ensuing Spring, but that I should go on soon as the vessel might be prepared to sail. In consequence return immediately to San Felipe to make new arrangements (60 miles). Return again with trunk & effects accompanied by Capt<sup>n</sup> Lindsay—meet with father—proceed southwardly to Brassoria, a town newly laid out on the Brassos about 18 miles direct from the sea coast, on tide water & well situated to flourish with the population of the country, having an exceedingly rich & extensive fertile country around & excellent schooner navigation, contains 4 or 5 dwellings & a store—a duel fought here the day before with rifles, no blood shed. Go on down to Mr. McNeal's within 7 miles of the sea—this is the most intelligent, industrious & hospitable family met with in Texas—hold a considerable number of slaves & cultivate cotton to a pretty large extent, having a large & valuable gin of their own—Family consists of the Father & Mother, five sons, all grown but one, & a lovely daughter of 16, the beauty of the Colony. We continue in this amiable domestic circle 3 or 4 weeks anxiously awaiting the arrival of the vessel—pass off the time very agreeably in viewing the country, deer hunting, bee hunting, grape gathering &c, &c—get no tidings of the schooner, father & I start once more for San Felipe, I having determined to go on by land—reach Mr. Bell's—rainy season commences—Capt<sup>n</sup> John Austin arrives with a schooner of 60 tons purchased at N. Orleans to trade from the Colony round the Mexican coast. We journey on through the rain & are two days in travelling to Mr. Brown Austin's, a distance that in dry weather when the waters are low may be rode in 4 hours. Monday morning 15th Decr take an early breakfast & start for Mr. Little's about 30 miles over a very flat sandy prairie country—travel all day thro bogs, quicksands & water; have to lie down on the wet prairie till morning, am fatigued & wet to the neck with walking & wading, my poney having given out—we suffer from the cold N. W. Decr blasts,



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not having materials to keep up a fire—travel on next day striving to head the almost innumerable ravines & creeks which were overflowing their banks & a large portion of the flat country, find it impossible to make our point that day—conclude to steer another direction & if possible reach Mr. Huff's on the St. Bernard by night—get into almost impassable bogs, horses cannot carry us through—dismount & wade through mire & water for miles—father nearly exhausted & myself but little stronger, not having had a mouthful to eat since sunrise the day before—get within a mile of Huff's by night—find it impossible to cross Snake Creek, it being nearly a quarter of a mile in breadth, deep, full of growing timber, vines & floating logs—turn out our horses, strike a fire & camp for the night—toward day commences raining—make a tolerable shelter from it. In the morning attempt to swim my horse through—fail & return & make a raft of logs with which I succeed after an hour of excessive toil in effecting a passage over—have a mile further to walk thro' high grass & heavy rain before reaching the house. Make a voracious meal of corn bread, coffee, milk & fat bacon, having fasted fifty odd hours under constant bodily exertion, exposed to wet & cold—got a sufficiency for father & started off again thro' the rain taking a different rout as directed, making the distance a mile greater—reach the camp abt 12 o'clock—find father busy in restoring his fire which the rains had nearly extinguished despite of his efforts—his endurance of personal fatigue & exposure was matter of astonishment to me—he also makes a pretty hearty *break-fast*. We saddle up once more & reach Mr. Huff's, where next day a traveller arrives bearing a letter with information that the expected Schr Rights-of-Man had entered the Brassos—remain two days here with Father who has pretty well recovered from the effects of our memorable journey—having made our arrangements & plans & received his counsel & blessing we part in the firm persuasion of meeting again the ensuing Spring or Summer where above all earthly places we most delighted to dwell in thought.

Left Father 22nd Dec. 1828

Left Brassos 8th Jany 1829

Arrived at Orleans 17th

Started for Cincinnati 22nd

Arrived at Louisville 10th Feby

Reach'd Cincinnati 11th Feby 1829

J. C. CLOPPER

(To which, in after years, his widow added:)

*Married* 10th November 1829

*Died* 7th January 1861

—\*—

NOTE—In reference to Isaac B. Desha alias Parker, who was held in San Felipe de Austin for the murder of Early of Brown County, Ohio, a man by the name of Thomas M. Duke,

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formerly of Washington, Kentucky, a village on the Ohio River near Maysville, wrote in San Felipe on July 24, 1828, stating that Capt. James Lindsay had identified him as the Desha who had been confined in Kentucky for the murder of a man named Baker.



## XXII

### FROM WOODLAWN TO BEECHWOOD

IT WAS not until September 25, 1828, when Joseph was in San Antonio, that he wrote to his sisters in Cincinnati concerning his brother's death. It will be long before he meets them and "O my sisters, when I look forward to that meeting a tender anguish seizes on my soul—the bitterness of my grief is renewed and the tears of my sorrows flow unrestrained—O how shall I meet you, how answer to your affectionate voices demanding *where is Edward* my youngest brother—why has he not returned to me? O God! do thou answer for me, and in peace to their mourning souls! tell them that thou hadst need of him and at the word of thy command he departed with alacrity and delight!—yes, my sisters, your Edwd the virtuous, the amiable, the youthful, the happy Edward is now a stranger to the ills of life; its painful vicissitudes shall never more afflict him—you weep—I know the agony of your tender hearts—I know how closely he was allied to your fondest affections and that at the sundering of *such* cords the heart *must* weep—then let them flow: they are sacred—they are balmy drops—and so your hearts will find them—so has *mine* found them—but weep not as those who have no hope—but have recourse to God's promises, those sure words of inspiration which have never failed to soothe and tranquilize the soul of the believer when the hour of distress and anguish came upon it—that same fountain, my dear sisters, from whence I know you have many times drank the healing waters and found comfort where before there were heavy sorrows. May God kindly strengthen and aid you in every effort to fulfill the duties he requires of you. It is a sad and painful review, but one I often make because my more reconciled soul begins to find a melancholy pleasure in such retrospections. I will now endeavour to relate to you briefly the circumstances attending my dear brother's last sickness—his first symptoms appeared Wednesday the 2<sup>d</sup> of July . . . I mention this because it was the last time I heard him laugh—tho' frequently his countenance was lighted up afterwards by those smiles which were so wont to be seen there, beautifully indicative of a guileless soul . . . Among his few intelligible exclamations was this, "the lambs ought to be gathered"—I could not but regard this as somewhat expressive of his thoughts a few moments before while they were yet rational—and I felt indeed sweetly assured that he was about to be "gather'd into the fold of the

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good shepherd who would give life everlasting" . . . The Dr came . . . he applied stimulants, hot brandy to his hands and feet—it was too late—he was past the power of speech—he lay perfectly passive & easy. I press'd his hand—he turn'd and fixed his eyes on Father who sat close on his opposite side holding his hand—after a little while turned them on me, pressed my hand, then turn'd them on heaven—and in a few minutes they were closed on this world forever—never, never did I feel a shock of misery like this—there lay lifeless the most affectionate of brothers, the most dutiful of sons, and there speechless and tearless for a while as in amazement sat the tenderest and fondest of Fathers. I took his hand which clasp'd that of my brother, raised it to his cold and lifeless face—he closed those soft blue eyes which had so often beamed on him in love, but which would make glad his declining life no more—then, then it was the obstructive fountain burst—but I will not, cannot pourtray to you a Father's sorrows—nor what were my own feelings—may yours never be such. I must close this distressing relation, trusting that the time is not far distant when we may sit and talk of his virtues . . . it is one of my greatest afflictions that on receiving this news you will have neither Father nor brother at hand to cherish and comfort you under the grievous stroke. I thought it tho' best for us all that you should have the communication before we meet—the Lord will support you, you have some friends who I know will not fail to mingle their tenderest sympathies with your sorrows and by their kind and affectionate attentions lessen the bitterness of your grief. I feel no disposition to enter upon commonplace subjects, tho' in general I am cheerful beyond what I believ'd I should ever be in Texas . . ."

Writing in San Felipe de Austin on October 20th, Nicholas said to his daughters: ". . . Your brother Joseph wrote some time since, by which you would learn the melancholy bereavement we have sustained by the death of your dear Brother Edward. Oh! what a shock to your tender feelings, and how unexpected and severe the stroke, and so sudden & easy the transition, that it seems to me more like a translation than a common death. Yes, his removal was calm & peaceful, and I have the blessed consolation to believe that God who is rich in mercy, had prepared his heart for the great change and has taken him to himself, from this evil and troublesome world. You will therefore my dear children in this sorrowful visitation, see that you sorrow not as those who have no hope, but remember that we have a well grounded hope of a joyful resurrection. Then let us labour to prepare our hearts to secure that happy rest (through the merits of a dear Saviour) that awaits all the faithful. This is what comforts and supports me through all the vicissitudes and trials of this probationary state . . ."

When this news came to her, stunned by the blow and with the loss now of two brothers in that far-off land in her mind,



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REBECCA C. CLOPPER  
1792 - 1845

From a miniature painted by Richard Verbryck, Cincinnati, 1827.

Rebecca set down "Thoughts of the Heart" in many stanzas, summoning her fortitude in these words:

To adverse fate I feel resign'd—  
At least as far as mortal mind  
Can bear such trials here.

She speaks of his virtues, of "that tender parting", of her love for him, and bids him



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Farewell, dear lamented brother!  
Soon we'll meet to part no more.

It was not in her nature, however, to despair. Her moral courage was of a high order and she faced whatever situation misfortune put before her, never quailing when disaster struck. The power to conquer her feelings lay in determination, religious faith, and innate cheerfulness, as shown in verses which she called "Extempore":

Rise, rise, my soul! no longer lie  
In coldness, deadness, apathy;  
Awake! arouse! the moments haste,  
Time's on the wing, his flight is fast—  
Improve it then, and thou shalt be  
A child of immortality!

She desired no sorrowing when she herself was gone. Looking forward to spiritual happiness in the next world, her faith robbed death of its terrors:

When I am dead, let not the bell  
Then toll for me,  
But in the grave—that narrow cell—  
Lowly place me.  
Hid from ev'ry eye, unnoticed let me lie;  
My spirit, may it fly  
The Lord to see.

Two days before that sad Christmas of 1828, there fell upon her listening ear the mellow sounds of "Auld Lang Syne" which Edward had often played upon the flageolet and the wound within her breast bleeds afresh; though sweetly played, it pains her heart, yet still she loves the plaintive strain and brings several stanzas to an end with these lines:

Then cease, my beating heart, be still,  
Thy sorrows now resign—  
Let echo from each distant hill  
Breathe softly "Auld Lang Syne".

Nevertheless, like the Jews in captivity at Babylon, who hanged their harps upon the willows when their captors demanded a song, Rebecca was at times downcast:

My heart is sad, my harp unstrung,  
Upon the willow branch 'tis hung—  
The silver chord has lost its pow'r  
To cheat the mind in sorrow's hour.

. . . . .  
A brother far from me doth lie  
In unknown land, 'neath southern sky;  
Then keep my harp upon the tree—  
Its cheerful notes are lost to me.

. . . . .  
Rachel Ruhamah was nineteen years old when Edward died; some lines she wrote on the fly-leaf of Scott's *Rokeby* which he had given to her at parting the year before, reflect a somber mood of her own at the time she composed them, rather than his sunny nature and serene outlook on life:

Pure, happy being! thou hast early 'scaped  
Full many of life's sorest, bitt'rest ills.  
Thy stainless spirit early pass'd away;



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Yet hope shone brightly on thy youthful hours,  
And virtue fixed thy guileless heart on heav'n.  
Although no tears bedew thy hallow'd shrine,  
Still, still shall mem'ry linger round the spot  
Where all that once was lovely, matchless, fair,  
Lies wrapt in peaceful and eternal sleep.  
Yet I will not grieve that thou art gone, gone from  
A world that had no charms for thee—a cold,  
A desert world, where ev'ry fancied joy  
To thee was but, as 'twere, a meteor's glow  
That gleams an evanescent ray upon  
The 'nighted wand'rer's path, to leave him dark  
And cheerless as before.

Shortly after his return from Texas, Joseph wrote several stanzas for his sisters on "Edward's Grave, in 1828" and, on July 11th, eleven more "On viewing the miniature of Edward twelve months after his decease"; on the same day Rebecca wrote ten "On viewing the miniature of my lamented brother"; again, on August 5th, at Woodlawn, she composed six more.

The year 1828 must have gone slowly for Mary, with her Joe in foreign parts. At about this time she became acquainted with Eliza Louisa St. Clair who contributed often to her album. This was a daughter of Arthur St. Clair, a Cincinnati lawyer, and granddaughter of General Arthur St. Clair, the Northwest Territory's first governor; she died in Hamilton, Ohio, early in 1839.

In January of 1828 Mary wrote to Caroline who was in Shelbyville, Kentucky, about events at her brother's: "Our colored woman Hannah has been confined to her bed a number of weeks with sickness—since her recovery my sister Mrs. Este [widow of her brother Charles] has been confined to her room . . . I have not been to but *one* party I believe this winter . . . that was at Miss Bainbridge's wedding . . . I saw your sister Rebecca on Monday—she then was not very well—and went out with Mr. and Mrs. Madera in their carriage to spend a few days—she . . . received a letter from your father . . . dated December 19th and they expected to leave Orleans in a few days for their destined port Texas . . . When Rebecca and myself are together we often wish for you and Maria . . . Oh! how often your sister Rachel wishes to see Mary Ann, she says that time never passed with her so slow as it has done since Mary Ann left her—when Rebecca went to Mr. Madera's she committed Rachel to my care—but as yet I have not been able to see her . . . Your sister passed the day Christmas with me . . . Maria is in Dayton—dear girl, she has a school there . . . Miss Deshield is very handsome this winter . . . when you see Miss Elizabeth give my love to her if she has not forgotten me—likewise to Mrs. Deshield . . . *You need not fear my getting married.*" The Deshields lived in Shelbyville; Joseph had written for Elizabeth's album some "Fugitive Thoughts" in 1826 about the La Fayette ball where she was "the loveliest there".

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Among Mary's keepsakes of this period are invitations to the Bazaar of City Assemblies and to cotillion parties in the Cincinnati Hotel; also a copy of Rev. D. Bogue's *Memoir of Mrs. Joanna Turner*, a gift from her affectionate sister Hannah, May, 1828. Another of the gifts of this period which are preserved at Beechwood is a *Souvenir or Picturesque Pocket Diary for 1826*, bound in white kid and printed in Philadelphia; it contains many engravings but no personal entries other than its inscription: "M. M. Este from her friend A. Harrison, New Year's Eve, Dec. 31st, 1828". The giver must have been Anna Tuthill Harrison, daughter of General William Henry Harrison, who was then thirteen years of age, inasmuch as her name is written on the title page: "Miss Anna Harrison, from a friend"—she had kept it for three years and then presented it to Mary.

For some reason not expressed, perhaps because he was planning to take unto himself a new wife, Mary left the shelter of her brother's home in the Summer of 1828 and stayed for a year at Mrs. Elizabeth Sellman's boarding house, 137 Main Street, where she paid \$3.50 a week. This change of abode seems to have impressed Rebecca rather deeply, for she composed a dozen stanzas on the subject, one August day, addressing them to Mary in the boarding house. In June, 1829, Mary visited Lawrenceburg, Indiana, for a few days and in August she boarded for a week with a Mrs. Glen but returned to Mrs. Sellman's for the last ten days of that month, leaving then for North Bend where she visited the Harrisons. There she received a letter from Lucretia Palmer, written in Cincinnati, who with her sister were now at Mrs. Turner's boarding house instead of Mrs. Sellman's—"it consists chiefly of Ladies, quite different from Mrs. Sellman's, which I can assure you is quite a relief, for we can save our blushes for more interesting occasions than the dinner table, for you know that we both had quite a propensity that way—I was over to the old establishment and had our goods and chattels removed the same day that your brother was taking yours to his house, and the place where we have spent so many pleasant hours together did indeed look desolate."

Mary's brother David and Louisa Miller, his second wife, having been married in 1829, lived in a house at the corner of Ninth and Main Streets according to the Cincinnati Directory for 1831 and Mary was, after all, to live with them. It is interesting that she is now visiting the home of his first wife at North Bend.

One Sabbath morning in April of 1829 Mary heard Alexander Campbell, "the opponent of Mr. Owen" as she refers to him, preach in the Presbyterian Church. It was at this time that Campbell and Robert Owen had their famous debate in Cincinnati on religion, a debate which went on for days and was, for the people, both an intellectual stimulus and educational treat. Campbell had had Owen as his guest at his home in Bethany, Virginia (now West Virginia), where the two had spent



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a fortnight in preparing for the event, walking over the Brooke County hills together and taking up their arguments point by point, although as far apart as the poles in their convictions. Campbell had family prayers daily and required everyone in the house, including the servants, to attend them; it is said that Owen was the only person he ever excused from this worship and that out of respect for his guest's agnosticism he would take him by the arm and escort him to another room when the service was about to begin.

In one of Rebecca's booklets, besides an outline of Jesus's Passion and a description of Palestine, several sermons of the Rev. Joshua T. Russell of Newark, New Jersey, were copied. These sermons were preached in the First Presbyterian Church at Cincinnati in the Autumn of 1829. After them come notes taken during a course of lectures delivered by E. Slack on lightning rods, and finally directions for rectifying liquors and making alcohol!

One day in August of that year Rebecca wrote lines "Ex-tempore, on hearing Mr. Finley's address on the Colonization Society in First Presbyterian Church", concerning the sending of negro slaves to Africa to Christianise the heathen.

The Cincinnati Directory for 1829 includes the Young Ladies' Education Society of the First and Third Presbyterian Churches among the organisations active in the city. Its directress was Rebecca C. Clopper; its secretary, Mary Este; its treasurer, Julia T. Burrows; and its managers, the Misses Jane B. Keys, Belle Graham, M. Scott, Eliza Cotton, and F. W. Wilson. It is likely that Rebecca was the moving spirit in this society, just as she was in similar organisations afterwards in Cumminsville. On the 16th of August she set down in writing a long prayer for her absent father, for her brothers and sisters, her pastor, her friends and relatives, for herself, and for those "who have said aught against me or done me wrong", and recorded that on the day before, after an absence of three weeks, she had attended the social circle which met weekly and whose object was the salvation of souls. The Education Society met at Woodlawn on the 10th of December and Rebecca, believing that she was to leave for Texas and spend the rest of her life there, delivered her valedictory to the members: duty was calling her away to a distant clime, far to stray beyond the Mississippi's stream, to where the Brazos waters flow. The society gave her a reticule as a parting gift.

Shortly after his return from Texas, Joseph wrote verses on "A brief Retrospect" concerning a visit which he and Mary had just paid at Judge Matson's in Cincinnati—they gazed at the Ohio River, gathered pebbles, sat under a beech tree, and wove grass-blades into little wreaths, very much in love with each other. In that month of April, when men woo, he wrote

I've often wish'd to have a friend . . .  
That friend to be a wife.

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Then in several stanzas he sang the praises of her who was soon to be his wife; about two years later this poem was published in *The Cincinnati Christian Journal*. It was addressed to Mary. Two of the stanzas follow:

This world, how lovely to the eye,  
How beautiful in all its forms—  
The sunshine of its cloudless sky,  
The grandeur of its gath'ring storms;  
How cool its leafy summer shade;  
Its springday flow'rs, how sweet they be—  
But there's a flow'r, if it should fade,  
'This world were all a blank to me!

. . . . .

What flower is this, so dear to thee?  
That flower of Love I would were mine!  
And where that charm you so revere?  
In these dear words: "till death I'm thine!"  
And who that one, so priz'd above  
All else this world could give to thee?  
'Tis she who said, "Without thy love  
This world were all a blank to me."

He composed "An Acrostic", an arrangement of words doubly ingenious in this case, and wrote it in Mary's album on a day in early May, appending to it this "Note—the initials of the last word of each line discover an interesting motto": (as do those of the first):

My love! will it your ear	Delight
If tuneful now my thoughts	Incline,
Singing at this late hour of	Night
Strains mimic of the Sisters	Nine?
Mary, still must I dwell	Alone?
Ah! say the vivid flame I	Feel
Reflects thine own, thou lovely	One,
Your heart could thoughts like mine	Reveal!
Moments were ours, how sweet, tho'	Gone!
Enchantress, how couldst thou so	Entwine,
So wrap my soul with thought of	Thee
That I must die, or thou be	Mine,
Engaged as for	Eternity!

In June, looking forward to their marriage and in expectation of residing with his bride at "Orange Grove" as the family once called his father's land at the San Jacinto's mouth in Texas, Joseph addressed "Lines to Mary" to be sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne":

Where San Jacinto slowly rolls  
Its foaming billows by,  
Bedeck'd with lovely islet shoals  
That on its bosom lie,  
O sweetly there our lives shall glide  
As measur'd minstrelsy,  
And faithful as its constant tide  
Our constancy shall be.



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In September they visited the Harrisons at North Bend and wrote verses, Joseph enthusing over "Congress Green" in one composition and both of them recording their feelings in another.

Towards the end of July in the preceding year Mary's brother, Edward Eugene Este, had written in her album some blank verse on "Domestic Happiness" and Rebecca, in playful mood, added these lines, "impromptu":

And would you taste this brightest bliss?  
Enjoy domestic life?  
Then, Edward, my advice is this:  
Go quickly, take a wife!

The next day, in "Memory Dwells on the Scenes of our Early Days", Edward wrote in reminiscent mood of the old home in Morristown where he and his sister Mary had spent their childhood, of their games and their school, ending with these lines:

Up springs at every step, to claim a tear,  
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd there;  
And not the lightest leaf but trembling teems  
With golden visions and romantic dreams!

That Joseph was fond of the ladies is apparent in his own writings and also in his sisters', as witness these blithe verses from the pen of Rebecca who asks him

### THE QUESTION

What mystic charm, oh! tell to me,  
Lies hid within a kiss?  
I've often heard—and heard from thee—  
Beyond compare, its bliss . . .

Methinks I see an arch, gay smile  
As quick as lightning play  
Upon your face, that would beguile  
The very words you say . . .

But ah! beware, for women love  
Too much the pois'nous strain—  
Once let them taste the pleasing draught  
And they will thirst again!

The alluring bait on me is lost,  
And that thou know'st full well;  
Nor youth nor beauty can I boast,  
So am proof against its spell.

Nor do I think that I am bound  
By honest truth to say  
My lips so bitter as to wound  
Those who too near them stray . . .

And thou, the little roving bee,  
Would rest on ev'ry lip;  
Would ev'n taste th' forbidden tree,  
And say you honey sip!

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But bitter mingles with the sweet,  
And wax with honey's found;  
Then, then, beware, or you may meet  
Lips where the wax abounds!

Again, methinks, upon thy face  
A playful smile I see—  
And through that smile methinks I trace  
A brother's love for me.

Then thou must share thy sister's heart,  
Its inward sorrows know—  
A brother's friendship can impart  
A balm to heal its woe.

The hard times they endured, the disappointments which fell to their lot, the tragedies they suffered, could not long chill their souls. Their native gayety would not be denied. In spite of misfortune they had good times together and poked fun at whatever struck them as odd—for instance, Joseph and Rebecca both commented on seeing a Lady with a hooked nose:

What's in Clarinda's mouth, that she  
Should sing so like a linnet?  
It must be something queer, for see!  
Her nose keeps peeping in it!

Mary's brother, Edward E. Este, wrote a mischievous stanza in her album "On a Gentleman surprised at seeing a Lady eat a sweetmeat commonly called a rock":

It me surprises that surprise  
At such a sight be felt—  
For tell me, if not woman's lips,  
What else a rock can melt?

This roguish query made Rebecca seize her pen and, woman-like, answer it by raising another:

If woman's lips can melt a rock  
And thus weak man surprise,  
How will he bear the sudden shock  
Of lightning from her eyes?

According to the plan prepared by their father from the beginning of Austin's colony, Texas was to be the Clopper children's permanent home and this was adhered to for well-nigh a decade by all of them and never given up by him. Joseph and Mary intended to go there after their marriage and the four sisters were to accompany them. Mary, however, seemed fearful of life in that foreign land and on the day before their wedding Joseph tried to reassure her by comparing her with a rosebush which, when removed to different soil by his sister, languished for a season and then burst forth into more vigorous growth than ever:

### TRANSPLANTATION OF THE ROSE-TREE

I saw my Musa from the bosom of  
Its parent Earth uplift a tender plant . . .



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She bore it from its native spot . . .  
A flower-pot its bounds . . .  
But soon it drooped, as tho'  
A pois'nous thought had mingled with the springs  
Of life, and tortuous through its currents ran—  
A with'ring thought that all the bosom-sweets,  
The tender ties of Home, were broken up  
And future being were a blighting curse  
Too bitter to be borne.

With fondest care  
Its guardian Genius hover'd o'er the plant . . .  
That thus it might be won to live for her  
Who, fraught with fond anticipations, took,  
And hop'd long time to cherish it, her own  
Lov'd, fragrant, beauteous plant.

I look'd again—  
And lo! 'twas taking root, new leaves put forth,  
And gave sweet promise of a lovelier bloom  
Than ere it knew before—a flow'r of Hope,  
New blown, and nurtur'd into love of life  
And sweet content, by guardian tenderness.

Dear Rose-tree! lovely emblem of a heart  
Endued with all that constitutes the zest  
Of woman's loveliness! In thee I view  
The shadowings of scenes reserv'd for me;  
Already felt, but more anon to melt  
The soul's affections, and from depths profound  
Of untold love, discover hidden springs  
Of unremitting tenderness, whereby  
To vivify my Flower of Love when borne  
Far hence away to other climes, perchance  
Awhile to droop o'er the remember'd joys  
Of days lang syne, of Home, and friendships sweet.

On the 10th of November, 1829, they were married by the Rev. Joshua L. Wilson at the residence of Mary's brother, David K. Este, in Cincinnati. That night at Woodlawn, Rebecca's restless pen recorded the event in eight stanzas addressed "To Mary, a few hours after her marriage". Here they stayed for a time with Rebecca, and Joseph wrote that he spent at Woodlawn "The first months of my union for life". He gives in four stanzas a whimsical account of his diet when ill of "a high bilious fever" in January, relating that he was put to bed, purged, and then fed on gruel—his nurse (Mary) insisting that it was good "to stir up and force off the bile and the phlegm" as a "sov'reign specific", also for fever "a good sudorific", and moreover when fever is past "all convalescents should live upon gruel." His sense of humor did not desert him even on a sick-bed.

Sure that she would soon be bound for Texas with her husband, Mary wrote "Aunt Mary's Farewell to her dear little niece"—this was to Lucy Ann, daughter of David K. and Lucy (Harrison) Este. Even the parson believed the whole family would shortly begin the journey to the south. Nicholas was at Woodlawn fretting, no doubt, at the delay and holding forth



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JOSEPH C. CLOPPER  
1802 - 1861

From a miniature painted by Richard Verbryck, Cincinnati, 1827.

to all comers on the bright prospects of Austin's colony; he had come from there in the late Summer and returned in the Spring. The Rev. Joshua L. Wilson of the First Presbyterian Church pictured them in verses as already in the strange land—"And the plains of the Brazos lie full in your view"—his "Valediction" to the Cloppers would not have pleased Austin's other colonists



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if they had seen it in Rebecca's album, but one may plead in his excuse that he had young Nicholas's murder there in mind when he wrote:

They sail to Brazos' rolling flood,  
To Texas wilds they go,  
Where men and beasts, athirst for blood,  
No ties of friendship know.  
Where Liberty, more dear than life,  
Sheds no enliv'ning ray,  
Where demon plots and savage strife  
Becloud meridian day.

Early in April Joseph wrote his "Farewell to Woodlawn" in seven stanzas, the following being a few of the lines:

. . . Sweet Woodlawn! when hence I remove  
And a cottage is mine o'er the sea,  
I'll think of the breathings of love  
Thou hast often responded to me . . .  
Sweet Woodlawn! what changes have been  
Since I here first a wanderer came!  
What sorrows & joys hast thou seen!  
What friendships still worthy the name!

Leaving Woodlawn, he and Mary went to Warren County, Ohio, and boarded at John Welton's "Mount Vernon" at Unity in Deerfield Township for 75c each a week, an amount whose purchasing power was far greater then than now. Rebecca visited them there in that month of April. They themselves stayed until late in August, expecting all the time to hear from Joseph's father, summoning them to Texas where they were to make their home. When in lugubrious mood one day towards the end of April, Mary wrote two stanzas about her niece Lucy Ann and the "varying scenes" since first she had seen her:

. . . . .  
How deep and lasting is regret,  
While pleasure scarcely lives a day.  
Oh! may it not be thus with thee—  
I hope the bliss of peace is thine.  
Time only scatters thorns for me—  
For thee may he his roses twine.

About a week later, Rebecca having left, Mary wrote a strange letter to her. Joseph had gone "for his daily toil or perhaps pleasure", but what was its nature she does not say. She tells about the little rosebush "transplanted to the country" which was injured in some way, one of its canes having died and been cut off by Joseph; she was going to send the dead cane to Rebecca but he said no, that would distress her and make her say "they cannot even take care of a rose". No more pathetic confession of their inability to cope with the world could have been put into words. They were two innocents—Joseph intent upon things of the spirit, and Mary upon her husband. For the past ten days, she wrote, she had felt that their

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happiness was to be broken in upon in some way, "I do not know why it is that I feel so—only I think there are few who feel as happy as ourselves though we do not abound in wealth—perhaps you will say I get the 'blues' but I think I was never more free from them than now—to be sure whenever your brother complains of his head or speaks of any infirmity, perhaps I am too solicitous—but you know this is natural when he is all this fond heart can cling to here." She asks Rebecca not to laugh at her weakness and, as Tom Morehead says, sentimentality. The family are not in the house in the mornings, so it is quieter and she can be more "retired" in that part of the day—"as you know, in our room we can hear all that is going on below." Late in August they moved to the home of Peter Van Dyke in the same neighborhood and still paid what seems to-day the incredibly small sum of 75c each a week; when Rebecca visited them there for six weeks in the following Autumn she was charged only 62½c a week!

In April of that year Nicholas started back to Texas where Andrew had remained, Joseph and his bride had gone to Warren County, Caroline was with a family named Pendleton as governess, Rachel Ruhamah was at Jessamine Arbour in Cincinnati, teaching school, and Mary Ann was off somewhere else, so Rebecca was left alone. She decided to give up Woodlawn but was in a quandary as to where she should go and in four stanzas bids "Sweet Woodlawn farewell", referring to herself as "depriv'd of th' endearments of Home" and to her father as "how soon far, far remov'd", while from her brother "this moment I part"; continuing, she wrote:

My sisters are scattered—and where  
Shall I pillow this aching head?  
Have I friends my sorrows to share?  
Alas! the true-hearted are dead.

Have I wealth to purchase a home?  
No, adversity stares in my face!  
Then whither, ah! where shall I roam  
When I leave this beautiful place?

At first she made a round of visits: to Joseph and Mary in Warren County, to the Cogswells in Cincinnati, and to the Langlands and Ludlows in Cumminsville; then she selected her home. Her choice was a house of four rooms with lower and upper halls nestling among great beech trees on the northern slope of Clifton hill, overlooking the eastern end of Cumminsville. The recently completed Miami and Erie Canal flowed sluggishly a short distance behind the house, its winding bed following the contours of the hillside. The place was a part of the Ludlow family's property and at first she rented it from her friend and cousin, James C. Ludlow; next year he conveyed it to her and her brother Joseph as a gift. She named it Beechwood, appropriately, for the hillside was a forest of grey beeches; there she spent the rest of her life and there the Cloppers have



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ever since had their permanent home, the main house being enlarged as time went on.

Early in June Rebecca was visiting her friend Mrs. Cogswell on Mount Auburn and there wrote to Mary, sending her four small caps which were to be worked for a woman in New Orleans at two dollars each, by way of helping her to pass the time usefully. Along with the caps she sent two spools of floss, two pamphlets, five letters, a paint box, a watch, and four dollars, this last being out of her own purse and to be returned when the caps were paid for. "If you are industrious you will outdo your 'snail galloping' school"—a remark which leads one to infer that Mary had been trying to organise a school with a view to occupying her time and increasing their income. When rummaging in the toilette glass drawer, hunting keys, Rebecca had found "some hard money" and suspects Mary of having put it there purposely for her to find. By nature, Rebecca was positive and daring, Mary sensitive and proud but submissive. Mary is working a cape and has agreed to accept \$1.50 for embellishing it—Rebecca insists that she should be paid \$2, and expects to get \$3 each in New Orleans for the caps which Mary is to embroider. One of the letters which she encloses appears to have been written by Mary's sister Hannah who had been married to David G. Burnet in March. Rebecca wishes to accompany Mrs. Cogswell and her ailing little son to Yellow Springs, Ohio, and to visit Maria Louisa Harrison in Dayton, returning by way of Warren County where she would spend a week with Joseph and Mary. She hopes that Mary will come down to Beechwood with Joseph whenever he comes. "I shall, I presume, be mistress of the cottage in the yard—I shall have to pay three dollars pr month—everyone says he ought not ask a cent—I think so too—but every one for himself." In ending her letter she writes, "Tho' not blest with riches, you are blest in each other's affection."

"The cottage in the yard" which she mentions stood south of the main house at Beechwood, below the canal's towpath; sometimes it was occupied by members of the family, sometimes rented to tenants. Ninety years after the date of this letter the City of Cincinnati cut across Clopper's Bend in the canal and covered the site of the cottage with earth as a right-of-way for rapid transit.

Mary set about plying her needle in earnest. One October day, in Lebanon, she bought yards of plaid, flannel, and cassimette, buttons, and a vest pattern, all for \$11.88 $\frac{3}{4}$ , and began to make garments. Rebecca was visiting them again and, no doubt, inspiring them with faith in themselves and encouraging them to make use of all their talents. With them she went to see the Shaker Village, properly called Union Village, a few miles west of Lebanon; "It is the oldest Shaker settlement in the West . . . The society at Union Village was 'gathered' between 1805 and 1810; the oldest building dates from 1807 and others, of brick



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and still in excellent preservation, bear the dates of 1810 and 1811 . . . Its families own a magnificent estate of four thousand five hundred acres . . .”<sup>90</sup> Mary plucked a leaf in the garden there as a memento and put it in her album—there it is to-day, together with another given her by Mary Ann Van Dyke a few weeks later at Union Hall in Warren County.

Joseph “got religion” in this first year of his married life. The occasion was a camp-meeting held from August 5th to 10th on Hagerman’s farm near Sharon, a village about thirteen miles northeast of the Hamilton County court-house; Joseph was one of 103 who joined at this time and both he and Rebecca wrote verses to commemorate the event, Joseph’s being published in the Cincinnati Christian Journal under the title “In Sharon’s Sacred Grove”. He became a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati and in after years was one of its ruling elders.

Two weeks after his regeneration Rachel Ruhamah wrote at Jessamine Arbour some lines on parting and addressed them to her sister Caroline who was soon to leave with Mary Ann for the east. Arrived there, Mary Ann put in writing a prayer which covers five pages, invoking divine favor for her father who is in Texas, “that benighted land”; for her sisters, “two of them are now absent from me”; for her brother Andrew; for her brother Joseph and his wife; for herself; and for her pastor.

At Rural Retreat, the home of the Langlands family in Cumminsville where she was then visiting, Rebecca wrote on August 23rd to Joseph who, with Mary, was then at Union Hall, Peter Van Dyke’s residence in Warren County. She has been packing Caroline’s and Mary Ann’s trunks as “The girls are to start on Thursday morning in the stage . . . it will cost at the lowest calculation \$50, their trip.” She had written to Aunt Duryea asking her to send the girls \$25 each and the old lady had sent \$100—Rebecca remarks that her grandaunt’s sight and hearing are very bad! Mrs. Pendleton does not like Caroline’s leaving her and wishes to have Rachel Ruhamah in her place “but her young Ladyship is not willing to go—she offers her three dollars each per quarter for her children, and liberty to bring her four pupils which she now teaches at home, with her, with the room free.” One wonders why Rachel Ruhamah declined; possibly it was because she relished freedom and did not fancy submitting to the exactions of a strange household. Caroline had been with the Pendleton family for a year or more. Rebecca wishes to go to Montgomery, a village near Cincinnati, where religious meetings were being held. “John McKnight is still dangerously ill—I have not been there since my return [from her visit to Joseph and Mary in Warren County], neither have I been invited, but treated with the greatest coolness—so much for *consistency of character*.” This may have been a son of Mrs. Eleanor McKnight, the boarding house keeper in Cincinnati; it was probably not the Rev. John McKnight of Chambersburg



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who had married Margaret, only child of Joseph Chambers, the son of Col. Benjamin Chambers, inasmuch as she visited Margaret and her daughters in Chambersburg a few years after this time. Continuing, she wrote that Mary Ann had stayed two weeks with their cousins at Ludlow Station and they had asked her to live with them when she returned from the east. James C. Ludlow had attended to certain business matters and she had had a long talk with him about religion until eleven o'clock one night, his wife Josephine leaving them at ten; he seemed desirous of knowing the truths of the Gospel and they partly promised her to go to the next meeting in Montgomery. Josephine may have been bored by the religious discourse and have gone to bed after having listened to the arguments for a while, yet she liked to have Rebecca at Ludlow Station and, later, wrote to her wishing to know why she had been so long away. Rebecca has heard that Maria's health is not good, that the old man has been warned out of the house by Mr. Phillips who has the management of the property and, if he does not leave it, will sue him—this was the Edmund Harrison family who had moved to Dayton, where Maria was teaching.

Rebecca kept in touch with relatives and friends in Chambersburg and in October received a letter from there written by her "Aunt R"—this was another Rebecca, wife of Edward Crawford, who was born in 1777 and died in 1839. She calls Rebecca Clopper "the child of my once lov'd friend and relation." When visiting Chambersburg recently Caroline had told her that the whole Clopper family had intended to go to Texas last December. She sends some of her hair as a keepsake and has heard that Caroline and Mary Ann are to spend part of the coming Winter with her and part with Mrs. Aston. Kezia McKibbin (daughter of Mary Chambers McKibbin) is near Pittsburgh with her brother Chambers "who keeps tavern this side". She regrets that the Cloppers are to go to Texas. Mr. Crawford and Elizabeth join her in sending love.

In October and November Rebecca again visited Joseph and Mary in Warren County. On the first anniversary of their marriage she addressed these lines to Mary:

May he, thy pride—my brother dear—  
Be blest tho' fortune vary,  
And heav'nly blessings ev'ry year  
Descend on him and Mary.

Still believing that they were all to go to Texas, she wrote verses of farewell to the Van Dykes, referring to Orange Grove on the San Jacinto as her future home, and on November 20th, with Joseph and Mary, she left Warren County. On the way to Cincinnati they stopped at Reading where their tavern bill was \$1.12½.

Joseph had conceived the idea of founding a school in Cincinnati with himself as its master. Shortly before Christmas they occupied a house on Seventh Street between Main and

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Sycamore Streets for which they paid a rental of \$9 a month; a school-room cost them \$3 a month additional and among other expenses were premiums for the scholars—rewards for being studious, neat, and polite. They calculated their income from tuition for six months at \$112.37½; in eight months Mary had earned \$35.75 by means of her needlework.

Rebecca established herself at Beechwood in East Cummins-ville.



## XXIII

### EVENTS AT WOODLAND FARM

AUNT ANN at "Woodland Farm" wrote to Rebecca on April 14, 1828, that she was to be confined in September—and in due time she was delivered of her son Henry, who lived only two years. Her husband had left in January for New York to transact business for a Baltimore man—"to think that for years I am to be parted from the best of husbands is almost too much to bear . . . he appears very much pleased with his situation . . . and expects to come and see us in June." She and Kitty Taney have been nursing Patrick Byrne and Mary Hurley. Her two children and Betsy Byrne have coughs. Little Francis has had spasms twice since January. Dr. Physic believes her daughter Ellen will recover the use of her hand. Referring to Otho Magruder who married a Miss Cook nearly two years prior to this writing, Aunt Ann continues, "Your old beau has lost his son . . . it had a bright red head, so from that it must have been a Cook."

Aunt Ann mentions the death of Julia Ann Clopper: "it was a blessed thing she was taken, for she never would have walked." She wishes Caroline were still at "Woodland Farm" for many reasons, "one among the number to get Uncle John to put a clean Bonepart in his pocket, the one she would not piece for him I had to, and he has been using it for more than two months, it is the most disgusting thing you ever saw, Sister and Kitty both gave him hints to have it washed, but he says it would fade it." John Clopper was a disagreeable person to have in the house; in his youth he had been to sea and instead of acquiring habits of cleanliness he insisted upon being untidy; from sailors he had learned how to make a salve—an evil-smelling remedy which he used during the rest of his life; his room at "Woodland Farm" reeked of it, and Aunt Ann's granddaughter, Mary Augusta Hutton, declares that whenever she was put in that room in her childhood as punishment for being naughty she could still detect the odor although her messy granduncle had then long been dead.

Susan E. Johnson wrote to Rebecca on September 14, 1828, from "Ramblers' Retreat", her home not far from Point of Rocks, Maryland. "I feel without religion I shall never be happy—but yet I cant perceive—with my endeavours—there is any amendment for the better—still this too anxious desire for the glittering allurements of this world." She would give up any

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pleasure, however, to be among the converts whom Rebecca had mentioned in a letter to her, and she asks Rebecca to pray for her. She attends the Methodist Church regularly since Mr. Johns left Frederick—some say he left to obtain the vacant bishopric in Baltimore; Mr. Cobb from Virginia will supply his place in Frederick. In reference to her father's death which had recently occurred, she writes, "our severe loss has caused a gloom at Ramblers Retreat that appears to me will never be dispelled . . . my mother is a woman of uncommon fortitude—naturally a flow of cheerfulness for our sakes . . . my dear father's example—his pious lectures—his daily prayers—all these are present to my view." She wishes she might go to Cincinnati but her mother will not permit her to do so, but if Rebecca will visit her she will return with her. She sends Caroline a straw-coloured belt and a gauze neck-ribbon; to Mary Ann a winter belt.

On the same day Susan wrote also to Rebecca's brother Edward, addressing him in Texas, word of his death not having yet reached her. She describes herself as "an Eastern acquaintance", long a friend of his sisters from whom she has learned his whereabouts. She did not accompany Caroline to Cincinnati but clearly wishes Edward to believe, nevertheless, that she is devoted to him and hopes he will be successful—"man is a restless being—not satisfied with a small competency—but appears by a natural impulse to rush headlong into danger—and for what frequently—to lose life—in the attempt to grasp at something desirable." She asks about the Spaniards and the Indians. In her neighborhood there is political excitement over Jackson and Adams—she prefers Adams for President. She mentions the building of the railroad (the Baltimore & Ohio) and the Chesapeake canal. She tells Edward of her father's death and asks him to visit her when he returns from Texas. From this strange missive one is led to believe that she was fond of Edward, that he was indifferent towards her, and that she was cautiously approaching him in the hope that he would respond more warmly. The fact that this letter of hers was kept by Joseph and his sisters with their writings about his death, lends color to this assumption.

Aunt Ann wrote to Rebecca from "Woodland Farm" in mid-December and mentions the birth of her son Henry on September 16th. "Your Uncle has returned from New York but we have very little of his company as yet, he has opened a store at the mouth of Seneca which May attends and he is going to open another on the place formerly owned by your Uncle Andrew, the canal passes near the ferry house. Mr. R. Morton is to attend the upper store; he is a brother of Julia Ann's husband . . . Your Uncle . . . spent one night at William Scott's, Asberry is liveing at his father's and enquired very particularly after you all, and so did Mr. Johnson; your old friend Otho Magruder has no addition to his family yet, she lost her first." Little Francis continues to have spasms; Mary Augusta and Joe Taney are



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fat and rosy; Mary Taney is not quite so fat; "Ellen is in Philadelphia at a Mrs. Henriques, she is learning dancing and attends to her other studies, she is to stay there six months." Uncle John has been ill but will not take medicine. "Sister is complaining as usual, but has got through her winter's work as expidiously as ever."

Seneca Creek, which Aunt Ann refers to in the preceding letter, flows past "Woodland Farm" and empties into the Potomac River. May was one of Andrew Clopper's sons, a delicate boy whom Francis Clopper adopted. Joe and Mary Taney were Kitty Taney's children.

In January of 1829 Aunt Ann wrote a letter sympathising with Rebecca and Caroline over the death of their brother Edward: "my poor Caroline from my heart I pity you, for he was your favorite and I think deservedly so." Postage was costly in those days and persons who could not afford to pay it entrusted their letters to travelling friends for delivery—an uncertain way of communicating with others, so Aunt Ann continues: "Your Uncle has been appointed Post Master at Seneca Mills [at the mouth of Seneca Creek] the place where the store is, if you direct your letters to him in that way they will go free; you are so much afraid of our haveing to pay postage that you send too many letters by private hands which we never get." Postal regulations were not so strict then, and a postmaster in the family was a great advantage! Nowadays a post office envelope for official business bears the warning: "Penalty for private use to avoid payment of postage, \$300." Continuing, Aunt Ann says, "Your Uncle is trying hard to make something . . . he spends one night in the week at home generally, you may suppose how uncomfortably he lives when I tell you he has but two rooms where he is, one for the store and the other serves for parlour, kitchen and chamber for himself, May, a Mr. Murphy and an old black woman, he has nearly all the custom of those who are at worke on the canal, he does not do much at the upper store but he hopes to do better when his own store is finished. When I wrote last he expected to get the house your uncles lived in [Abraham and John, in the neighborhood of the Monocacy] untill his own was done, but in a day or two after Dr. Bird's house was burned to the ground, and he of course could not spare the other, he now occupies the store facing Dorseys Mill, and Mr. Morton and Hervey have to board at Mr. Sprigs which makes it expensive to your Uncle. You will be astonished to hear that Sprigs house is a tavern kept by his son, who expects to make his fortune but most people think he will lose what he has, he is so generous." Her youngest is the picture of health, little Francis still has spasms, and Uncle John has been ill with "cholic".

Writing at "Woodland Farm" in September, 1829, to Caroline and Rebecca, Mary E. Hurley sends word of Patrick Byrne's death which occurred early in the month and of its effect upon his sisters Ann and Ellen; the latter "has still very violent faint-



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ing spells occasionally, particularly on Sundays they appear to feel his loss more than at other times for as you know, my dear Caroline, poor Mr. Byrne never missed coming here one Sunday since he went to housekeeping." Aunt Ann's baby Henry has had a large "bile" on the side of his head; Mary Augusta's head has been shaved because of a slight eruption and her appearance is greatly changed—it looks singular to see her in caps; little Francis has had no spasms of any consequence lately. In a postscript to Rebecca, Mary Hurley writes that she has just received a letter from Caroline dated nine miles from Trenton and saying that her journey has been of great service to her. By this Caroline probably meant that she was combining business and pleasure, as she was governess to the Pendleton children and had come with their mother to a place near Princeton, New Jersey, in order to be with their grandmother, a Mrs. Hunt, who was ill, and this gave her opportunity to see her own relatives and friends. Jane Frances Hunt had married Nathaniel G. Pendleton of Cincinnati, a member of Congress; their home was at Broadway and the Lebanon Turnpike in Cincinnati. R. B. Bowler, wholesale dealer in dry goods, boarded with them in 1843.

Caroline wrote from there on October 29, 1829, to Rebecca at "Woodlawn" in Cincinnati, saying that for a time Mrs. Hunt's condition had been so bad that both of them had had to be in attendance; then her health improved and Mrs. Pendleton went to visit friends in New York, staying there nearly three weeks, while Caroline took care of her mother. Then it was Caroline's turn to visit in New York and she spent two weeks doing so. Among those she saw was her grandaunt, Elizabeth (Low) Duryea—usually spoken of as "Aunt Duryea" with the accent on the last syllable. Caroline's description of this formidable old lady is most interesting. One sees in his mind's eye an elderly woman with strong features, decided in manner, positive in opinions, and of dictatorial nature, yet kindly withal and loyal to her relatives: "I think Aunt D one of the most singular women I ever met with—she is not at all like what I thought she was—she did not like much your wanting a shawl, particularly a black one—she did not know what you wanted a black one for—you had been in black long enough—says we must leave it off now—but Amelia [Andrew Clopper's daughter, a great beauty, whom Aunt Duryea is caring for] and I both talked to her—so she concluded at last to get one, but Amelia says she hopes you will never send for any thing again—and whatever you do, dont mention any thing about my keeping the ten dollar note or Amelia says she would never forgive either her or me—you know for what purpose I kept it—she sent her white silk shawl for Mary Ann and says Rachel [Ruhamah] can wear it sometimes too—and you would laugh if you were to see what she gave me—an old white muslin apron all darned, and one of her old shifts—I burst out a laughing—and laughed till I could scarcely answer her—she got quite angry and said 'what are



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you doing'—and laughing I told her I was not doing any thing—I was only thinking—'Well, if that's all, attend to me—Joseph's going to be married, is he—and to a poor girl too—hey—two poor backs come together—hey—he better go and work some first—I mean get into some business and make something to maintain a wife—before he gets married'." Mary Ann and Rachel Ruhamah must continue to attend the school in Cincinnati. At Amelia's suggestion, Rebecca should write to Aunt Duryea and mention receipt of the forty dollars sent to her. And Aunt Duryea wishes Rebecca to write to her by private opportunity because it costs so much to send a letter by mail.

Caroline went to Morristown and visited Hannah Este who told her that Joseph was to be married in November to her sister Mary; this astonished her and she was still more astonished when Hannah told her that Joseph, Mary, Rebecca, and all the others were going to move to Texas soon. Caroline thinks it strange that she was not told of these plans before. She has given the news to Amelia and to Eliza Staats but to no one else, especially not to Aunt Duryea who is so bitterly opposed to our ever going there, as are most of our friends; poor Hannah felt it much and said it would be a great shock to her father. Fate had life and death in Texas in store for Hannah herself and her own going there was not far off.

Continuing her letter, Caroline is glad that her father has returned, safe and well, from Texas. Mrs. Hunt has just died; Mrs. Pendleton feels her death very much, and "the old man", by whom she likely means Mr. Hunt, appears lost. She mentions also the death of Patrick Byrne in Maryland and says that his sisters, Aunt Ann and Mrs. Ellen (Byrne) Maher, have not left their rooms at "Woodland Farm" since he passed away. Peter Clopper, the Baltimore sailmaker and Nicholas's brother, suffered a fatal accident: "Poor Uncle Peter's was a melancholy death"—he fell through a trap-door in the shop and was dead when taken up. Cornelius White of Baltimore also has joined the great majority. "The old man" [Hunt] will leave soon and Caroline will be glad to get home. She mentions the Pendleton children: George is with her, Susan (who later married Robert B. Bowler and lived at Mt. Storm above Beechwood) is in New York, Thomas seems to have been left in Cincinnati and George is worried because he can't learn when he is a-visiting and is afraid that Thomas may get ahead of him in his lessons. George H. Pendleton was born in Cincinnati in 1825; married Alice, daughter of Francis Scott Key; practised law; served in Congress as both representative and senator from Ohio; was U. S. minister to Germany when he died in 1889.

In mid-December Aunt Ann wrote to Rebecca of her grief over her brother's death and the sheet is marked with what appear to be her tears. She has heard from Rebecca of Nicholas's intention to take all his children to Texas and of their fear that they would never see their Aunt Ann again, and upon reading



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this she broke down and cried. As to Caroline, "I know she dreads Texas." Aunt Ann's disapproval of the project is unchanging: "Three girls is three too many for your father to take to a new unsettled country . . . Your Uncle Francis . . . is going to Georgetown on Wednesday and will send you a check from there for fifty dollars, Sister says it is all she is able to send, she wishes most sincerely it was in her power to send more, you need not give yourself any uneasiness about returning it . . . Aunt D is not the only one that does not approve of Joseph's marriage, to say nothing more of it I think it selfish in any man to involve the woman he loves in poverty and distress . . . Elizabeth Clopper comes up here to spend the winter, Ann was here all summer, she is a sweet girl, your Aunt is well but finds it hard to make out, none of her children go to school, she is not able to send them and her sisters who are able are too mean, how unlike my good Sister . . ." This reference is to the family of the late Andrew Clopper; Elizabeth and Ann were his daughters and their mother was a Torrence. According to this letter Nicholas intended to take only three of his daughters to Texas but which one of the four was to be left behind is not clear—probably Mary Ann.

Her Uncle Francis Clopper wrote to Rebecca four days after Aunt Ann had penned the foregoing one, saying, "I have an extensive store at the mouth of Seneca, am a contractor for the building of a lock in the canal, and since the death of Mr. Byrne have all my own business at home & have his likewise to attend to as executor . . . This day I have to attend to the sale of Mr. Byrne's personal property & am therefore in great haste. I rec'd your father's letter . . . he said he expected to return to Texas in three weeks . . . annexed is memento of my dear Sister Ellen's esteem & kindness to my dear niece which I hope may arrive in season . . . Tell Caroline I think she had better accept of her aunt's offer & return to us—for a time at least . . ."

Aunt Ann wrote in June from "Woodland Farm" to Rebecca, saying that there was no longer a post office at Middlebrook Mills and her letters should be directed to Seneca where her husband was postmaster. Elizabeth Hurley died. Aunt Ann wishes Rebecca and her sisters could come for a visit but their Uncle has not the means to send for them. "I wish Rachel [Ruhamah] was fixed with as good a school as she has, at the foot of our hill and was sure of being paid she would do very well, I should like to have you all near us." From this one gathers that Rachel Ruhamah, now twenty-one years of age, was teaching school in Cincinnati—probably at "Jessamine Arbour", wherever that was. Aunt Ann continues, "Rachel Clopper and Andrew are now with us, Elizabeth went down [to Baltimore] with Sister . . . Rachel reminds me of you . . . Andrew is a quiet, good boy, but I am sorry I cannot say as much for Charles; she told me in confidence yesterday that he was killing



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his mother by his bad conduct. May is still with his Uncle [Francis] and of great service to him." These five were the late Andrew Clopper's children. While Elizabeth was at "Woodland Farm" she went to the Cabin John church for communion. Aunt Ann bristles upon recalling the behavior of the President of the United States in a matter touching local interests: "if it had not been for that old wretch Jackson who would not sign our turnpike bill, your Uncle would have had a store near home and he thinks a profitable one near the turnpike, it is a great drawback to him, he will have to move the store this month or run the risk of their lives as the sickly season commences this month, if he brings them to the Mill he will sell nothing . . . he is not among the lucky ones of this world." She is glad that Rebecca is pleased with Joseph's wife. Little Francis has had spasms and therefore was kept from starting to school; Douglas is at school; little Henry talks sweetly; "Ellen is as tall if not taller than I am and larger, she makes me look old." Uncle John is well.

Aunt Ann wrote to Rebecca on September 12, 1830, from "Woodland Farm", the letter being postmarked at Seneca Mills. "We have had a sick house all summer, the children have all had the hooping cough and measles and several of the blacks, Mary Augusta and Henry had them very bad." Uncle Francis's liver is out of order and he has dysentery. Sister Ellen has "inflammatory rheumatism" and has to use crutches. "I was in hopes . . . that Sister would have been able to send you the means of paying us a visit before you went to that hateful country but the additional expences she incurred by her ill health put it out of her power, and most sincerely do we regret it, for now I fear we shall never meet on this earth. Oh, Rebecca, why does your father persist in takeing you to a place which has been so fatal to some of the finest of his family, what is to become of them all if your precious life falls a sacrifice? I wish you would not go, your Aunt Druyay will not assist you if you go (I heard she said this from Rachel Clopper), she has it in her power and I do not think you ought to offend her, she has strange ways but she is a good woman and feels an interest in you all, and as far as I am able to judge from your letters, your fathers constitution nor his fortune have either improved in his many trips to that place . . . how will Mary Ann and Rachel [Ruhamah] bear to be seperated, I hope M A will come on with Caroline . . . you had better come and take pittty on your old beau Captain Dorson he is still widdower, his poor sister has lost her husband Tom Gasway he died about two weeks since . . . your old acquaintance John Sprigs son is now in jail for horse stealing . . . Your Uncle has moved his store up near the Mill, May attends it but there is not much to do; Andrew is going to school and is a very good boy . . . Uncle John says . . . tell you he is alive and as saucy as ever; your Uncle F says your shell work was safe a short time since and he will have it brought

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home. Kitty T and her children are going to Philad on a visit the last of this week . . . Mary [Hurley, Kitty's niece] has been there for some months. We shall be looking out for Caroline all this Winter . . ."



## XXIV

### HOPEFUL STRUGGLING IN TEXAS

THE records do not make it clear that the Texas Trading Association gave up trading, first at San Felipe de Austin and then at Harrisburg, opening a store at New Washington instead, but one infers from certain statements that this was the action taken. In mid-March of 1829 a list of items and their prices indicates that goods were shipped from Harrisburg to Point Lookout or New Washington; among these items are a fine castor hat valued at \$5 and an American spring seat saddle with plated crown stirrups valued at \$18.50. On June 7th an inventory of the company's assets shows: wagon and chains \$140; two yoke of oxen \$140; bay horse and a mule \$100; horse Prince \$75; horse Paddy \$23; dun \$15; grey mare \$20; ploughs, axes, hatchets, horse collars, bridle, hames, hoes, mattocks, spades, pots, kettle, spiders, grindstones, tub, buckets, provisions, corn mill, planks, and a boat (valued at \$120), \$1,909.50; debts due the company and cattle on hand \$1,038.50.

Nicholas, his son Andrew, Dr. Patrick, and James Lindsay, as stockholders of the Texas Trading Association, met at Point Lookout at the mouth of the San Jacinto, on June 8, 1829. Edward was dead, Joseph had returned to Cincinnati, and Gregg had withdrawn. Nicholas was re-elected president, and Patrick cashier, while Andrew was chosen as clerk to succeed his late brother Edward. Four days later another meeting was held in the same place. The minutes record the passing of Edward "whose years were few, but whose worth was great, he died at San Felipe de Austin July 1828. While we cherish his memory let us imitate his virtues." The board having bought out Darius Gregg, the Association is reduced to five members and six shares, Nicholas holding his deceased son's share. The company's real estate is estimated to be worth \$6,000 and stock on hand \$2,692, total assets \$8,692; its debts amount to \$3,245.98 (to Nicholas \$2,370.98, to James Lindsay \$75, to Johnson Hunter \$800); the balance in its favor being \$5,446.02. In their complacent way they add this hopeful comment: "there are some unsettled accounts pro & con which suppose will be about equal or nearly so"! The company's real estate consists of (1) a league of land, except one *labor*, on San Jacinto, called Point Lookout alias Orange Grove, 4,250 acres; (2) a half-league, except 200 acres, opposite Harrisburg on tide water, 2,000 acres; and (3) three leagues on Buffalo Bayou above Harrisburg on tide, 13,330 acres; total

19,580 acres. The board recommends the erection of a saw-mill and cotton factory—"the profits . . . would be immense"—and because of the company's "cramp'd circumstances" it advises increasing the number of shares from ten to twenty of \$1,000 each, thereby augmenting the capital and enabling the work to go on without delay. It was also recommended that President Clopper, Cashier Patrick, and Stockholder Lindsay go to the United States for the purpose of selling the shares and entering into contracts. Nicholas's naive faith in his family's salvation through the unearned increment is reflected in this optimistic comment at the end of the minutes: "N. B. The board of agency in estimating the real estate held by the company at \$6,000 wish to be understood that in their opinion the intrinsic value of said estate is more than double that sum, & is fast improving in value." This expansive mood passed, however, as there are no more minutes of meetings and the Texas Trading Association expired on July 15, 1830, when the partnership was dissolved and Nicholas became sole owner and proprietor of its lands.

Messrs. Clopper, Patrick, and Lindsay parted company with this understanding: Nicholas to buy for \$3,000 the league of land on San Jacinto and Galveston Bays where they now reside and the half-league opposite Harrisburg—these being the lands which he had contracted to sell to the association for \$2,500 in March, 1828. The company owes him \$2,733, leaving a balance of \$267 for him to pay—which is to be applied towards the discharge of a judgment in favor of Dr. Johnson Hunter. This last is reminiscent of his Maryland days when judgments fell thick and fast upon him. In addition he is to lay off a *labor* of land (177 acres) for each member of the association—a souvenir of great expectations. After the company's debts have been paid, its goods, farming utensils, and stock are to be divided equally among the parties, and likewise the growing grain when ripe for such division. An inventory of goods, utensils, cash, notes, etc., is given. Now, in his sixty-fourth year, Nicholas again stands alone in the business world and, nothing daunted, dreams of enterprises yet more ambitious.

The amiable, amusing, and easy-going Andrew wrote at Point Lookout on July 8, 1830, to his sister Rebecca at Cincinnati. Their father had arrived in Texas on June 2nd after an absence of ten months; he landed at the mouth of the Brazos, bought a "creature", and rode over in company with Mr. Wright after having camped out on the prairie in the rain. Andrew is grateful for the clothes which Rebecca had made for him, but unfortunately their father left them in Louisville with other goods in the care of Capt. Reeder's son! In response to Rebecca's express wish that he get married, he writes that he has no objection but "should think it rather an uncommon thing to get married without clothes; a short time previous to Father's arrival I got a pair of Buckskin Pants made knowing that they would stand the tug untill I could get supplied, I had written to Joseph to send



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me a pair of superfine Blue cloth pantaloons & a pair of neat Pumps, & expected to have recieved them by Father, I then could have complied with your wish, but being disappointed I know not what I shall do; however I still wish to recieve a pair of Pants of that description, & very likely your wish will be complied with." He asks Joseph to bring him flax thread, a shaving brush, "some tow to wipe our guns with, & bag of large shot for killing Ducks & Geese, dont forget a fine sieve or two [probably for use in bread-making] . . . the young Irishman that came with Father left him at the Brazos, he was persuaded off by some men; Father is now at San Felipe, he went over for the purpose of settling with Hunter & I hope he'll succeed. Capt L. [Lindsay] is gone to assist the Surveyors on the Bay & the Doctor [Patrick] started this morning to visit a patient, so that I am alone which is no new thing." He has not seen Miss Cummins since her return; her sister Sarah was married to Mr. Dennett but is now dead. Replying to his sister's request that he send her his weight in silver, he writes that he could send it in sweet potatoes, "but it would be like the Indian's gun—cost more than it would come to." He has seen something from Rebecca's pen in the papers and thinks it worthy of publication. The rosebushes which his sisters had sent were given by their father to friends of his at the Brazos as he had no convenient way of bringing them over! Having carried them from Cincinnati to Texas, one would think he might have managed their transport to Point Lookout—this is one of many instances of his disregard of his children's feelings, but they never seem to be exasperated and have only words of praise for him. In reference to having a paling fence put around their brother Edward's grave, Andrew writes "I done that before Father went in [to the United States] & sodded it at least 2 ft. high; I have not planted any trees over it yet but intend as soon as I can. I have the breast pin [Edward's?] safe for you . . . There is a report now in the United States that Emigration to this country is stopp'd. I have seen in our last paper dated 19th June a letter from the President [Bustamante] at Mexico to Col. Austin bearing date 20th March, he writes thus, My Esteem'd Friend, notwithstanding I have not recieved answers to my last letters directed to you, & the weight of my avocations, I write this, which I remit through Genl Teran, to you, to whom you will forward your answer to prevent miscarriage. My object at this time is to assure you that during my administration, you & the worthy Colonists will continue to recieve the same proofs of regard & consideration, which have been manifested by my desires for your felicity & progress since the year 1822, exerting in your favour the influence afforded me by the public offices which I have held since that Epoch. You will be pleas'd, therefore, to make known to those inhabitants, my declarations; accepting, at the same time, the securities of the true friendship & consideration with which I repeat, I am your invariable friend



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and fellow-citizen, who esteems you with sincerity, Anastacio Bustamante." This patently literal translation from the Spanish, even though clumsy in its labored English, must have allayed the fears of the colonists somewhat with regard to Mexican support. Andrew has received from his sister Rachel Ruhamah a letter in which she gaily tells him that she has chosen a lady for him and her name is Susan, so he goes on: "tell her I think she might have given me her full name, however I must conclude that she has no other, or she would have made it known. Father talks of going in again soon, I shall endeavour to prevent him, as he is getting too old to travel." Andrew might as hopefully have commanded the sun to stand still, for Nicholas was bound to move; indeed, he was back and forth between Texas and Cincinnati for eleven more years, and then came home to die. Andrew winds up his letter with a little bragging about his proficiency as a hunter: "Doctor Patrick kill'd in the course of the winter 7 geese & two or 3 Ducks; Capt L. kill'd 8 or 10 Ducks & A. M. C. kill'd 6 geese, 1 Brant, 60 Ducks & 31 Puldoos. I kill'd the Puldoos at 2 shots, 17 the first & 14 the last, the Doctor let one get away, we had fine living in fowling time."

That Nicholas still held to his plan to establish the family's home in Texas and to have all of his sons and daughters with him there he makes clear in a letter to Rebecca and the others on August 11, 1830, written when he was in San Felipe de Austin. As Andrew had noted, his father had arrived at Point Lookout ten weeks before, having been away from Texas ten months. Nicholas complains that not one letter has reached him since he left Ohio. He sends his missive by the hands of Mr. Wright and Mr. Hotchkiss who have had it in mind to come back, bringing their families with them—thus offering an opportunity for the Clopper family to form part of the group on the journey, but he writes "their return here with their families is very doubtful; be that as it may, I hope you will be able to get comfortably on . . . endeavor to arrange with some respectable families to come together and, if necessary, I will try to meet you at N. Orleans. What is concluded on about two of the girls remaining another year when our circumstances will probably be better? I have got through with Dr. Hunter &c and our partnership is dissolved . . . I have necessarily been obliged to be much from home [Point Lookout] since my arrival but shall start back to-day and endeavor to remain easy until I see you."

The Clopper sisters, however, remained in the United States, as did Joseph and Mary. No statement of their decision to do so has been found; perhaps none was ever put into writing. They all were gradually adapting themselves to conditions in southwestern Ohio and tacitly agreed, it would appear, that opportunities for a settled life and the cultural advantages which accompany it were greater there than in Texas. Joseph became



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associated with *The Standard*, a religious periodical, and published many of his writings in it; Mary had always dreaded going to Austin's Colony; Rebecca had made a home at Beechwood; Caroline and Mary Ann were visiting in the east; and Rachel Ruhamah was supporting herself comfortably by teaching. Texas was not so alluring as it had been.

## XXV

### HOME-BUILDING, JOURNALISM, AND POESY

JOSEPH and Mary lived during 1831 in the house on Seventh Street. The Cincinnati Directory for this year gives Joseph's occupation as "attorney" although he is not in its list of the city's lawyers, possibly because he was not residing in the city when the list was made. In addition to paying \$9 a month for the house, they rented a stove and bought water at the rate of 6¼c a barrel; at the end of February they noted, "Thus far averaged \$1.50 pr week for eatables & drinkables."

The Presbytery must have asked Joseph to use his good offices in an attempt to prevent a threatened breach in the congregation at Unity in Warren County with which he was well acquainted, for among his papers is a copy of a long letter he wrote in January of this year to Peter Van Dyke Sr., addressing him as "My dear friend & brother in Christ". His purpose, he says, is for "the honour of God's cause in the world" and he mentions "the painful feelings we all had when we heard that you rejected again the offered symbols of Christ's broken body & shed blood on the last communion season at Unity." Numerous quotations from Scripture follow, with emphasis laid upon the curse on the city of Meroz which had neglected its duty. ". . . I am addressing myself to you alone & not to your family, nor any of those who withdrew from Unity, because I never heard any of them say that they saw their way clear to commune with them [the faithful], as I have heard you say. Now those who broke off from Unity are perhaps strictly conscientious in what they are doing, yet with every respect for them, for they have all been friendly in their deportment & conduct toward me, I do feel free to say in friendship & candour that I think them in error, & I have formed this opinion as an impartial observer who has lived & mingled among both parties . . . How can they present to other communities certificates for membership which (if I am rightly informed) wear suspicion on the very face of them? Are they not then still members of Unity congregation? and if so how can they justify themselves by deserting their posts? . . . I see but one remedy for the Christian under such circumstances—forgive, & be united in the bonds of love & perfectness & come up as a band of soldiers cemented by love to the help of the Lord against the mighty . . . I hope you will not think for a moment that I chose to dwell so particularly on the 23rd verse of fifth Judges because I



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

thought that you or any one else deserve the curse pronounced upon Meroz more than I & many others who have neglected their duty—but I selected it because it seemed to me to show most plainly how exceedingly sinful it is to neglect our duty in the cause of God . . .”

However, his efforts were of no avail—the schism endured and the congregation was permanently divided. One group formed the Harmony Church at Monroe; the last of the Unity members joined a body elsewhere.<sup>91</sup> The humor in the names they chose was lost upon them for they took the situation so seriously. The strength of convictions and feelings responsible for such ruptures in that day of religious devotion is well-nigh beyond belief.

In March Mary received a letter from her friend, Mary Symmes (Harrison) Thornton, daughter of General Harrison and, since 1829, wife of John Henry F. Thornton, a physician. It was written at their farm home, “Newstead”, near Cleves, and reads in part: “Dr. Houston of Virginia spent near a week with us. Mary Matson, Elizabeth Irwin [who, two years later, married her brother, John Scott Harrison, and became the mother of Benjamin Harrison, the President], and Anna [her sister, Anna Tuthill Harrison, born 1814] were here last week. Anna is here very frequently. Mama has been up but once since we moved. I go down to see her every two or three weeks . . . Dr. Thornton when not engaged professionally is working on the farm . . . our dear little boy commenced walking yesterday . . . Kiss dear Lucy Ann [daughter of her sister, Lucy Harrison Este] for me . . . When you see Eliza St. Clair remember me with the warmest affection . . .” She subscribes herself “your ever affectionate and unchanged friend and cousin.” Her life was not a long one—she died in 1842 at her mother’s home in North Bend in the thirty-fourth year of her age and an obituary, signed “H”, relates that she had joined the Baptist Church in 1828 in Cincinnati but this “did not bring peace to her soul. She remained, according to her own views, a stranger to the love of Jesus and the plan of salvation. About five years since, it pleased God to reveal Christ to her soul as the *way*, the *truth*, and the *life*. With a joyful heart she embraced the covenant of grace, cheerfully connected herself to the service of the Lord Jesus and united with the Presbyterian Church at Cleves, and she continued to walk with them in the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless until her death . . .” Apparently the Baptists are “even as the Gentiles which know not God” while the Presbyterians are “called unto holiness”.

Towards the end of May Mary lay ill in “Rose Cottage”, a small place on the Hamilton Road (now Spring Grove Avenue) across the creek from Beechwood, which Caroline had taken and seven years later purchased from her cousin, James C. Ludlow, with an acre of land. Joseph was depressed by Mary’s illness and, brooding over his blasted hopes, wrote these stanzas of doubtful therapeutic value and handed them to his suffering wife:

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My cheek is pale, my tears flow fast,  
For mem'ry dwells upon the past.  
I could not if I would, forget  
That all my fondest hopes have set.

My hopes, alas! they once were bright  
And all my visions were as light  
As yonder brilliant, lovely star  
Which beams so brightly from afar.

My brow is sad, my heart is crush'd,  
And its wild throes will soon be hush'd;  
My heart is broke & nought can save  
Me from a cold & early grave.

What so discouraged Joseph at this time is not known but Mary recovered from the attack and lived half a century longer.

Also writing at "Rose Cottage", Rebecca indited a dozen stanzas on the "Third Anniversary of my Edward's Death, July 11, 1831." Feeling forlorn and in retrospective mood, she pondered in prose on the fate of "The Desolate Rose-Tree": an untimely frost nipp'd my op'ning prospects; then came a skillful gardener under whose kind hand the drooping rose reviv'd—but it recover'd its wonted appearance only to feel the second bitter-biting frost of the cruel spoiler who seiz'd the fostering hand; poor fated rose, none other can rise to revive thee! One wishes she had been specific.

One of the occasional delights of by-gone days at Beechwood is described in her

*Lines written on hearing an exquisite strain of music from the canal packetboat going past in the evening:*

The pensive twilight hour had pass'd  
And night her sable mantle spread;  
Darkness prevail'd, the sky o'ercast,  
Nor star appear'd above my head;  
The moon still slept behind the hill,  
And all was solemn, dark, and still.

At length was heard a thrilling strain  
Of music, softly sweet and slow—  
It seem'd to steal along the plain  
Like gentle stream, murmuring low;  
A passing breeze then brought it near,  
Each mellow note distinctly clear.

Hush'd ev'ry sound, nor aught was heard  
Save that sweet soothing minstrelsy;  
It came like song of far-off bird  
Warbling in richest melody,  
So gently it fell upon the ear—  
Oh! I could sit for hours to hear.

Entranc'd we listen'd to that lay  
Which on a zephyr seem'd to float  
Till lost, by breezes borne away:  
The flute, clarionet, and bugle's note.  
It ceas'd—alas! we heard no more  
Those thrilling sounds that charm'd before.



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Rebecca and Joseph were fond of music, deriving both pleasure and consolation from it. Rebecca's old music-book contains an entry suggesting that she used it first at Bethlehem in her school days there, although "Greenfield Farm" is written on its cover. In it the notes of a sonnet are printed, all the other pieces having been copied by hand, and these she played at Beechwood on a small instrument of the spinet type.

In September of 1831 Rebecca and Joseph were given the Beechwood lot of three and a fraction acres by their cousin, James C. Ludlow. Four years later Joseph bought eleven and a fraction acres adjoining this on the east from Ludlow and, a few days afterwards, transferred both the newly acquired tract and his half interest in the Beechwood lot to Rebecca, giving her a holding of fifteen acres with the homestead, between the canal and the creek. Thus it appears in the survey of the Clopper Farm made a few years later by their father when sixty acres were owned by the family there.

In October Joseph paid \$28 for a three-year-old bay mare warranted to be "sound and safe property". In that same month he and Rebecca borrowed \$400 from Mary's brother, David K. Este, giving him as security a mortgage on the Beechwood lot; Este charged six per cent interest a year, so every quarter from then until July of 1835 when the debt was discharged, Joseph paid him \$6, twice in firewood at \$3 a cord.

Joseph and Mary decided to have a house built for themselves on land lying along picturesque Mill Creek in Cummins-ville. The location chosen was farther down stream on what was known as the Mill Lot which was sold in 1838 by James C. Ludlow to Nicholas Clopper and his son Joseph. A dwelling house stood there and was occupied by a gardener early in the twentieth century. Until July of 1832 there are expense items in Joseph's accounts for building materials, hardware, and wages for carpenter and mason. They called the new place "Bendemeer" and not inappropriately, for in those years Mill Creek was an attractive stream of clear water with wooded banks—even to-day, abominably abused as it has been, there are vestiges of its former beauty.

Astride his newly acquired bay mare Joseph set out in October to tour a part of Ohio in search of subscribers to "The Standard", a Presbyterian periodical of which he was publisher. There were lines, of course, "To my dear Mary: Fare thee well! to bear up under months of absence lone and drear." He tells us that he arrived at Mr. Butler's the first night, having obtained three subscribers, and on October 22nd "Started for Springfield, stopped at Mr. Comback's, put up my horse & gleaned the village—a great deal of stubble. Learn that all the Elders of Mr. T's church are old school save two & one of these doubtful . . . met with a couple of very zealous advocates for the circulation of The Standard & who will use all diligence in confirming the wavering viz Mr. Comback & Mr. Vance . . .

obtained five subscribers this day, one a New-Light, from some rec'd pretty crusty replies . . . Meet with a number of new school members who will not have The Standard. Hear also of much dissatisfaction with The Journal—find but a very few possessing expansive & disinterested views but many besotted with selfishness. Put up at a tavern within four miles of Hamilton—Mr. Schenck's. Oct. 23rd, Sabbath morning, reached Hamilton, breakfasted & dined with Rev'd Monfort. Heard him preach an excellent practical sermon . . . At night heard an address on behalf of the Colonization Society—a very well written tho' an exceeding bombastical production. Made no effort to obtain subscribers here but started at dawn of day (24th) for Seven Mile Church." From October 21 to November 23 he collected \$82, kept \$15.75 to reimburse himself for expenses, and turned over the balance to the periodical.

In November, Francis A. Steele, a lad born in 1824, whose father had just died and whose mother was ill (she also died a month later), came to live with Joseph and Mary in the house on Seventh Street. Shoes for him cost \$1 a pair and three yards of "domestic" for his pantaloons came to 37½c.

For some reason not revealed, Joseph now decided to buy more land. It was probably speculative fever, pure and simple, for he was already in debt and had no capital or income to warrant such an investment. He seems to have thrown caution to the winds in December of 1831 when he agreed to buy 106⅔ acres on Blue Rock Road in Mill Creek Township, near Cincinnati, for \$2,000 and made an initial payment of \$300 to the local agency of the Bank of the United States. In March of the following year he gave this bank a mortgage for \$1,954 on this land to secure four notes which he had given in payment but why this should be so much more than the balance does not appear. How much money he actually paid on this account is not set down in his records but in 1835 he made at least three payments aggregating \$800. It seems that he had failed to take up one of his notes when due and a judgment for \$476 and costs was rendered against him in August of 1834, so he cleared this off and also paid part of the note due in December of that year. Then he sold this land to James C. Ludlow but whether at a profit or a loss we do not know.

The school he tried to organise in the city was not a success, so he and Mary gave up the Seventh Street house early in January of 1832 and moved to Cumminsville in order to be near the building they were having erected. They rented a place called "Mount Comfort" for \$2.50 a month and bought a cow for \$10.50. In January they also borrowed \$300 from a man named Culbertson and paid it back in a little more than three years. Here at Mount Comfort in March, Mary copied in her album some stanzas on "The Wife" and was about to give vent to her feelings but decided to "conceal the corroding sting that *wounds so deeply*", sorrow having taught her that in the hour of



extremity we claim the sympathy of those around us. She adds that to be deceived where we have confided is among the most terrible afflictions, and then filled two pages with Blair's urging to bear with patience whatever God lays upon us. Mary was hypersensitive and therefore inclined to be suspicious.

Early in April the restless Joseph and Mary moved from Mount Comfort to Ezekiel Hutchinson's tavern at Blue Rock Road and Hamilton Pike, and on the 26th into their own home, the new "Bendemeer" on the creek's bank. Incredible as it seems, they stayed there only five months and then returned to the city, boarding this time with McMillan at the corner of Ninth and Plum Streets. About six weeks later they moved to the old parsonage on Elm Street and by the middle of December were boarding at "Standary Hall" on Elm Street where McMillan also was staying. Both McMillan and Joseph were connected with *The Standard*, hence the name, presumably. That month the newspapers printed McMillan & Clopper's advertisement of proposals to publish a volume of Original Sermons from Western Divines, 300 pages, \$1.25, delivery early in the Spring; this project was carried out in the form of a leather-bound volume of 310 pages entitled *Original Sermons by Presbyterian Ministers in the Mississippi Valley* published in 1833 by McMillan & Clopper, printers at No. 1 Baker Street—four of the sermons are by Joshua L. Wilson of the First Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati.

In 1832 at this Baker Street address they published in pamphlet form the *Academic Pioneer and Guardian of Education* conducted by the editorial committee of the Western Academic Institute "to furnish information in the various departments of education; to give efficiency to the means of instruction, and to call to its aid the improvements making by the ceaseless action of the human intellect; and bring home to the minds and bosoms of parents and instructors the importance and magnitude of the duty of proper attention to the *moral, physical, and mental* cultivation of the young."

A copy of *Plutarch's Lives* (Langhorne) printed in Baltimore in 1831, now at Beechwood, was "J. C. Clopper's, Bot in Cincinnati 1833 while publisher of *The Standard*."

Joseph and Mary did not reside long in the city, however, for late in January of 1833 they came back to Beechwood on a canal-boat and Mary, with a sigh, wrote in her album, "I hope to stay a while." Through all their trials and tribulations their affection for each other was unchanged. One day in May at Beechwood Mary's album got a further contribution in the form of a stanza by Joseph with this line: "Then come to my bosom, my dearest", to which Mary added: "'Tis sweet to think there still is one whose bosom beats for me."

"The Blackberry Rain" was a midsummer theme at Beechwood and Rebecca addressed lines about it to her sisters. Again in June of 1836 she wrote four stanzas extempore on seeing Mary Ann "gazing on two stars and admiring the firefly during the *blackberry rain*."

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Maria Louisa Harrison, who taught a group of girls in Dayton, wrote to Rebecca from that city in the years from 1827 to 1833 and her letters have been preserved; their description of the social life there at that period is interesting. In August of 1832 she told that Ferd Carrell, Aunt Ann's nephew, was married and having a fine house put up; she likes his wife, "she is intellectual, almost a *blue*, but lovable notwithstanding; he is much more agreeable than he was before he was married and has less apparent foppishness and conceit." In November she mentions the "awful crisis" which Cincinnati has passed through and says that Dayton is waiting in anxious suspense for the terrible minister of vengeance—no case has occurred yet in the vicinity, indeed there has not been a case of malignant fever during the Summer or Fall, so the season has been remarkably free from disease, but the people have been deeply impressed by the visitation of the scourge in Cincinnati. She hears that Joseph has taken the editorship of *The Standard* and says he is well qualified for it and his talents may be more appreciated and useful in it than in any other position—"He has always been too modest. He might easily acquire distinction as a writer if he chooses." In a letter written to Rebecca early in March, 1833, she says that in the evening Joseph was hidden behind the door when she returned from school and she "was first made aware of his presence by a saucy kiss (don't tell Mary this). He is just as saucy and mischievous as ever, notwithstanding matrimony."

In August, 1833, at Beechwood, Rebecca wrote a charming little poem on

### THE HUMMING BIRDS OF BEECHWOOD *Address'd to Ruhamah*

Sis, take my arm, together let us stray  
Where humming-birds in sportive circles play  
And, hov'ring o'er, taught by instinctive pow'r,  
Extract the liquid sweets from each fair flow'r.  
Beautiful bird, how brilliant is thy breast,  
Thy little wings in beauteous order drest—  
Nature to form thee took extreme delight,  
Gave thee beauty to captivate the sight—  
Thy plumage glitt'ring in the sun's bright ray  
Ere his strong beams gild meridian day,  
Or at ev'ning's hour, when sinking in the west,  
His parting beams seem sparkling on thy breast—  
We greet thee then! with wonder gaze on thee  
As, humming loud, you rove from tree to tree,  
Rest a moment, then spread thy tiny wing,  
And from fresh flow'rs the liquid nectar bring.  
Enjoying sweets: thy life's a pleasing dream  
Softly passing, like some purling stream  
That smoothly glides where gentle zephyrs blow.  
And silent stealing through the vale below,  
Beautiful pair, I've mark'd your airy flight;  
Daily at sultry noon you quit my sight—  
Dost thou retire to some far distant grove  
And rest you there, and breathe your notes of love?



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And there remain until the twilight hour  
Calls you again to sip the fragrant flow'r?  
Then come in welcome—you have nought to fear—  
Your hum is music to my list'ning ear.

“Well, Miss Ruhamah, while you are attentively list'ning to the lecture and receiving instruction, I have endeavoured to amuse myself and beguile away this cruel headache which has annoyed me all the afternoon, by scribbling these few lines in commemoration of our beautiful pair of humming-birds which daily visit the cypress, the evening primrose, and other sweets of the garden. In order to make them more acceptable to your Ladyship I have dedicated them to Ruhamah. Ruhamah will therefore accept this little hasty effusion from her friend R - - - and excuse all inaccuracies.

“Saturday night, near nine o'clock, Beechwood, Aug. 24, 1833.”

In the following March, also at Beechwood, Rebecca wrote “Lines to Spring, suggested on hearing a mocking-bird this afternoon.” It must have been a brown thrasher, however, although rather early in the season for this species, as it was “high perch'd upon yon beechen tree.” Every Spring since then, too, this gifted songster has poured out his marvelous medley while “high perch'd” upon some tall tree at Beechwood—but no more upon a beech, for the tall ones have long been dead. One night in April she wrote about the cottage, the rill in the ravine, the lovely landscape, the slow canal-boats, the sweeping view from the hill-top, the horizon beyond Sugar Hill, the fresh Spring growth, the lively birds, among them “my mock-bird—he has come again . . . from yon high beech I hear his strain”, by which she again meant the brown thrasher, as this songster annually arrives from the south in the first week of April and perches in a tree-top to carol its paeans of joy; she hears, too, a cricket on the hearth—“‘tis late, he warns me to repose”—and she exclaims, “Sweet Beechwood, thou hast charms for me”.

In October of 1833, when convalescing at Beechwood, Joseph wrote lines to Sarah Bella Ludlow, James C. Ludlow's daughter, who had visited him, picked Fall flowers and put them in a cup for him.

That Autumn Joseph was elected to the office of Justice of the Peace for Mill creek Township. In the following January Governor Robert Lucas of Ohio commissioned him as justice for three years and a few days later he and Mary changed their place of residence again, this time going to a house on Western Row (now called Central Avenue) in Mohawk. There they lived for two years, and there court was held.

The new Justice of the Peace went to some expense for office furniture, equipment, and supplies needed in the performance of his duties, buying a table, black sand and box, paper and quills, ink-stand, wafers, ink powder, dockets, signs, stone pitcher, bookcase, law book, and coal, and having forms for

summonses, subpoenas, warrants, and executions printed. Among the entries in his book of civil cases heard are the following: 7 Feb. 1834, State of Ohio vs. Joseph Reynolds, on complaint and affidavit of Richard Van Blunck for swearing seven profane oaths in these words "By God"; warrant issued and defendant brought forward; judgment, fine of \$1 and costs of 75c; satisfied by *plaintiff* in full. Did the plaintiff pay the fine and costs for the sheer delight of having Reynolds convicted? But read on: Same day, State of Ohio vs Richard Van Blunk, ditto on complaint and affidavit of Church Reynolds, again satisfied by complainant, fine and costs in full. A statute then imposed a fine of from 25c to \$1 for profanely swearing by the name of God.

In that year Joseph also served as treasurer for Millcreek Township. He set forth in writing his "Views on the Banking System in 1834" and seems to have been fairly well satisfied with it for one who had so little opportunity to make its acquaintance! He also wrote "A Glance at the Wrongs of the Indian and African", pointing out that "Wrongs against the *physical* man are doubtless of the greatest magnitude as perpetrated against the African; but taking it for granted that mental suffering, consequent upon wrongs & injuries, is more intolerable than physical, and that mental suffering is always proportionate to the culture of the moral sense, we are persuaded that, of the two races, the Red Man has received the greater injuries at the hands of the White Man."

Medical attention, house rent, interest to his brother-in-law, road tax, shoeing of his horse, a new saddle, and mending of his wagon were all paid. A frequent item of expense was postage on letters—on some received as well as on those sent, for it was permissible to commit a letter to the mails C. O. D.—and every letter cost 25c, a considerable sum in those days. He paid \$5.25 pew rent for the quarter to the First Presbyterian Church and, filled with the spirit, he wrote:

WHAT WILL YE DO IN THE SWELLINGS OF JORDAN?

Subject of the Prince of Peace, hast thou no trials known?  
Has humble life's still quietude, as yet, been all thy own?  
Art dreaming of millenial joys, and saying "All is well"  
While many hearts are quaking at the roar of Jordan's swell?

.....

O tarry not in all the plain! be to thy Leader true;  
Peril thy life, and His strong arm shall safely bear thee through.  
Desert His standard, wait till o'er thy soul's deluded view  
The fatal waves of error break—and *then* what wilt thou do?

In June Mary rode out to Beechwood on a canal-boat, the passage costing 25c. Back in town she spent 37½c in "visiting the Mexico painting", 12½c for lucifers, as matches were called, and gave little Francis Steele 6¼c. A pair of shoes for Joseph cost \$1.25. One day in August Mary's fare for a ride to church was 25c



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in a hack and a trip to North Bend on the 20th cost her the same amount. Postage of 25c on a letter from Edward E. Este was paid; in sending a letter to Texas where this young man had gone, Joseph was considerate enough to prepay the charge of 25c. Mary spent 25c in "visiting the animals"—probably a traveling circus. At that time coal cost 11½c a bushel, cartage being in addition. Three cords of wood were bought from James C. Ludlow for \$6. Boots cost \$5.50 and a book for Francis 6c. In November Mary again rode from Mohawk to Beechwood and back on a canal-boat. Their Christmas turkey cost 43c. Mary gave her husband, who was often ill, a copy of Andrew Combe's *Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education* which had just been published.

On New Year's Day of 1835 Joseph composed a poem "To Mary" while she was at her brother's in the city:

Time's sluggish moments to beguile  
And to forget thy ling'ring stay,  
I turn'd those Album leaves a while  
That tell of scenes of former day.

And there, the soiling leaves between,  
Was many a well-known token found—  
Flowers that told how we had been  
Ramblers on Love's enchanted ground.

But, Mary! they have lost their bloom  
And freshness which we loved to view—  
All but this rose whose rich perfume  
Is sweet as when I gave it you.

So when thy outward charms decay,  
Believe me, Mary, thou wilt be  
Dear to my heart as on that day  
Thou gav'st thy virgin love to me.

In March of 1835 he wrote "The Tanner's Horse, or Poor Nudge's Soliloquy" about a horse doomed "to trudge & pump, as well as turn their irksome mill", grinding bark for the tanning of leather; and, a few months later, "Poor Nudge's Farewell or Parting Address to his Master" in which, having been traded, the horse speaks its mind:

.....

I never can the toil forget  
That we endured together,  
Through heat and cold, or dry or wet,  
Converting hides to leather!

.....

And now to all a long farewell,  
To you, and John, and Peter,  
To Bull, the Waggon, Pump, and Mill,  
And patent leather beater!

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If after all I've done and said  
You think me still your debtor,  
I promise you my hide—when dead—  
Poor Nudge has nothing better!

At this time also he wrote more than two pages of verse in the style of Pope on how a boy should behave and headed them "A Teacher's Instructions to his Pupil, Translated from Thomas Ruddiman's Latin Grammar". One of the stanzas follows:

Learn, I beseech you, nothing to forget;  
Nor let the mind a conscious loss regret;  
Guard well the mind, for all the knowledge gained  
Is time and pleasure lost, if not retained.

Four more pages of his verse are found in the same album on "Narcissus Changed into a Flower", translated from Book III of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 6th Fable. Also verses "To the Editor of the \* \* \* in whose paper Kirkby's ascent in his balloon is represented first as a ride in a coach and then as the flight of an Eagle".

That Spring he paid \$102.50 to Culbertson, settling that debt; interest as usual to Este; \$2 for printed forms for his office; postage on letters from Rebecca and Rachel Ruhamah at 25c each; and \$14.75 for masonry and a cellar window, for "Millview" in Cumminsville—a house on the Hamilton Road where he and Mary were to have their home for nine years.

Mary went east through Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and Trenton, visited her old home at Morristown, New Jersey, as well as New Brunswick, and started on the return journey in mid-September, having been gone since early in May.

Nicholas's cousin, John Low of New York, wrote in July that after forty years of service as clerk, cashier, and president of a bank he had, at the age of 67 years, retired to a small place near the city where he still mourned the loss of both his second wife who had died in 1821 and of his son by her who died of "consumption" two years later just after having entered upon the ministry. Only three of the seven children she had borne were living and only three of his first wife's had survived, one of these being his housekeeper. The indomitable "Aunt Duryea" had given up the ghost and, as executor of her will, he distributed her bequests: \$300 to her nephew, Nicholas Clopper, and a like sum to each of his daughters.

Joseph paid his brother-in-law the principal and interest due to him and then appeared to be out of debt. It is amusing that his next purchase was a harmonica for \$1.25—with which to celebrate, perhaps. He and Mary gave the Abolition Society \$3, thus showing where they stood on the slavery question. And a docket cost \$2.50.

On July 4th he composed "Lines Written at the Request of my Cousin Francis Clopper of Maryland for his Commonplace Book as made known by letter, June, 1835." Some of these lines follow:



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.....

O were it mine, thou gentle boy,  
Such boon to give, thy coming years  
Should but confirm the buoyant joy  
Of life's young hopes undimmed by tears;  
But ah! the sum of weal or wo  
Reserved for thee is wisely hid:  
Of future things we nothing know—  
And who would tell them if he did?

.....

The sinless One of Galilee  
Teach thee the worth of doing good!  
Then, whether in the tented field,  
Or in the senate thou art found,  
In poverty's low vale concealed,  
Or where the smiles of wealth abound,  
A peace is thine that nought can give  
Nor take away beneath the sky—  
A consciousness 'tis good to live  
And still a greater gain to die.

The seventh anniversary of his brother Edward's death on July 11th he observed by writing lines, some of which follow:

.....

I well remember me the sunny days  
Of childhood, when prosperity was ours,  
Crowned with parental smiles, without a care;  
And how we sprang up into vig'rous youth  
Like saplings twined together underneath  
The fost'ring shade of sturdy oak, until  
The storms of adverse skies did beat on us:  
And then, when smitten by the ruthless bolt,  
Thy young leaves withered by my side, a calm  
Came o'er the elements—the sun went cloudless down  
To rest, and silence reigned that solemn hour!  
How like the deep repose that settles round  
Its tenement of clay when, stealing forth  
On noiseless wing, the ransomed spirit greets  
Its heavenly convoy, and away from earth  
Stretches far up to immortality!

.....

## XXVI

### THE LAST OF AUNT ANN'S LETTERS

AUNT ANN at Woodland Farm, as The Woodlands was then called, wrote to Rebecca early in February of 1831 saying that her husband, Francis C. Clopper, had resigned his office of postmaster at Seneca Mills, that he continued to suffer from dysentery and liver trouble, and that Dr. Orme had advised him to go to Philadelphia. The child Henry had died in September and after its death most of the family went to Philadelphia where Dr. Jackson examined Uncle Francis and said that he had ulcers on the intestines and that by living on sago principle and black tea, keeping quiet, and taking the medicine which he had ordered, he would be cured; “. . . when Dr. Jackson visited your Uncle, he saw Francis in a spasm, he said directly that they did not proceed from either his brain or stomach, but from his spine and ordered him to be leeches on his back bone, and to put his feet in warm water and ashes every night, and when we got him home, to rub his back with tarter ointment, which makes it as sore as if there was a blister on it; as soon as the discharge stops and it heals, it is rubbed on again . . . he has now been longer without spasms than he has for a long time . . .” Edwin Muncaster, an acquaintance of Rebecca’s, visited Woodland Farm and Aunt Ann asked him for news of Rebecca’s old neighbors around “Springfield”: old Mr. Scott’s daughters married against his will and none doing very well; another man, during his first wife’s life, seemed reformed but drank after her death, and after his second wife’s death he became worthless and died; his two brothers were worse than he was—at every court session there are twenty or more presentments against them—last month one of them tried to shoot his brother but someone struck his arm and he shot instead a drunken man on the floor who died at once—he says they can do nothing with him as it was in self-defence and it was his brother he intended to kill—“did you ever hear of such a wretch, I hope they will put him in the Penetentiary, that is all I know of them, what a lucky escape Caro[line] had . . . Your old but not much esteemed acquaintance Sam Beall, Mrs. Mines’ son, has come in with a deputation of Indians and is applying to be made *Governor* of Green Bay, he left his wife out there . . . Your shell worke is at last safely landed here . . . Your Aunt Nancy is well and so are all the children but May, and he is now able to walk about . . . Mr. H[ervey] had a letter from New Yorke yester-



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### THE WOODLANDS AT CLOPPER, MARYLAND

From a drawing by Ellen Clopper, 1855.

day . . . John Low has lost his wife, Mrs. Hervey lives with him . . . We have lost our poor old Kingston [a slave, brought from Africa], he died on Christmas Day, he had not been able to do anything for two years, he went off without a groan, he must have been a very old man . . .”

Towards the end of August, 1832, Aunt Ann at Woodland Farm wrote to Rebecca, “. . . I fear this constant confinement to your needle will destroy you, why can not Joseph do something to lighten your burden, poor Edward had he been spared I am sure he would not let you worke your fingers to the bone without doing something to relieve you; you will not like this for J has always been your *pet*, I know he is good and amiable and if he had one half your *industry* my dear friend, he would be all I could wish him . . .” She mentions the marriage of her nephew, Ferdinand Carrell, who settled in Dayton: “I wish she had been a christian for I cannot think Unitarians such. I suppose he is now in Philad on his way to New England to see her relations . . . I would rather she had not been from the East, they are generally too keen for my fancy . . . Elizabeth Clopper is engaged to a Mr. Pleasants . . . they do not like it talked of, so when you write to Amelia do not mention it. Ann



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

is still with us and sends her love to you as do May and Andrew . . . Your friend W. Scott has given his hopeful son a horse and a handsome sum of money and sent him out of the state. Uncle John is quite well now . . . Sister Ellen has suffered much lately with head ache, otherwise she is well . . . Kitty's niece Mary Hurley [who later married Ambrose White] is with us and was much amused when I told her the other evening how she used to tire you with telling you storeys your *bridge* bending would not stop her. She has grown up quite handsome; my Ellen does not show to any advantage along side of her, they both send their love as does Kitty [Taney] and Cousin [Betsy Byrne] who looks as thin and laughs as hearty as ever; my health is better than it has been for two years . . ."

Regretfully we come to the last letter of Aunt Ann's which has been kept; she must have written many more to Beechwood, for she was a faithful correspondent and lived until 1865, but no others have been found. In this last letter of hers to Rebecca, dated June 5, 1833, her Maryland home is called The Woodlands and ever since then it has been known by this name. ". . . I was surprised to hear your father and Andrew were still in Texas . . . I do not wonder you feel uneasy about him [Nicholas] at this time, for of all complaints I think the Cholera is the most awful . . . I thought you Rebecca had more prudence and self controul than to indulge your feelings at perhaps the expence of your life and perhaps that of your sisters and brother, but I hope they will have more sense than to permit your seeing the corpse of your friend, it could do you no good and might an injury . . ." Her daughter Ellen was bridesmaid to Mary Hurley, "the one who used to tell you such long stories, she is married to Mr. White, cousin to Julian White, Aunt Mary was married eighteen months before to a Mr. Cross a widower with several children and she has one herself. Your Aunt Nancy's family are all single yet, Elizabeth has [been] engaged for three or four years, the other three are all much handsomer than she is, Amelia they say is very handsome, I have not seen her for a long time, we had one or other of the girls staying with us for the last three or four years but May's health was so bad that he was last fall removed to Baltimore, we have not had any one of them here but Andrew since he lives with us . . ." Rebecca's Aunt Rachel, widow of Peter Clopper, died in Baltimore.

On February 22, 1835, Francis C. Clopper wrote at The Woodlands:

The date above reminds me that this is the anniversary of the birth of the Greatest Man that ever lived. It was once my happy lot to see him, and never do I expect to "Look upon his like again". Were the citizens of this union to follow the advice given them in



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

his "Valedictory" or did they individually possess but a "tythe" of his Virtues, there would indeed be no cause to despair of the union. The Glorious & Immortal fame of

### GEORGE WASHINGTON

is recorded & has become history; nothing therefore that so humble an individual as myself can say, either in his praise, or against him, will either add or detract from his merits—I will therefore refrain from further comment.

F. C. CLOPPER

## XXVII

### ANOTHER VISIT TO THE EAST

TWO DAYS before Christmas of 1834 Rebecca and Rachel Ruhamah went up the Ohio River on the steamboat "Indian" to Wheeling where they took the stage-coach to Pittsburgh. On the day after New Year's they visited "Alleghany-Town" (which is now the North Side of Pittsburgh), the Presbyterian Theological Seminary there (where Grace and I lived from 1925 to 1933), and the penitentiary!

Four of Andrew Pierce's children were ill with measles at the time; Rebecca nursed one of them for nearly two weeks; two of the others died. Andrew Pierce of Valparaiso, Indiana, had married Rebecca McKibbin, daughter of Jeremiah and Mary (Chambers) McKibbin, who was probably visiting her brother, Chambers McKibbin, in Pittsburgh.

On the 29th of January the Clopper sisters left Pittsburgh in the evening and arrived in Greensburg at four o'clock in the morning; there they breakfasted at Judge Young's and in the afternoon went to "Skra Glen", the residence of their uncle, Edward N. Clopper. After a few days Rebecca left her sister there and took the stage-coach for Chambersburg where she visited relatives: Rebecca Crawford, Elizabeth Washington, and Margaret McKnight. The last named was the only child of Joseph Chambers, son of Col. Benjamin Chambers; she married Rev. John McKnight who laid out the section of Chambersburg lying north of Grant Street and east of the "Great Road" (Philadelphia Avenue). Rebecca's little cousin Susan wove "a very pretty watch chain" for her which called forth a "hasty effusion" of four stanzas. On February 13th she rode through the snow in a sleigh to Shippensburg and back with her Aunt Rebecca, Elizabeth, and Margaret, stopping at Mrs. Cochrane's for apple-pie—although Rebecca Clopper wanted oysters! All this is recorded in verses, of course.

From Chambersburg she rode to Hagerstown, Maryland, where she spent the night of the 14th, leaving there at noon of the next day and arriving, after a ride of four hours, at Frederick. There she called upon the Bayley family and left them with regret on the 16th when she went on to The Woodlands, staying with her Uncle Francis C. Clopper, Aunt Ann, and family until late in April. On March 6th she spent the day with her friend Mrs. Mines at Rockville and heard of the many marriages, removals, and deaths which had occurred



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among her acquaintances since she left those parts. The 12th was her Aunt Ann's birthday and five stanzas were hastily penn'd; two weeks later came little Francis's when she presented albums to all the children, having "the honour of writing in them". On that day she and her cousin, Douglas Clopper, visited her friend, Mrs. Muncaster; and next day she went to the Great Falls of the Potomac with Mr. Muncaster and Douglas—"they have built an elegant hotel there, and made a number of improvements, cut a handsome canal, and the place is very much changed indeed." At this "wild romantic scene" she could not refrain from seizing her pencil and ten stanzas resulted. Returning to the Muncaster home on horseback by a circuitous route, they visited "Springfield", the Clopper home before the family left for Cincinnati, and finding it much changed they hurried on and stopped for half an hour at William Scott's residence. From the Muncasters' she walked to the Talbott home for tea and there found four of the Magruder girls, their brother Charles, Mr. Scott, and a few others. On the 28th she got into the carriage and went to Georgetown which, she was sorry to see, was "going to decay", and there spent the day with her friend, Mrs. Frances R. Reade. Returning, she was at the Muncasters' for a day or two longer and then went back to The Woodlands, accompanied by Mr. Muncaster, and calling at the Mines home on the way. With Mary Taney and the Clopper children—little Francis, Mary Augusta, and Ellen—she visited the blanket factory which her Uncle Francis operated. Verses were composed for nearly everyone at The Woodlands. One day in April, with Mary Taney and her cousins, she called at "Snow Hill", residence of the Orme family near Gaithersburg; Orme was the Cloppers' family physician who had inherited thousands of acres in original land grants but suffered reverses. At another time her Uncle Francis took her to Georgetown and Washington where she saw "the sights" and also met Rev. Brook who was about to go to Cincinnati, having been called to succeed Rev. Aydelotte at Christ Episcopal Church there.

On April 23rd she left The Woodlands in the carriage with her uncle, her cousin Ellen, and her Aunt Ann's sister, Ellen Maher, bound for Baltimore. They stopped at Price's to feed the horses, passed by Triadelphia Factory on the Patuxent River—"beautiful and romantic scenery here"—and spent two hours at Ellicott' Mills, "a lovely spot", where for the first time she saw a railway and cars and "could not help reflecting on the ingenuity of man". At eight o'clock that evening they arrived in Baltimore. Here Rebecca passed some time in attending many church services and in seeing relatives and friends, one of these a friend whom she had "long highly esteem'd, who was unjustly and basely confin'd to prison"; written on the margin of her journal in faint ink is a statement about this friend whom, unfortunately, she does not name: "What is singular, that friend was released that day 12 months, the same day of the

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week, month, minute, he entered, unexpectedly, his wife happened to be present when it occurred, during his confinement he buried a lovely boy about 12 months old."

Ellen Maher gave her "a beautiful present" and, later, a fine album; Eliza Lucas gave her a volume of Felicia Hemans's poetry. She spent a day with Letitia Douglass who enjoyed all the luxuries of life; and another day with her friend, Mrs. Jane Gould, and her little family, one of the girls bearing the name of Rebecca. She visited Mrs. Nowland and found a very delicate baby, also named for her.

After having shopped in the city and paid farewell visits, she left at five o'clock in the morning of May 15th and arrived at Chambersburg at eight in the evening. Margaret McKnight "had been seriously indispos'd, getting better, spent most of the Sabbath with her, visited in the evening the burial ground, a very romantic spot where repose the mould'ring dead; some pensive thoughts while gazing on the various tombstones around, here lie a number of friends and relatives, my grandfather and three little brothers." The burial ground she mentions was surely the Falling Spring Presbyterian churchyard although the church has no record of the interment of her grandfather, Captain Robert Chambers, or of her three little brothers: Robert Chambers Clopper, born in Chambersburg 1791, died 1793—this was Andrew's twin brother; Edward, born in Chambersburg in February and died in March of 1798; and Abraham, born in Chambersburg 1805, died 1806. As already noted, burial without record or marker was not uncommon in the eighteenth century in eastern Pennsylvania.

The next day she left Chambersburg, bound west, and delighted in the picturesque scenery, "the Juniata winding its serpentine course, the Loyalhanna rushing along", arriving at Greensburg where she dined at Judge Young's and in the evening walked out to "Skara Glen", all there wondering at her long absence. On Friday at noon she and Rachel Ruhamah took the stage to Pittsburgh.

### LINES WRITTEN WHILE RATTLING DOWN THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS:

Nature here shines to please the eye,  
Array'd in all her majesty—  
Rocks lodge on rocks, and hills are seen,  
And trees all cloth'd in living green.  
The Loyalhanna glides along,  
Full winding for the poet's song,  
O'er rocks amidst the deep ravine—  
Wildly romantic is the scene.  
Nature, to please the trav'ler's eye,  
Puts on her loveliest drapery:  
The laurel with its bonny bloom,  
And other flow'rs of rich perfume.

.....

The stage seems flying down the hill,  
And noisy as a rattling mill—



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Ah! who with pencil here can write,  
Tho' Nature should the Muse invite?  
I must confess 'tis not my pen  
Can paint the beauties of yon glen.

The Loyalhanna (Delaware Indian words signifying *middle stream*) is first seen by the traveller from the east after having come down Laurel Hill and passed through Laughlintown; west of Ligonier it flows through a water-gap in Chestnut Ridge and this is "the deep ravine" which Rebecca mentions. From 1925 to 1933 Grace and I often rode to Ligonier from Pittsburgh and then walked to Laughlintown and over the surrounding country, hence Rebecca's lines of 1835 hold a special interest for us.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was being held in Pittsburgh when the sisters arrived there and Rebecca attended the sessions, hearing sermons morning, afternoon, and night, and listening to debates "often interesting, sometimes very dull and tedious". One preacher, "sound in the faith and of ardent piety", declared that Oliver Cromwell required all his soldiers to carry Bibles and one of them, "a gay, wild young man, while in battle receiv'd a bullet through his pocket and traced it through his bible till he found it stopt at the words: Rejoice, oh young man, in thy youth; he was brought to reflection and finally became a chang'd man &c &c."

She rode out to Braddock's Fields and visited Edgeworth Seminary where she heard the young ladies play the piano-forte, saw their paintings, and was pleased with the headmistress, Mother Oliver. On June 8th she put in a full day, visiting glass works, cracker factory, rolling mill, nail factory, planing mill; went over to Alleghany-Town in the afternoon and visited the aqueduct and a cotton factory; then returned to Pittsburgh and listened to music at the Arsenal.

Next day she and Rachel Ruhamah boarded the steamboat "Hunter" bound for Cincinnati, both cabins crowded, and arrived there in the evening of the 11th. Little David B. McKibbin, four-year-old son of Chambers and Jane (Bell) McKibbin of Pittsburgh, was with them—he was to be Rebecca's pupil. They spent the night in the city and, next morning, Rebecca attended the trial of Lyman Beecher. Her pastor, Joshua L. Wilson, minister of the First Presbyterian Church, was uncompromising in his insistence upon a rigid Calvinism, and was prosecuting his fellow pastor, Beecher, champion of freedom of the will, who in 1832 had become president of Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati and its professor of theology as well as minister of the Second Presbyterian Church. "Conservative Presbyterians assailed him [Beecher] bitterly with formal charges of heresy, slander, and hypocrisy—of heresy because his interpretation of the Westminster Confession differed from theirs; of slander because he maintained that his views were those of a large body of evangelical Christians; of hypocrisy because he pretended

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that his doctrines squared with the Scriptures and the Confession. He was acquitted by the local presbytery and then by the synod. His opponents appealed to the General Assembly but, after three years of litigation, were persuaded to withdraw the case."<sup>92</sup>

That evening Rebecca and, presumably, Rachel Ruhamah and David, went out to Joseph's home in Mohawk and stayed there two nights; when James C. Ludlow and his wife called there she accompanied them out to Ludlow Station in Cumminsville, visiting them there until June 17th when she crossed the creek to Beechwood, having been gone almost six months. Two days later she was "agreeably surpris'd by the arrival of my dear father who had been absent in Texas five years."

The child, David B. McKibbin, grew fond of Beechwood and spoke of it with affection in after years. He had a colorful career in the Army, beginning as a boy of sixteen in the War with Mexico. He was a cadet in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point; then as a lieutenant in the Army he was sent to the Pacific Coast and fought Indians in Washington Territory. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was a captain in the 14th Infantry Regiment and in the course of the war was cited for gallantry in several battles, being brevetted Brigadier-General at its end. He retired from the Army in May of 1875.



## XXVIII

### RELIGION, REAL ESTATE, AND REBELLION IN TEXAS

WRITING at San Jacinto, Texas, on January 17, 1831, Nicholas addressed his son Joseph and his daughter Rebecca at Cincinnati. The letter is marked "forwarded by The Lad of Franklin 7th Apl", probably the name of a steamboat. He declares that he has "finally concluded to dispose of all our estate in this country, by so doing we shall be enabled to pay all our debts and I trust have a competency left to remove to a Christian land . . . When I removed to this country it was done under a sense of duty . . ." He understands that Joseph will not come to Texas and that Rebecca and Rachel Ruhamah will come without him and may even now be on the way ". . . under existing circumstances and our determination to sell off, think it will be best for all of you to remain in the states . . . Andrew joins in love . . . Say to our friends Messrs. Johnson, Bird, and Ludlow we hope & trust it will not be very long before we fulfill our engagements." In a portion of this letter addressed to Rebecca and Rachel Ruhamah he says that he has received only two letters from them since he left them last April. "Write to Caroline & Mary Ann & let us know how they do &c—& say to your Uncle Edward I will write him soon." In side lines to Joseph who, he believes, is still at Unity in Warren County, he sends remembrance to Wellton, the Monforts, Van Dyke, and Judge Lowe, "tell him his son G. is here from Missispi & much pleased with country & is in good health."

Point Lookout was the name given by Andrew M. Clopper to his residence overlooking San Jacinto Bay and on May 27, 1831, he wrote to his brother Joseph in Cincinnati: "I have a trying time of it, I have no one to assist me, however my work will soon be over for the Summer, I have plough'd my corn over three times with the same mule that you rode from San Felipe to Harrisburg & have now laid it by, & have some sugar cane to hoe over. I shall get that done next week & will then have my work pretty much done; You will discover by Father's letter how much I have to be alone, though you write to me that Sister M. [Joseph's wife] says it is not good for Man to be alone, tell her that I agree with her, & if I could be as fortunate as you were in getting so good a Companion, one who's possess'd of all that is amiable & agreeable, my present state would soon be changed, but I fear they are hard to find in this country. You ask me what has become of Susan, she is still at home,

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I wrote you in a former letter that I had some objections against marrying her, tho' she is a very fine worthy good girl, & is a great friend of mine, the fact is I cant leave home, I am so confin'd; were you all out here, I then would be foot-loose & would rummage the Colony but what I'd have one, should I not be able to find one suitable here, why I should go & Pillage the U. S. of one—as it appears to be the opinion of you all that I must marry . . . I intend making much use of the Bible, more especially the New Testament, I can now comprehend the Scriptures much better than in former years, formerly they appear'd dark & mysterious, much more so than at present, although I can't say I ever doubted the truths contain'd therein; I have read a treatise upon the Walk of Faith by W. Romaine twice over, & am now reading it the third time, it certainly is one of the best books ever written, & I admire Law's Serious Call very much, it contains the strongest reasoning I ever read . . . The Priest has at last arriven at San felipe, I have seen his address to the inhabitants, I will give you a short sketch of it, he commences thus, My belov'd Parishioners, I am happy to find that there is neither zeal nor means wanting to erect a temple worthy of this enlighten'd community; untill this is done, let our houses, our hearts be temples dedicated to the Lord of all. Read your Bibles, all books of Christian Devotion; be mutually charitable, even should those self important perambulating Preachers appear among you, do not persecute them, if you wish it you may hear them, provided they do not make an abuse of your time nor corrupt your morals. Beware of those who approach you in sheep's clothing; he concludes thus: May the Lord preserve you from the spirit of disunion or controversy is the prayer of your most devoted Pastor—M. Muldoon.

I have not seen Capt. L[indsay] or Doctor P[atrack] this 4 months, the Capt. is custom House officer at Brazos & I understood lately the Doctor was appointed Shff. at Perry's Point about twenty miles from us . . .” He thanks Rebecca for clothes received two weeks before, “she made my pantaloons about 2 inches too long” but nevertheless he is satisfied with them. He has not seen Mrs. Burnet yet but understands she is much pleased with the country. “N. B. Dont forget to bring me an ounce Phial Spts. Nitrous Ether.”

At Point Lookout on February 5, 1832, Andrew wrote to his sister-in-law, Mary, at Cincinnati, saying that he received her letter of October 24th on January 27th; refers to a hint in this letter relative to marriage, and agrees with her that it is not good for Man to be alone and that an affectionate companion would cheer many of the hours of his life “although she might cause me many anxieties & cares that I am now free from, still I would willingly risk it could I but find such an one in preference to a Bachelor's life.” Mary had written that Joseph had undertaken to obtain subscribers for The Standard and feared it would expose him to much fatigue, and Andrew answers,



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“why it is the very thing that will invigorate his constitution, I know that school teaching does not agree with him like bodily exercise; if I had him here to assist me in hard work I would venture to assert that in a very short time he would be as fat & hearty as a man could well be; doubtless by this time you will be living in the country and he will then have a chance of regaining his health by exercising himself in all his leisure hours on his little farm or whatever he terms it, that our worthy friend was so good as to present him with . . .” Continuing, he says that at night he generally feels very tired after the labours of the day and is “often afflicted with rheumatic pains—seldom clear in the winter season, that I merely set by the fire untill bed time, the only time I have to devote myself to reading is the Sabbath, & it is generally spent in reading the word of God, & a few other religious books; & my nights clos’d with a feeble prayer in behalf of myself & all mankind . . . Father has been writing a parcel of advertisements of all his property here & I hope he may be successful in finding purchasers this Spring so that we may be able to leave this sink of sin . . . I was over at Anahuac, I believe it was in December, I saw Major Burnet there but did not speak to him nor he to me, & on my return I call’d at Lynch’s & Mrs. Lynch gave me an introduction to Mrs. Burnet; she was just at tea, & invited me to take a cup with her, which I did with pleasure; I think her a very fine little woman, she was in pretty good health at that time, I have not seen her since, likely I shall see her very soon & will remember you to her . . . remember me to sisters with affection, to Doctor Wilson [Presbyterian minister], Mr. Ludlow & family, and all enquiring friends.”

The next day Nicholas added the following to Andrew’s letter: “we are yet in a state of good health . . . we have had a remarkable dry winter & several spells of severe cold weather, our spring has now commenced, and preparations making (generally) for planting. I have as yet effected nothing in the way of sales, nor does the prospect appear at all flattering, but shall persevere untill something is effected—Money is very scarce, and the state of things by no means encouraging, there is continually something arising among us to keep back & deter men of wealth from venturing their property in this unsettled Govt & how long matters will remain so we are incompetent to judge . . .” He is glad to hear that Joseph has commenced building and hopes this letter “will find you all comfortable by your own fireside.” He hopes too that Joseph has been benefited by his ride and success in the business on which he was engaged and that The Standard may be well supported. “In my last I mentioned an exchange of shot between a vessel going out of the Brazos & a few Mexican soldiers that were stationed there, by the revenue officer Col. Fisher. Strong efforts are making by petition &c from the citizens of \* \* \* & the people at Trinity to have him removed &c \* \* \* at first was considered a

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

grievance, as it was well known \* \* \* was justly obnoxious to the people generally, & his subsequent conduct has rendd him more so; but we sincerely hope that peace & harmony may yet prevail, tho' we have some hot headed folk among us, who are ready to - - - - -. I have not yet seen Mrs. Burnet, nor have I met with Mr. B - - -, I hear they are well and progressing in their improvements &c & it is thought will have their mill in operation next month . . ."

At Point Lookout on June 10, 1832, Andrew wrote to Joseph that his corn looked well and was in roasting-ears. He is sorry to hear of the distress in Cincinnati caused by a flood. His father has not been able to dispose of any of the property yet. "I have just heard that the treaty between the U. S. & the Mexican Government is ratified; there is an extract of it in the Brazoria paper, I have not seen it. I merely heard that we are allowd to worship as we please in our own houses & I am much pleas'd with that part of it, no doubt you have seen it long ere this, in your answer to this I wish you to give me a full account of it—Col. Jno. Davis Bradburn, a Kentuckian by birth, has been in the Mexican service for several years & is now commanding officer at Anahuac, he has had several of the Americans put into the Calaboos, viz. Monroe Edwards, Lawyer Travers & Lawyer Jack with several others. Lawyer Jack, an elder Brother from Sanfelipe, went over to see his Brother, call'd on Col. Bradburn, he only permitted him to see him once & that but a short time, he intends to have them iron'd & sent to Matamoros for trial the first opportunity. Lawyer Jack ask'd Col. Bradburn what was the crime they had been guilty of, & the Col. was not able to inform him, it has caus'd a great deal of excitement amongst the Americans & they have form'd a company suppos'd to be about 100. Capt. Lindsay is with them, they are to enter Anahuac this morning & demand the prisoners, should they be refus'd, their intention is to take them by force. They have the sanction of the Lieutenant Col. a Mexican officer stationed at the mouth of the Brazos, & he has sent a Mexican officer in company with them; your friend R. M. Williamson had to make his escape from Anahuac, he was told there by a Mexican officer that there was an order issued for him to be shot, he has gone along with the company, & we are waiting with anxiety to hear the issue."

On July 5, 1832, Andrew wrote, "There was about 300 of our men in camp about a week ago, they intended to march in & storm the fort, but the Mexicans consider'd it best to treat, & they deliver'd up the prisoners, in the mean time John Austin with about 120 men fought a very hard battle at the mouth of the Brazos. The Enemy in the fort consisted of 105 commanded by a Lieut. Col. I am told that our raw militia fought them like Bull Dogs, they march'd up within 31 paces of the breast works & cannon & fought eight hours, & took the fort, made prisoners of the balance, the loss of our men 7 kill'd



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& 17 wounded, that of the enemy 22 kill'd & 30 odd wounded. Our men have declar'd themselves in favour of Santana, & should he prove successful, there is no doubt but we shall have fine times here. I have understood that he is victorious thus far, & has caus'd Genl Teran to retreat with the loss of nearly all his men, his object is to have the Constitution form'd exactly after that of the U. S. . . . Doctor Patrick & his Lady is now living with us, & probably will untill they settle themselves, they are both well, & Capt. L[indsay] has just return'd from Camp & is quite hearty, Capt. shewed me a letter he reciev'd from Gregg who is now at Matamoros, he went there trading, he writes that he thinks this will be his last trip amongst them, he says that he'll endeavour to be in the Colony in two or three months . . . I have not seen Mrs. Burnet since [writing to Mary] but sent her word of the Death of her Brother & children [John Este who died in Philadelphia] . . . Father & I enjoy good health, remember me with affection to all my Sisters, to Amos Worthington & all enquiring friends . . .”

At Point Lookout on July 5, 1832, Nicholas, at the end of Andrew's letter, addressed a few lines to his children in Cincinnati. He writes that rumour with her thousand tongues has no doubt reached Cincinnati and magnified matters to such a degree as to make his children very uneasy; the situation of things in Texas is so unsettled that they have not been able to effect anything to purpose altho' sometimes flattered with the pleasing hope. "Money & means among us is very scarce, & the Colonists much divided among themselves & restless. Col. Austin is in the interior and his presence here is much needed, wheather things are yet at their worst we know not—but there is a beam of hope which cheers my mind, disapates the mists of despair, and I fondly flatter myself that all will end well . . . the vessel by which this goes has just droped down from Lynches on her way to N Orleans . . . I wrote you from Anahuac last of Apl by Mr. Ewing who said he would call on you . . .”

After the election of Santa Ana to the presidency of Mexico, Texans met in convention at San Felipe on April 1, 1833, and considered a proposed state constitution separate from Coahuila, which had been drawn up by a committee whose chairman was Sam Houston. This colorful leader had just come to Texas. As their commissioner for the purpose, Stephen F. Austin had gone to Mexico City and had laid this proposed constitution before the authorities there, urging its approval. There he stayed for six months and when he left, the matter had not yet been determined. When still in Mexico City and expecting a movement for the organisation of local government in Texas, he had written a letter concerning such organisation upon a sound basis and seeking to persuade the residents of Bejar (San Antonio) to support the movement. Apparently this was regarded as treasonable and he was arrested when on his way to Texas

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and taken back to Mexico City where he was held prisoner for a year and a half, being allowed to return home in the Summer of 1835."<sup>3</sup> Sam Houston entered Texas for the first time in December, 1832. "Houston pronounced the new constitution one of the best extant. He is entitled to an opinion because he wrote most of it."<sup>4</sup>

David G. Burnet was a delegate to the convention of 1833 at San Felipe whose purpose was to petition Mexico to separate Texas from Coahuila. "He drew up and submitted the memorial on that subject, which was unanimously adopted" by this body<sup>5</sup> but was rejected by the Mexican Government. In 1834 he was appointed judge for the municipality of San Felipe de Austin, the capital of Austin's Colony, and held court there.

In August of 1832 Nicholas sold to James Lindsay for \$150 a strip 500 varas wide across the southern side of the Hunter League below Cedar Bayou, and four months later Lindsay assigned his interest in it to George M. Patrick. Nicholas offered to sell the 1,600 acre tract on the point between the San Jacinto and Galveston Bays where he lived, stating that it included a valuable saline, a fine meadow, and a warehouse on the channel convenient for slaughtering and shipment of pork and beef to westward and to the West Indies, and that only old age and unfitness for business had induced him to sell; a party offered \$2 an acre, cash, late in 1833 and Nicholas wrote on Christmas Day at Orange Grove, as he called his residence, accepting it but the deal fell through.

At San Jacinto on April 9, 1834, Nicholas wrote<sup>6</sup> to his son Joseph in Cincinnati that he would be glad to see Mary's brother, Edward E. Este, and had no doubt he would be pleased with Texas. Mary's sister, Mrs. Burnet, continues in good health. "You say you have relinquished the printing business and accepted a magistrate's commission . . . A Mr. Thompson from New York is now arrived here via N. O. & says one of the Gentn who contracted for my point, 1,600 acres @ \$2, is coming on prepared to pay & improve it handsomely, so that if I do not succeed in my collection for the Harrisbg tract, shall be sufficiently strong to go on . . . We are not yet organized in a state govt, on this subject there appears to be more division than was at first apprehended. Colo Austin is not yet returned, he had started from Mexico & was brot back & detained a prisoner owing to some expressions in a letter written by him to his friend in Texas—how this business will terminate we can not tell, the people are divided among themselves and we have many lofty-minded men who are aspirants to office. Yet upon the whole Texas must flourish in the end, men of capital and enterprise are continually coming out &c—We shall have the new building ready soon & land fenced for corn &c. Dr. P. has built & improved about 10 miles above; Capt. Lyndsay is at work on Trinity but we expect him daily to assist in our buildings, he



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talks of going to Kentucky this season . . . Andrew will write soon . . . My health is restored, tho I feel infirmities of old age very sensibly."

On December 22, 1834, James Morgan bought from Nicholas the 1,600 acres on the point between the San Jacinto and Galveston Bays which was then known as Clopper's Bar or Clopper's Point and thereafter as Morgan's Point, for \$3,200. On the same day he gave Nicholas a bill of exchange for \$800 drawn on New Orleans merchants, and two notes, one payable in New Orleans in one year, the other in Texas in two years, each for \$1,065 with interest; and bound himself to give a mortgage on the land as security for their payment as soon as it could be properly executed before Judge Burnet or other competent authority. The balance of \$270 he may have paid in cash.

At Highland Cottage, Andrew's residence at San Jacinto adjoining the point which Nicholas had just sold to Morgan, Nicholas wrote<sup>89</sup> on January 5, 1835, to his children in Cincinnati concerning the death of Mrs. Jackson, sister of Mr. W. Willson, who had been living in Nicholas's house at the point; a few weeks later Willson himself was taken off, leaving a young and amiable wife and two children, one an infant; Mrs. Willson "is now living in the house with us, we have an excellent house wench & live as one family in peace & quietness—in the spring her calculation is to return to her friends in Boston, and we calculate to go together as far as N. Orleans & perhaps to Cincinnati, if so she will rest awhile with you . . . I was a few days since at Mr. Burnett's, they are all well. Mrs. B. says she has written frequently & has not been favd with any letters for a length of time, and her brother E. says the same. Edward E[ste] has been but little with us owing, as he says, to the Judge [Burnet] being so much from home makes it necessary for him to remain with his sister. Colo Austin has not yet returned from Mexico but writes favorably on the whole, our country is improving & settlers continue coming in. The Harrisburgh Steam Mill, lands and lots is now selling at auction and we understand is going off at good prices, tho purchasers principally strangers." He expects to go to Cincinnati in the coming Spring.

Andrew added<sup>90</sup> to this letter that he and his father had fallen ill on 16th September and had remained so about seven weeks, his own tongue raw and swollen. "Edward Este has been to see me, he told me that you, Joseph, had written his brother a very severe letter, & wishes you to write him & let him know whether he answered it & if so, to let him know the sum & substance of it . . . I hope I shall be able to pay you all a visit in the Spring."

The land which Nicholas referred to as the Harrisburg tract was bought by him from John Brown for \$410 on October 25, 1826. The deed was executed at San Felipe de Austin in the presence of Stephen F. Austin, *empresario* and judge for the



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colony, David G. Burnet, George Smith, and Samuel Whiting. It comprised the lower half of a league of land on the northern bank of Buffalo Bayou which had been conveyed to John Brown by the Mexican Government on August 17, 1824, and was at last sold by Edward N. Clopper in 1865 for \$3,900.

On April 8, 1835, just before he returned to Cincinnati, Nicholas gave his son Andrew a deed for two tracts of land: one was the site of Andrew's residence, Highland Cottage, containing a quarter of a league fronting on San Jacinto Bay and lying just west of the point between the San Jacinto and Galveston Bays which was formerly called Clopper's Point, now Morgan's Point; and the other tract fronted on Galveston Bay and contained 1,200 acres. Both of these tracts were sold to General Wade in 1853, the year of Andrew's death.

When at Dr. Patrick's on September 27, 1835, Andrew wrote to his father who had gone to Cincinnati saying that he had received his letter written at New Orleans and that he had just seen Robert Willson who accompanied him as far as Cincinnati and who reports that he was well. "Britton has had a very severe attack of the Fever & he has not been able to do any thing for upwards of two months, he is now mending, as for myself I have had a good deal of sickness, & very much afflicted with Rheumatic pains, & pains in the breast—so much so, that I have scarcely been able to do any thing since you have been gone; I am now in pretty good health, I was at San Felipe on the 20th June, & call'd on Mr. Borden [Gail Borden, surveyor for Austin and, later, milk evaporator] & found him lying very low with the Fever, it was then doubtful of his recovery, so that I could get nothing done, I have not been able to go over on business since, & I may now say that the Country is in a state of rebellion. All the other states as far as I can learn, except Texas, has come under Santa Anna. he has establish'd the Military Law, & Texas still holds out for the Constitution. Genl Cos has arriv'd at the Cocano with 400 men & intends marching to Bexar to join the troops there, which will amount to 11 or 12 hundred in all; the people here were pretty much divided but since the arrival of Col. Austin, which has been about two weeks ago, they have all become united, & are now preparing to march on to fight the Mexicans, they are to rendezvous at League's plantation on the Colorado on the 29th inst. & from thence to Bexar. Genl Zavala has purchas'd Singleton's place & gave him 7 Dollars p acre, he is a true Republican & goes heart & hand with us, against the Mexicans. We must now become an independent people or leave the country, if you have any young Patriots there that wishes to come to our assistance, we would gladly recieve them, & no doubt they would be well rewarded. I reciev'd the Bundle of Clothes you sent me, but have not the other articles yet. Doctor Patrick has had a severe attack of the Fever this summer but is now hearty & starts for Nacog-



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doches in the morning, Britton is going with him. I send this by the Doctor. we broke up about 8 acres of the Lewis field & planted it in corn but the ants & worms have destroy'd it all, so that I shall have my bread to buy—I have not been able to go & see Dimit yet, but will go as soon as I can, & also to Matagorda, tell Joseph I saw Edward Este yesterday, he has been very hearty all this season & feels himself strong enough to manage two Cincinnatians of his size—he told me he had whipt two of the Texonians. Mr. & Mrs. Burnet are well. Edward says that he will never write to any of them untill he recieves a letter. I write this at Doctor Patrick's & my candle is now about going out, the Doctor & his Lady have been in bed sometime, you will therefore excuse the shortness of my letter . . ."

At this time the city of Cincinnati was only forty-odd years old and the pioneering spirit was still strong among its residents. Many of their relatives had gone to Texas and therefore, for both political and personal reasons, they had a lively sympathy for the movement to free Texas from Mexico. Public meetings were held in the city and ways and means were found of helping this cause of independence, in spite of the peaceful relations between the United States and Mexico.

In their editions of November 19, 1835, the "Daily Cincinnati Republican and Commercial Register", the "Daily Evening Post", and the "Cincinnati Daily Gazette" was printed an account of an adjourned meeting on the condition of Texas, held in the court house on November 17. Nicholas Clopper presided. Reports from four ward committees were submitted; Edward Woodruff, chairman of the Fifth Ward Committee, stated reasons for the propriety of cheering on the Texians in their struggle for liberty. Robert T. Lytle offered resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, sympathising with the efforts of the Independent Citizens of Texas "in resisting the aggressions upon them by an unprincipled Usurper," and recommending "a plan by which the citizens of Texas shall be supplied through their agent, Mr. Smith, by our contributions, with such an amount of HOLLOW WARE as he may deem sufficient, to contain *other provisions* by which they shall be filled according to his judgment and sound discretion." Dr. Daniel Drake and William M. Corry also spoke. A central committee was appointed to correspond with the New Orleans committee in relation to Texas; Israel L. Ludlow was one of five appointed on this committee. At the end of the printed account appear the names of Nicholas Clopper as chairman and of J. W. Piatt as secretary.

By "hollow ware" was meant, of course, cannon; and the "other provisions" were powder and shot. This transparent phraseology was deemed adequate for the avoidance of international complications! In its edition of November 21 the "Cincinnati Daily Gazette" printed an item cut from the "New York Daily Advertiser" with regard to the instructions from

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the State Department at Washington to the District Attorney in New York to keep a sharp lookout on the course of things there tending to interfere with friendly relations now existing between the United States and Mexico; and the "Gazette" adds a word in caution: "We . . . commend it to certain dealers in *hollow ware* in our city."

In accordance with the plan adopted at the meeting in Cincinnati on November 17 two brass cannon, cast at Miles Greenwood's foundry, were shipped down the river to New Orleans and from there to Texas, a gift to the rebels. They came to be known as the "Twin Sisters" but on the journey they were labeled "hollow ware". They were used a few months later in the Battle of San Jacinto, and again saw service in both the Mexican and Civil Wars. It is said that finally they were buried in Texas and no one knows where. Another belief is that they were not made of brass but of iron and were sold as junk. Nicholas Clopper contributed half a ton of cannon balls.



## XXIX

### INDEPENDENCE AND HARD TIMES IN TEXAS

AT HIS home, "Highland Cottage" on the shore of San Jacinto Bay, Andrew wrote a letter<sup>89</sup> on January 2, 1836, to his father in Cincinnati saying, ". . . the Country is in such a state at this time that there is no business done, the Texonians have taken Labahia, & march'd from thence to San Antonio, on the 5th last month they compell'd Genl Cos to surrender, whose army being 1100 strong, & that of the Americans about 600, we have to regret the loss of one of our bravest Citizens, Col Milam, who was shot in the forehead while passing across the street. Edward Burleson is commander in chief, F. W. Johnson Commanding Col. American loss at San Antonio, about 8 kill'd & several wounded, Mexican loss about 300 kill'd & a good many wounded. John Iiams had been at San Antonio, on his return he told me that Dimmet [Captain Philip Dimitt] & one other man was taken near Labahia by the Irish & put in Irons & sent to Matamoros, a few days ago I mention'd it to G. F. Richardson, he told me it was not true, that Dimmet was now stationed at Labahia for the purpose of keeping it in possession. Col. Morgan has arrivin about a fortnight ago with two Schooners laden with Goods, who told me he had reciev'd a letter from you dated in November, that you were in good health which I was glad to hear, he was advised at the Balize not to come here at present as they thought it dangerous that he would be taken by Mexican Cruisers, he then ask'd his men if they would be willing to fight, should they be attack'd, they said they would, he then purchas'd an eighteen Pounder, Muskets, Cutlasses & every thing necessary, & came out in company with the Schooner Pennsylvania & brig Durango bound for the Brazos as far as Galveston. after those two had left them they discover'd a Sail in sight suppos'd to be the Montezuma, she made off & they got in without molestation. his large vessel call'd the Flash, intends sailing for Orleans in a few days, therefore I embrace the present opportunity of writing by her. the Col. did not bring his family with him, he brought out Govenor Zavala's family who live at Singleton's place. Col. Morgan inform'd me that 9 tenths of the United States is with us, that there is about 10,000 coming out here in the course of a few months all hot for fighting, sooner than not have a fight that they will go to Mexico. the Americans here intend marching to Matamoros & taking it . . . Doctor Patrick told me he thought it a dull chance

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to get any thing done at present, that there is no business doing now owing to the present state of the Country—there is now lying at Galveston an armed Schooner of 12 Guns from Baltimore call'd the Invincible, she has come out to protect the coast, & Lynch told me that Col Macomb has gone on to New York to purchase 4 Vessels with arms & ammunition, 6 = 32 pounders, 4 = twelve pounders & some 6 pounders for the protection of the coast, they intend fortifying Galveston this spring . . . I am now enjoying good health at present, except occasional attacks of the Rheumatism. Doctr P[atrick] intends living at the Point the Present year which is now call'd New Washington.

“Bancroft went to the army & has return'd a few days ago, I have not seen him, there is no person to be had to do any thing at the present crisis. I should be glad to see you out here as soon as practicable. there is now living at sloop point a Mr Seymour & family from New York, very clever people, he had selected his land [near] Robinson's [Robertson's] Colony last year but does not like to move there at present, he says he would like to purchase one or two hundred acres for a residence on the Bay, I told him I would write & let you know whether he could have it off of the land adjoining Dr P's & Col Morgan's, he wish'd to buy 50 or 100 acres from me but I wont sell at the new house. I shall expect an answer on the reciept of this . . . Mr. Burnet & family are well. Edward Este is determin'd not to write untill he recieves letters.”

A few weeks later Andrew joined the army and just before leaving his home, “Highland Cottage”, he wrote on March 10. 1836, to his father in Cincinnati: “I am now on the eve of starting to Camp, we meet in Harrisburg on the 12th inst. on our way to meet the enemy. the last account we have had, St. Anna had cross'd the San Antonio River leaving Goliad in his rear, & on his march towards Gonzales with an army of 4000 men to take possession of our public stores. times are very pressing at present for men, I understood a day or two ago that Col. Austin had written on that he thought it best to declare for Independence, & we could then get assistance from the U. S. I have since learnt that they have declar'd for Independence. there is also a force of 1500 mexicans at Bexar [San Antonio] under Siezma, & it is very likely they have reinforcements coming on. I do not know whether I will be able to stand the fatigue or not, owing to the Rheumatism. I hope the Lord will be on our side & that he will guide direct & protect me in the hour of Danger, that he may bring us off Conquerors in a short time. St. Anna has said that he will sink Texas or lose Mexico. I hope & trust it may be the latter. O my Father, I have lost two Brothers in this Country, which was a hard trial for me, & still Harder for you. I hope the Lord will grant me a safe return to the arms of those who are nearest & dearest to me on earth. should it be otherwise ordain'd I pray God to prepare me for death, & at the Judgment Bar I may meet my dear



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Father & Mother with all their children at the Right hand of God where we may praise him throughout the boundless ages of Eternity which is the sincere prayer of your affectionate son.

"I lent my horse to Mr. Tomlin to go to Matagorda this day three weeks, he told me he would be back as quick as possible, I begin to feel anxious about him—by his long stay perhaps he has join'd the Army. Mrs. Patrick says she will stay & keep house for me untill I return. Mr. Mathers is going to the army, he brought his wife & Miss Rebecca down to Capt. Spillmans house to stay untill his return. Doctr P. lives at the Point & does business for Col. Morgan. I shall not be able to make any thing this season I am afraid on account of the war & what to do for provision I do not know as I am out of money & no chance of getting any, & scarce of Cloathing of every description, Morgan has a good assortment of cloathing but sells very high. I was compell'd to get some from him for this expedition. I was drafted to go in the first class & Majr Burnet also, Doctr Patrick in the 2d class. Edward Este also—we have to go for three months, the manner of drafting here was by Nos 1, 2 & 3—No 1 goes first, No 2 when call'd & so on. there is no chance of getting any business done at this time . . . I have a good deal to do to morrow & it is now late—tell Rebecca should I live to return I will endeavour to write to her & all the rest (if not separately) jointly. my dear Father I must now bid you Adieu. may God grant you many days of happiness here below & at death a safe transmittance to the Bosom of your dear Redeemer, may this be the happy lot of us all; Give all my dear sisters a kiss for me & tell them & my only dear Brother that should we ne'er see each other again in this world, that we may all meet around the throne of God. Lord grant my prayer, pray for me a poor sinner, God bless you my Dear Father,

Your affectionate son A. M. Clopper."

David G. Burnet in 1835 opposed the proposal to declare Texas independent but in 1836 when Santa Anna and his Mexican army arrived at San Antonio he joined the war party and urged resistance. On March 2, 1836, the convention of Texas was held at Washington on the Brazos and declared for independence, setting up a republic and adopting a constitution. This convention elected Burnet to the presidency of the Republic of Texas and on March 4 Sam Houston was appointed commander in chief of its army. On March 6 the Mexican army under Santa Anna captured the Alamo whose garrison numbered about 180 under Travis, with Crockett, Bowie, and Evans: two women, two children, and a negro servant were the only survivors. Urrea, at the head of another Mexican army, marched along the coast and defeated the Texans, slaughtering them at Refugio and at Goliad. Three Mexican columns then marched towards the east: Urrea along the coast towards Galveston; Gaona towards Nacogdoches; and Sesma towards San Felipe. Santa Anna, the

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commander in chief, left San Antonio on March 31 and reached San Felipe on April 7 and Harrisburg on the 15th, the day on which Houston received the two guns which had been shipped from Cincinnati as "hollow ware".<sup>100</sup>

As the Mexicans swept nearer, panic seized the people and a stampede began towards the Sabine River. Deeming Washington unsafe, Burnet moved the seat of government to Harrisburg, then to Galveston, and later to Velasco.<sup>101</sup> The Texan army under Houston camped at Lynchburg on April 20 and the Mexican army at once approached; a skirmish occurred in which General Sidney Sherman in command of the Texas cavalry, supported by the "Twin Sisters"—the two cannon from Cincinnati—attempted to capture a piece of artillery from the Mexicans. On the 21st was fought the Battle of San Jacinto between Santa Anna's 1,600 men and Houston's 783. The First Texas Regiment under Burleson was in the center; the Second, under Sherman, was at the left; and at the right was the artillery under Hockley, supported by four companies of regulars under Millard and by the cavalry under Lamar. The Texans attacked and defeated the Mexicans, capturing Santa Anna. On May 14 at Velasco President Burnet and the Texans agreed on a treaty with Santa Anna and his staff, and by May 26 the other Mexican columns had recrossed the Rio Grande.

Andrew did not take part in the battle. He was to have served under Captain Daniel Perry but Colonel James Morgan assigned him to duty as a courier because of his relationship to President Burnet. Morgan wrote to Secretary of State Carson, and Secretary of War Rusk wrote to Captain Perry, notifying them of this assignment. Before the battle and for months afterwards he was stationed on St. Louis Island, carrying messages to Velasco and back, another courier bearing them on Galveston Island. Captured, he escaped on the day of the battle, if Edward E. Este's account be correct.

On June 5, 1836, Edward Eugene Este, who was then at "Oakland", President Burnet's home on the San Jacinto, wrote this interesting letter to his brother-in-law, Joseph C. Clopper, in Cincinnati:

"I must ask your forgiveness for not writing you oftener but it is so seldom that we get an opportunity of sending a letter to the U. S. that it is in reality not altogether my fault, altho it is quite a job for me to sit down to write a letter, last evening I rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Sister Mary which was sent by Cap<sup>t</sup> Stansbury of your place, dated April 13th in which she states that she had written me a letter the week before stating the death &c &c of my Father, which has not yet come to hand. that letter I am very anxious to receive, she does not say, but I presume it was sent by mail. I expect by this time she has left for the East, as she states she thought of going on this Spring, it seems from her letter that you are building again and are not at present keeping house, have you quit the Office of Justice? I am sorry to hear of the illness of your Father but trust that by this time he is restored to health as Mary stated he was on the mend when she wrote, her letters does not contain any news scarcely, with one exception, that is she states that



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Brother [David K.] has written, but I dont know to whom. *Wonderfull* indeed, *to think he would condecend so low*. I want to hear of the news of the City, of the deaths, marriages, and alterations since I left. I have understood that my old friend Isaac McFarland is dead, which I was very sorry to hear, he was his mothers pet. is Jane married yet. Mary says your Father wishes to know if I am often with Andrew, I am not, on account of the distance, he is well I believe having heard from him a few days since, I was told he was going to Velasco for the purpose of serving out his 3 months in the service of his country, as each one has to take a tour at it either in the army or otherwise, for my part I was out but one month when Mr Burnet sent for me, which I was very glad to hear for I was tired of a soldiers life, so you may know I was not in the field at the time of the Battle, which happened on Old Peggy McCormicks land if you recollect her, and the slaughter continued nearly up to Harrisburgh, it was one of the greatest victories that was ever gained. I presume you have heard all the particulars by the papers long since. We are now told that the Mexican army are gone entirely out of the Country for Matamoras. our Army are on the march for San Antonia. it has been a severe blow to Texas, the people running out of the way with their families left nearly every thing behind, but our own people were a great deal worse than the enemy robbing and stealing all before them, such rascally conduct was I believe never known before, Mr Burnet has lost nearly every thing he had, a day or two before we had to run from your old point (now New Washington) I had taken down several large skiff loads of the most valuable things for the purpose of getting them down to Galveston on a vessel, but the morning of our leaving we were obliged to go in such a hurry as to leave all most all in Col. Morgan's warehouse. We just got started about 30 yards from the shore when the Mexican Cavalry appear<sup>d</sup> on the Bank, they came on purpose to take the members of the Cabinet but did not get them, if they had known Mr Burnet they could have shot him easy with a pistol, for he was standing up in the B<sup>t</sup> paddling with an oar, and two Black boys pulling their oars just as hard as they could, to get out of the way. the buildings at New-Washington were all burnt by the Enemy after taking what they wanted, so all our things were all burnt that was left there or taken by them. I am at the old place again you will perceive, taking care of the place until there is some disposition made of the place, as Mr Burnet says he will never again live here, he is now at Velasco. if the battle had not been fought quite so soon, Mrs Burnet with about 40 other Ladies were to have left for the U. S. on board of the Flash a vessel belonging to Col. Morgan, and indeed they tried twice to get out but could not for the wind, then after the news of the victory they all left the vessel, give up going, so you see you came very near having a visit from Sister H. [Hannah (Este) Burnet] When I last heard from them she was unwell, have a very small house to live in, and fare very bad. I wish she may yet go to the U. S. if I could see her I should try and persuade her to go and spend the Summer with her two boys, George & Will. there is a family here with me who were on their return to Gonzales, but thinking it was not safe yet to return they ask<sup>d</sup> my permission to stop here for a time. the Town of Gonzales was burnt by our army on their retreat, so they have no house there to go too. I live very comfortably with them. Mary says she wishes to know what are my prospects, I answer very bad for the present, the Country is in such an uproar at this time all we look for at present is our health and enough to eat. I expect to remain in this way for the Summer. I wish you would tell Isreal Ludlow to write to me and send on Pettice's bond, as I have his papers in charge,

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and if the country becomes settled it is probable he may get his claim. I am told Pettice has plenty of Property. there are a great many volunteers from the U. S. coming in daily, Gen<sup>l</sup> Green with 500 men and Co<sup>l</sup> Houston from Natches with about 60 men pass<sup>d</sup> here a few days since. Greens men came out by water, they are some passing every day nearly for the army. perhaps you have not heard that your Brother Andrew was taken prisoner by the Mexicans at the point at the time we made our escape, he got away from them I think the day of the Battle, he will no doubt give you all the particulars in his letter. there have come into the bay lately 6 sail of vessels and one Steam Boat. I think we will manage some way to live yet, tho every thing is very high and money scarce. I long to see the time when peace will be again restored, tho after we get through with the Mexicans we then I fear will have trouble among ourselves, for such an unruly set of human beings I dont think were ever together in any part of the world before as we have here amongst us, tho I hope for strict laws and them put in force which is the only way we can ever be kept in subordination.

"Our season has been in this section very dry and warm, on the first day of this month we had I think the most severe hail storm I ever saw, accompanied with a very heavy rain. the people are still at this moment on their way home, passing our door, they are all anxious to get back and try and raise a little of something to subsist upon, such distress as our families have suff<sup>d</sup> by moving I never before heard, seen or read of. the farther off the danger the more the alarm caus<sup>d</sup> by some of our villanous people for the purpose of getting an opportunity of robbing and plundering the country, in which they succeeded very well, but I trust we have done running, for the Enemy have had a lesson which they will long remember. We lost but 7 kill<sup>d</sup> and 10 wounded I believe is the statement and the Enemy 500 killed & 600 prisoners with all the officers of any note. Santa Anna says he never heard of before nor read of such a thing as riflemen charging upon artillery and musketry, that is what caus<sup>d</sup> them to break, they fir<sup>d</sup> cannon & musketry at the commencement of the battle so that the balls whistled in showers around our men but did little execution. when we first heard of it I was on the Island, the people could hardly believe it for some time, I assure you it was the most grateful news that was ever told. Santa Anna says Gen<sup>l</sup> Cos (one of his officers) and our Tories were the cause of his defeat, for they told him that our men would not fight which caus<sup>d</sup> him to be so venturesome. God send we may improve the golden harvest we now have and make the best use of it, is my prayer. Remember me affectionately to your Sisters and tell them I hope it will not be long before I will see them all here (if only on a visit) & to all my old acquaintances, tell David K. if he has written to me it never came to hand, and I dont think it would hurt him to write again.

Y<sup>rs</sup> affectionately

E. E. ESTE"

An old newspaper clipping tells of the sorrow which was added to Burnet's lot in these trying times: September 23, 1836, Jacob George Burnet, infant son of his Excellency, David G. Burnet, President of this Republic, at Velasco. "The privations and discomforts to which the arduous duties of our infant Republic exposed the President and his amiable family during the turmoil of a protracted warfare are known only to the very few who enjoyed his friendship, and in all probability the proximate cause of a bereavement which has deeply afflicted his feelings . . ."



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“After the battle of San Jacinto fresh troubles arose over the disposition to be made of the captive dictator, Santa Anna, and the command of the Texan army. The government was too weak to enforce its will upon the undisciplined spirits who came in from the U. S. Burnet also became involved in a quarrel with Houston. In September Houston was chosen president; and on October 22 Burnet resigned his office. He retired to his farm, but two years later he was elected vice-president, with Lamar as president. During part of Lamar’s administration, Burnet acted as Secretary of State and later as President because of Lamar’s illness and absence from the Republic. In 1841 Burnet ran for the Presidency against Houston but was defeated; the campaign had been marked by rancorous personalities which developed in Burnet a hatred of Houston that never abated. From this time on, Burnet was only intermittently interested in politics. He lived on his farm which he cultivated with his own hands, and struggled unsuccessfully against poverty.”<sup>102</sup>

Andrew was at Highland Cottage on October 17, 1836, and wrote<sup>89</sup> to his father who was in Cincinnati—that is, at Beechwood: “I just got home from the Island of St Louis which lies between the west end of Galvezton and the main land. I have been station’d there for about five months for the purpose of carrying Express to Velasco and back, and another would take it on to the east end of Galvezton. I have now been six months in the service. the brown mare Phillis was taken to San Antonio last fall I have never seen her since, and as soon as Tomlin came in I lent him Tartar to ride to Matagorda, and the people press’d him from him into the service, so he told me. he then went on board the Independence and remain’d there a few months. the last I heard of him he was in Orleans, and I’m inclin’d to think he has gone on to Boston. I had been riding Fidelle a few days on the express, before the battle of San Jacinto, and shortly after the battle I hobbled her out near Brinsons, in the care of Adam Smith, untill I could go down to Galvezton Island to get my chests which I had put on board of the Schooner Flash, to go to New Orleans & from thence to Cincinnati, & when I return’d home our Cavalry had taken my mare off to the army, so that I have not a single animal to ride. I will now endeavour to break the roan filly. my dear Father I have been very unfortunate, I had a furlough to come home from the Island about 3 months ago from the President & I had to return again in the course of fifteen days & from the reports of the Enemy’s coming on again in a large body in a short time, I thought best to box up all the papers and Deeds & bury them, afraid to trust them with any person on this side of the Bay. Doctor Patrick was then living at Anahuac & I had no way of sending them to him, my Canoe has also been press’d into the service, & immediately I came home I dug it up & open’d it & found them all nearly ruin’d. I have been ever since I came home which was on the 12th inst. opening & drying the Papers with the greatest care

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I possibly could—some of them are very much torn & scarcely legible. I shall never bury again even for the shortest time. Mrs Wilsons Transfer to Doctor Patrick was also amongst them & is nearly ruin'd, though the signers names are all to it. I was very much hurt to find them in such a condition. Doctor Patrick is now gone to Columbia & will return in a few days, he will then write to you. I saw Colonel Morgan day before yesterday & I told him you would allow him six pCt in Orleans on the same bank or place or which was most convenient to him, he told me he would take 12½ or the Hammer'd Dollars are ready for you here at any time, he says that they are 8 pct & then freight & risk in the bargain, he told me he reciev'd your letter & will answer it. When you write to Mrs Wilson tell her I have written 3 letters to her & intend writing in a day or two. I am very much in want of Provision & Cloathing, I wish you could send me two Bbls flour, 100 lbs. Coffee & Sugar according. Our army will suffer unless they can obtain supplies shorly from the U. S. a rifle would be very acceptable at this time. I will endeavour to see Mr Barnet [Thomas Barnett] as soon as I can."

On the next day and on the same sheet of paper, Andrew added a letter<sup>s</sup> to his brother Joseph: ". . . it appears you wish to know the reason why I was not in the battle, I will relate it to you; sometime in march I started on my way to the Army which was then station'd at the Colorado, I had got as far as San felipe, I there saw Jack Roark who told me that there was a letter for me at his mothers from the U. S. & that it felt very heavy as if there was money in it, I then went to my Captain Daniel Perry & told him that I should like to get it before I Join'd the Army, knowing that it was either from you or my Father, he consented & told me to return as quick as I could. the people were then moving off as fast as possible, San felipe was full of waggons with families & on my road to Mrs. Roarks away below Staffords, nearly every family from San felipe to her house was gone. I then tho't it necessary to go home & see if it was the case there, as I was within a days ride, so as to secure my papers. I then rode down to the point very early in the morning & Colonel Morgan invited me to stay untill after breakfast that he wish'd to see me, I then staid, he told me at the table in the presence of Mrs Mather, Miss Johnson, Mrs Patrick and Adam Smith, that he wish'd me to ride Express, as he was acquainted with me & knowing that I was acquainted with the President that he would prefer me to any other & that I could render double the service to the Government in this way, to that of being in the army. I told him that I was ready to start back next morning to the army & had promis'd my Captain to return, he told me he would have that fix'd, I then told him if any one told me that I accepted it through cowardice I would immediately quit it & go to the army, he then wrote a letter by me to the secretary of State Saml Carson for me to ride & I have



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been in that service ever since. Colonel Rusk Secretary of War, wrote a Note to Captain Perry why I was detain'd, I was then satisfied. there was a good many tories on the trinity viz, Judge Williams, Doctor Whiting, Bloodgood & many others. I have now given you my reason for not being in the army, if you think it a sufficient one you will inform me in your answer to this. Doctor Patrick intends writing shortly & will give you all the news. tell Rebecca to send me a few pair winter Socks, 4 Shirts, as I am short, both in clothes & provision. Remember me with affection to all my dear Sisters & tell Rebecca I will try & write her soon. I should like to have a few lines from Mary. Mrs B's youngest child died at Velasco a short time ago, the eldest had like to have died also, is now recovering, Mr & Mrs B well. Provision is very high, Corn from 3 to 4 Dollars pr Bushel & money very scarce & hard to get. it is my wish to go in [to the U. S.] if I can possibly do so. Col Morgan told me he would give \$1.50 pr acre for the Land adjoin[ing] him & Patrick if I would let him have it now, before he goes to the States, I told him I could not take it. Capt Spilman holds the Island that he's living on at \$10000 Dollars. I think it best to hold this a little longer. I have not had time to look over the Cattle since I came home therefore can give no account, expect to write again shortly.

Your affectionate Brother           A. M. Clopper."

From Highland Cottage on December 18, 1836, Andrew sent a letter<sup>89</sup> to his father at Beechwood: "I saw Capt. Wm P. Harris yesterday & he told me that he will start for N. Orleans in the course of a few days on board of the Kosciusko, I therefore embrace the opportunity of writing. I had written about a month or six weeks ago to Joseph pr Schooner Flash, I hope he has recieved it 'ere this. I wish you to send me 2 Barrels of Flour 100 lbs Coffee & 1/2 Bbl Sugar as soon as possible. Provision is very scarce & hard to be got. Flour is now selling at Lynch's @ \$18 pr Bbl & I am told it is 20 on the Brazos. Sugar 20 cts pr lb. & no mony to be had Corn very scarce \$1.50 pr Bushel on the Brazos there is none to be had in our neighborhood, tell Rebecca not to forget what I had written to her for I am told that there is 25000 Mexicans on their march & will be here early in the Spring. St. Anna & Col Almonte cross'd at Lynch's ferry about 3 weeks ago on their way to the City of Washington, escorted by Majr Patton Col. Hockley & Col Bee to make a treaty. I hope & trust that we shall have Peace by Spring, that we may be able to attend to our own affairs. Barnet [Barnett] told me at the runaway scrape or in other words last Spring that he would write to you in a short time, I have never seen him since. I have no horse that I can ride as yet, I am not able to give you an account of the stock as yet, I rather think there is a good many of them missing, some people lost all their stock. I am fearful unless peace is made shortly or a sufficient force from the U. S. that we shall not be able to contend with so large a force. last fall Col. Morgan ask'd me what I would take pr acre



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for the land laying between his & Cedar Bayou, I told him \$1.50 he then thought it too high, he now wants it, & I told him I would not take it. he has purchas'd Doctor Patrick out at 1.50. Mr Reynolds was over there some time ago (Anahuac) where Morgan resides, he return'd to my house & told me that Morgan told him that he was determin'd to have that land at that price, that you told him that he might have as much land as he wanted at \$1.50 pr acre & I am determin'd that he shall not have it. he has been trying to scare me into measures by telling me that the Mexicans will be on & take all my stock & c. as if I could not risk as well as he can. I have since been offer'd more. I was thinking from Reynolds's talk perhaps Morgan might write to you & try to bargain with you for it. I told him that I should keep it myself, unless he gives me a good deal more for it. The Seat of Government is now at Columbia & will shortly be remov'd to the Town of Houston, 6 miles above Harrisburg on Buffaloe Bayou at John Austins place, that place is purchas'd by the Allen's the same Allen that was about purchasing the point from you, they have agreed to build a house that will cost \$10000 Just to have Government there for three years, should Government then be remov'd elsewhere the House will then revert back to the Allens, this of course will enhance my Property. should peace be made by spring, I intend if possible to go in [to the U. S.] tell the Girls I have got a small box of Shells ready to take to them. I hope Sister mary has got home tell her that Edward is well & is keeping Batchelor's hall, at Majr Burnets place, the Majr & his Lady is now living at Velasco. Wm P. Harris told me yesterday that Maj. B & family intends coming to my House immediately to stay till spring, will then remove to Houston as soon as he can build, he talks of selling his place as he never intends living there again, upon the account of Scott & Lynch they are enemies to him. I think a good deal of Burnet now, he told me that he would do any thing for me, that was in his power with pleasure, him & his Lady have been very clever to me indeed, I always make their house my home when there. do not forget to send me the articles I have nam'd if possible, times are very hard here at present . . ."

Andrew wrote to his brother Joseph again on February 26, 1837, from Highland Cottage: "I reciev'd your letter bearing date 19th Novr on the 7th inst. in which you state that you do not recollect of having a single line from me since I was a Prisoner, you are certainly becoming a little like myself. (viz) losing your memory, or my letters miscarried, in your own words (if I recollect aright.) I have sent at least three letters, & one of them was written to your Honour, answering the Query's in your former letter relative to my not being in the Battle of San-Jacinto; as to the Query's in your last concerning the loss of Stock &c, I am yet unable to answer as my horses are all taken into the service. I intend to get the stock up as soon as the Weather will permit for the purpose of Branding and ascertain-



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ing the number, we have had a great deal of Rain & it is now Raining, the Prarie's are full of water, it is very bad travelling at this time & what is worse I have no animal to ride. I commenc'd breaking the Roan Filly when I came home from the public service which was in October & for the want of Corn to give her I was oblig'd to turn her out, I kept her up about 3 weeks & she fell away so fast, I was somewhat fearful she would not be able to winter as the grass was very bad, however I intend taking her up again shortly (she pitches pretty bad, still she has never been able to back her rider yet, & I hope never will, if she does it will be the first time that I have been thrown since I was a little boy to the best of my recollection. I have never been able to get any person to make rails ever since the war commenc'd, & it is very hard to get any at this time. I do not know of a single one, however I am getting ready to plant a little Corn, say sufficient to bread me a year & perhaps my horse, Potatoes & Garden stuff. tell Father that I reciev'd his letter under date 10th December on the 1st inst. by the hands of Mr Stratton & was very glad to find that he is still in the land of the living, tell him I intend writing him shortly. I was very thankful for the Clothes sent, the Cloak is a great deal to small to ride in, therefore it will not suit me, & the brown frock Coat will not button round me by 3 or 4 inches therefore it is of no service, all the rest will do very well, tell Sister Rebecca that I say she may avoid her smiling on the account of my sending for Cloathes & provisions; Money is scarce here & hard to be got, & things very high. flour is selling as high as 28 Dollars pr Bbl. sugar 20 cts pr lb. & other things in proportion. I can get them from there so much cheaper. the next I send for, whether cloathing or not, send your bill along, as I trust I shall be able to pay you in good time, & never mind what the people think, let them mind their own business and they'll have enough to do. Mr. Stratton brot. 3 Bbls Corn and one Bbl Middlings, he had'nt the means of getting Coffee & Sugar, he says that his Cough is still the same as when he left home, he says his expences was about a quarter more than he expected, & he therefore intends returning to N. Orleans as soon as possible upon account of his health; this has been the first opportunity he has had of sending any word since he left Orleans, he intends writing the first conveyance, he also says should it be his lot to die e'er he should see them again he trusts he may meet them all in Heaven where they can sing the praise of God to all eternity—I think him a moral good young man, he told me that he has been thinking on futurity for some time, he reads the Bible more or less every day as he feels able. tell Mary that I would feel thankful to her if she would condescend so far as to write, tell her that I begin to think strongly of taking her advice (viz.) an helpmate. I saw Edward a short time ago, he was very thankful for the Gift sent him as they Just arriv'd in good time, he told me to tell you that he

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wants no more of your anti Slavery papers he wants you to give him the news, who's married & who's dead & whats going on &c. I expect that Mr & Mrs Burnet will be at my House to live a few months, tell Father old Mr Gallatin is dead, Mr N. Lynch also & Mr Broff. my love to all the family Mr Ludlow & friends. God bless you & yours, my Dear Brother is the short prayer of your affectionate Brother  
A. M. Clopper."

A few days later—on March 1, 1837—at Highland Cottage, Andrew wrote a letter<sup>s</sup> to his father who was at Beechwood: "I reciev'd your letter dated 10th December pr Mr Stratton on the 1st February & was much gratified to find that you are still in the land of the living. The Schooner Flash will start in a day or two for N. Orleans & Mr Stratton if he can get a passage in her, intends returning to Orleans. he is much pleas'd with this part of Texas & would like to stay, he thinks that there is to much wind here, that Orleans would agree with him much better; you wish to have a full account of the Cattle, which I am unable to give you as yet. I only got home in october last from public Service which was upwards of six months & I have had no animal to ride . . . I hardly think the Mexicans got any of my Cattle, but still I have miss'd several, & two or three of the Cows died, Pink, Calico & Whiteface. I intend collecting them as soon as I possibly can. Kate looks thin, the two Colts look tolerable well. I have got the Cow pens between this & Spilman's well broke up & intend planting them in pumpkins & Corn. I have made but little fence, if I can possibly get any person to come & make me 4 or 5000 Rails, I intend doing it; as I am not able to work now as I have done, on account of Rheumatic pains. I have had no chance to get my upper House finish'd yet & I am afraid there will be a dull chance of getting it done this season as every person appears to be flocking to Houston. I am told they are building there rapidly. Col. Morgan told me yesterday that Lotts were selling at Houston as he understood at \$1000, that there had been something like thirty sold, if I recollect aright. I inform'd you in my last where Houston lies, & who was the purchaser's the Messrs Allens, one of them has purchas'd Sloop Point. I told Col. Morgan that one of your friends wish'd to purchase a Lot, & ask'd him his price, he told me 1st choice \$500—2d 300—3d 200 & so on down as low as \$25, but if he would put up a two story frame building he might have one of the first choice for \$100, & so on in proportion, if a one story building, the Lots would be higher. I also told him that hammer'd Dollars would suit you as well as any, he replied that they were ready. he then ask'd me if you had sent his note on, I told him it was likely you had, & I expected he would find it at the House of Messrs Sloo & Byrne. I told him should he go in by the way of Cincinnati that you would be very glad to see him & where you reside, he said he would do so should that be his route. the highest I have been offer'd for the Greenfield tract as yet is \$1.50 by



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2 persons, Col Morgan for one, he has purchas'd Doctor Patricks part at that price. I dont wish to sell it yet. Mr Stratton told me to hold on a while & not sell yet, that there was a Gentleman on board of the Vessel he came out in, that told him as soon as the affairs of Texas become settled that there was a great many of the Mississippi Planters coming out to purchase farms, that they had worn theirs nearly out, that they were determin'd to have places here, this Gentleman heard numbers conversing in this way in N. Orleans, & he thought that it would break up the state of Mississippi. I therefore think it Best to Defer the sale of it a while longer. I think I can do much better with it here, nor you can there, I therefore wish you not to sell it, as you have given the disposal of it to me, I therefore consider it mine. if I cannot sell it for more than your friend offers, I will write & he shall have the preference. I have some Idea who it is. the Buildings at N. Washington were all burnt by Santa Anna himself; except the Corn Crib that I built. Col Morgan is now about putting up a large 2 Story frame Building. I have not secur'd my land on the Brassos yet & Mr Tomlin I expect has gone to Boston I have not seen him since last July & know not whether I shall ever see him again or not. I have not heard from Mrs Wilson for a long time if you have heard lately let me know how she is. I was very thankful to you for the things sent & Garden seeds I planted the onions a fortnight ago they are now growing handsomely . . . I expect Majr Burnet & Lady at my house shortly to spend a few months untill as I understood he can build, which will be at Houston. Col McComb mov'd his family out here last summer, his wife died last fall, about a week ago he cut his throat with a razor, & has left 5 Children the eldest a daughter 17 or 18 yrs old—I believe you knew him. Mr Mather was here in the latter part of Jany, he lives on chocolate, he came over to Col Morgans for provision & on his way home one of his Oxen died, he tied the other to a tree, the other side of Choats, & took his saddlebags to go home, but never reach'd there, his saddlebags was found near willow branch, it being very high, & I rather suspect he was drown'd, as he could not swim."

At Highland Cottage on June 27, 1837, Andrew again wrote a letter<sup>s</sup> to his father at Beechwood: "I wrote you pr Steam Boat Constitution, in the fore part of the present month, stating that Mr Barnet had been at my house a few days previous, he reciev'd your letter written in February fav'd pr Mr Bamford. I also reciev'd several at the same time with one from Mrs Wilson, she was well & desir'd to be remember'd to you. Mr. Barnet told me that it was impossible to get any thing done ever since the war began . . . I have been to see Majr Burnet lately, relative to my getting a Petition for the Land that my Brothers was to have gotten, he told me that it could not be done & that he thought it very doubtful whether you could hold your League as you had left the Country. I told him that you had been

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rendering all the assistance for Texas that you possibly could at Cincinnati, that you furnish'd  $\frac{1}{2}$  Ton balls for the Cannon that came from there &c. he said that might make a difference. I went up to Houston & shew'd my discharges to the President, & he told me that they were not made out right, that I must have them made out correct against next Congress, which I shall get Majr Burnet to do. the weather has been remarkably dry for six or seven weeks past, so much so that the sun has parch'd nearly every thing up, I rather think that crops of Corn will be short on account of the Drouth. I have not been able to get scarcely any thing done, I have been afflicted with Rheumatic pains more or less this whole season. from the tenor of your last letter I am daily looking for you & Rachel. I hope you will bring some Corn, Flour, Coffee & Sugar with you as those articles are very much needed, a few Mackerel would be an excellent relish & very acceptable. at the time of the runaway scrape the Mexicans enter'd my House & took what provision I had, & some of the Tories or negroes I know not which, stole my sieve, plates Cups & Saucers, Knives & forks, milk pans &c. broke me up in the house keeping line, should this reach you before you start, I wish you to bring such articles with you, also cooking utensils, viz. Pots, skillets with covers, & Dutch Oven large enough for roasting Geese Ducks &c Washing Tubs.

"I have understood that Montezuma & some other General who are Liberals, have gain'd a decided victory over Bustamente. the Land office has been clos'd by the consultation of 1835 & was to have been open'd the 1st June 37, it still remains clos'd, it will not be open'd before the 1st October. Kate & Colts look well, the Cattle look well also, there has several of the Cows died. I believe there has been but few lost by the enemy. I wish you would bring me out some good Chewing Tobacco, 10 or 12 lbs. at least. I have been offer'd 2.50 pr acre for the Greenfield tract, I think I can get three in a short time. I have understood that Ritson Morris has sold the  $\frac{1}{2}$  of his League on Clear Creek for 12 thousand Dollars. I intend to sell some Land the first good opportunity so as to enable me to purchase a couple of negro fellows & a house Girl for I am not able to do much myself. I have understood that negroes are very low in Tennessee & alabama this season, that some of the best hands have been purchas'd as low as three hundred Dollars & from that to four. there is but very little sickness here at present as far as I can learn, your friends here are all well . . ."

Who was "Barnet"? He was Thomas Barnett and must not be confused with David G. Burnet. Barnett and Burnet were two different persons. In December Andrew wrote that he had not seen "Barnet" since the "runaway scrape or in other words last spring", whereas, of course, he had seen Burnet frequently since then; the "runaway scrape" sounds interesting—it was, no doubt, described in a letter which was either lost on its



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way to Beechwood or mislaid after arrival, inasmuch as it has not been found, and refers, no doubt, to his capture and escape in April. At San Felipe on June 20, 1835, by the hand of Andrew, Nicholas Clopper paid \$50 to Thomas Barnett to be credited on a note in favor of James Smith. From memoranda written by Nicholas, who also spells the name "Barnet", it appears that this man resided in Matagorda and there attended to certain legal matters for the Cloppers, and from other papers one finds that he also acted as their agent sometimes at San Felipe.

Nicholas had sold to Dodson and others a tract of two thousand acres on Buffalo Bayou near Harrisburg for \$1.50 an acre, but these parties failed to comply with the terms of the sale contract, whereupon Nicholas sued to compel them to do so but lost and, hence, the land reverted to him. Then on July 1, 1837, Nicholas signed a contract with James Morgan, agreeing to sell him this tract at \$1.50 an acre and to give him a good title as soon as drafts for the amount had been received, provided the contract with Dodson and others should finally be declared null and void. A few months later Nicholas heard that "Barnet" had said that in his case against Dodson and others the appeal had been withdrawn, the contract rescinded, and the articles and bonds cancelled; he thereupon instructed Andrew to ask "Barnet" whether this reported action was formal and legal, and if not, to have it made so at once.

At the end of September, 1837, James Morgan was in New York and wrote to Nicholas at Cincinnati about "lifting" the note which he had given in part payment for the Texas land. He protests against Nicholas's claim for interest from the date of their contract, maintaining that it should begin only when the title was perfected. He says, "Much as you love to handle the needful, my worthy old friend, I can hardly believe you would have received my money or the money of any man without giving him value for it! . . . We have purchased a splendid steamer to ply between N. O. & the Bay—a first rate sea boat, and I may return to Texas in her . . ." which boasting does not argue his inability to meet obligations!

In May of 1838 Nicholas and James Morgan modified their agreement by reducing the acreage concerned in the sale from 2,000 to 1,600, Nicholas reserving for himself one-fifth of the whole frontage on the bayou, and Morgan binding himself to give Nicholas three notes for \$800 each, payable in eight, twelve, and sixteen months. David G. Burnet was a witness to this contract. On the first of these notes Morgan seems to have paid only \$100, for Joseph Lovell & Company of New Orleans informed Nicholas early in 1839 that it had been protested for non-payment of the balance of \$700. In March of 1841 Morgan agreed to give up the 1,600 acres if this suit were dropped, so Nicholas asked that it be dismissed upon payment of the costs by himself and that the note be delivered to him for his use in getting a deed for this land.

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When at Beechwood in February of 1839 Nicholas had written to Dr. G. M. Patrick in Texas asking his opinion as to the best procedure with regard to the land contracted for by Dodson: would Dodson and Moore agree to a compromise? if Nicholas should take the land back what would they allow in damages for the timber which they took? He asks Patrick "to sound them on the subject". He believes that "our beloved Texas" is settling down, that it will be a long time before the din of arms is heard there again, and hopes on his return *home* "to find all the swords beaten into ploughshares and each family intent on growing corn & cotton and enjoying themselves in peace & prosperity under their own vine and fig tree." He inquires of Patrick when he intends to visit the U. S. of the North and adds, "if I should start before your arrival, shall endeavor first to call on your dear connections in old Kentucky for their commands &c." He concludes by saying that his health is good, after his extreme illness of last year, as the bearer of this letter, Dr. Bamford, one of his attendant physicians, will inform Patrick.



## XXX

### MILLING BEGUN, SLAVERY DECRIED, FIRST-BORN LOST

IN JANUARY of 1836 James C. Ludlow, Nicholas Clopper, and Joseph joined themselves under the firm name of J. C. Clopper & Company for the purpose of operating a saw-mill and a grist-mill and of buying and selling goods in Cumminsville for a period of seven years. The saw-mill was about half way between the canal and Mill Creek, a little east of where Chambers Street would be if extended south. The grist-mill was probably on the creek's bank in the Beechwood lot and made use of the creek's water whereas the saw-mill drew water down from the canal; or it may be that a grist-mill was merely proposed and never constructed inasmuch as only the saw-mill appears in the survey of the Clopper Farm made two or three years later. Ludlow put \$600 into the business (represented by the firm's lease of his ground between the canal and the creek with the saw-mill thereon, by two pairs of timber wheels, by a frame for a grist-mill, and by a lot on the northern side of Mill Creek opposite the mill, intended for a storehouse and dwelling for the superintendent); the Cloppers also put in \$600 (represented by their moiety of mills, machinery etc.). Ludlow was to be paid \$100 yearly as rent. Joseph was to superintend the business, occupy the dwelling, and be paid \$100 a year, being left free to hold the offices of Justice of the Peace and Treasurer of Millcreek Township. In August of 1838 this partnership was dissolved, the mill reverting to Ludlow, the house and lot (Millview, said to be the brick house at 4164 Spring Grove Avenue) occupied by Joseph being taken over by Joseph and his father subject to a yearly ground rent of \$12 payable to Ludlow; the Cloppers took over the books, becoming entitled to the sums due to the firm and liable for the claims against it.

During its joint operation the plant was called Union Mills, the accounts which have survived showing lumber products: planks, joists, weather boards, scantling, studding, cedar posts. A man was engaged to examine and buy trees, to repair the mill-race and waste-gate, and to work on the water-wheel. Two years later another man was, by agreement, to have one-half of the sawing for tending the mill and sawing for a period provided he kept the machinery in ordinary repair. At the end of 1839 Joseph agreed with still another man to do both sawing and grinding at Clopper's Mill below the canal for six months, Joseph to pay for repairing and putting the mill and machinery

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in order for business; the millwright was to be paid \$1.50 for a full day's work, Joseph \$1 a day, while the owners were to receive one-half of the net proceeds, the other half to be divided three-fifths to the millwright and two-fifths to Joseph.

Rebecca bought lumber from this concern in May of 1837 for the building of the four western rooms at Beechwood, also posts and sycamore boards for a fence; in November she had 520 feet of walnut boards sawn for \$3.25 and seems to have sold them for \$7.50. There are other items like this last one, occurring off and on through a decade and indicating that Rebecca had trees felled on her land, let them season, then had them cut into lumber which she disposed of at current prices. An interesting entry is dated April 23, 1836, when Nicholas Clopper is charged on the books with 52c for 52 feet of boards for a bathing tub—this was likely built in a bath-house on the grounds at Beechwood, for such an edifice was mentioned some years later as between the residence and the orchard.

When Ludlow withdrew from the company in the Summer of 1838 and Joseph took over the business, Nicholas and Joseph bought the mill lot with improvements from Ludlow for \$2,913, Ludlow agreeing not to divert the flow of water from the canal into the mill dam. The mill and fixtures were valued at \$1,458, the dwelling house at \$500, the goods in the store at \$365, while accounts receivable amounted to \$450. After having deducted Ludlow's indebtedness to the store it was calculated that his remaining interest in the entire business was worth \$413 and Joseph was to pay him this sum. It seems that Nicholas had sold half of his League No. 7 in Texas to Ludlow and was accepting \$2,240 worth of the latter's holding in Union Mills on Mill Creek in payment for one quarter of the League, so that Joseph might be established in business on his own account. The store held an astonishing variety of stock-in-trade: dry goods, notions, hardware, household utensils, dishes, shoes, groceries, tobacco—and patrons sometimes paid for their purchases by doing work on the mill or on Joseph's house.

In order to be near the new place of business Joseph and Mary moved from Western Row (Central Avenue) in Mohawk to Beechwood early in 1836, paying \$3 for the transfer of their belongings, probably by canalboat. They stayed at Beechwood until mid-October when their house, Millview, was ready and they moved into it. There they resided for nine years.

On February 6th Mary's father, Moses Este, died at his nephew's home in Philadelphia. Her mother had been dead since 1809. Because of his passing, Mary journeyed east again and did not return until late in September. At Morristown, New Jersey, she was given an album entitled "Daily Food for Christians" by her sister, Sarah Ann (Este) Mills, and on September 13th she bade farewell to her sister Eliza who had married William Nottingham. Near the end of 1836 Francis A. Ewing, husband of one of Elizabeth (Este) Nottingham's seven daughters,



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wrote in Trenton, New Jersey, to Joseph concerning the settlement of Moses Este's estate; one gathers that Ewing was acting in this matter for Joseph and Mary, and also for Mary's brother, Alfred Este, then in New Brunswick, New Jersey, while Lewis Mills of Morristown was looking after the interests of David G. and Hannah (Este) Burnet as well as of his wife, Sarah Ann (Este) Mills.

Early in August Joseph wrote to Mary, addressing her at Morristown; he himself was staying at Beechwood during her absence. He had gone into Cincinnati and had found the city excited over the abolition of slavery question. A large meeting had been held and resolutions adopted that *The Philanthropist* should not be published; a committee had been appointed to wait upon the Anti-Slavery Committee and advise discontinuance of their paper or suffer the consequences of mob violence; the Anti-Slavery Committee had refused to give up their rights; Birney had gone to a convention of abolitionists at Hillsboro; the press and materials of *The Philanthropist* were destroyed by a mob of fifty who then moved on to Birney's house, then to Donaldson's, then to Church Alley where they destroyed the furniture of negro families and next day destroyed their dwellings, the police not interfering. James C. Ludlow was expecting the mob at Ludlow Station, his residence in Cumminsville, as Donaldson had taken refuge there. In reference to Millview he writes, "The house is ready for plaistering."

James Gillespie Birney was born in Danville, Kentucky, in 1792 and practised law there after having been graduated from Princeton College and having prepared himself for this profession at Philadelphia. He soon moved to Alabama and practised in Huntsville. Becoming interested in the movement for the colonisation of negroes and the restriction of slavery, he lectured in the south as an agent of the American Colonisation Society but returned to Danville in 1832 because he regarded Kentucky as the most promising place in which to take a stand against slavery. He helped to organise the Kentucky Anti-Slavery Society but when he proposed the publication of a periodical in that state he found the opposition so strong that he went to New Richmond, Ohio, and there issued the first number of *The Philanthropist* in January of 1836. This had been the name of an anti-slavery weekly newspaper published by Charles Osborn at Mount Pleasant (now Mount Healthy), Ohio, in 1817; in the following year it was sold to Elisha Bates and continued by him until 1821 as an advocate of moral and religious reform.<sup>96</sup>

Birney moved to Cincinnati in the Spring of 1836 and, with Gamaliel Bailey, published *The Philanthropist* there until September of 1837 when he went to New York to be the executive secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, Bailey then becoming sole editor and proprietor of the paper. Birney urged that the ends sought be achieved through moral suasion and political action, thus differing from William Lloyd Garrison



and his followers who opposed constitutional means and demanded the immediate emancipation of slaves. The Liberty Party nominated Birney for the presidency of the United States in 1840 and he polled 7,069 votes; four years later he was again this party's nominee and polled nearly nine times as many votes—enough in that close contest to bring about the defeat of Clay and the election of Polk. In 1840 he went to England where he wrote and published his best-known work, *The American Churches the Bulwarks of American Slavery*. As the result of a fall from a horse in 1845 he was an invalid during the eight remaining years of his life and his public career was ended.<sup>97</sup>

Gamaliel Bailey was born in New Jersey in 1807 and studied medicine in Philadelphia. Going to Cincinnati in 1831 at the time of a cholera epidemic he was put in charge of the Hospital for Strangers and, later on, lectured on physiology at Lane Theological Seminary. Listening to debates at this seminary on slavery, an interest in the subject was awakened and, before long, he was an ardent abolitionist. When he was editor of *The Philanthropist* in Cincinnati, mobs attacked his office on three occasions; the third assault, in 1843, was suppressed by the police and public opinion veered to his support, whereupon he started a daily paper, *The Herald*. In January of 1847 he became editor-in-chief of *The National Era*, weekly organ of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, in Washington—it was in this periodical that Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was first published. His health began to fail in 1853 and he visited Europe in an effort to regain it: six years later he started on another trip abroad and died at sea.<sup>98</sup>

Christian Donaldson and William Donaldson had a hardware store at 18 Main Street in Cincinnati and, in 1836, lived together on Eighth between Vine and Race Streets; within three years they had moved to Millcreek Township. Following the attack by a mob upon the printing office of *The Philanthropist* on July 12, 1836, and the demand that its publication be discontinued, the executive committee of the Ohio Anti-Slavery Society issued a statement declaring they would not surrender their rights and this was signed by James C. Ludlow, James G. Birney, Gamaliel Bailey, Christian Donaldson, William Donaldson, and others.<sup>99</sup> Another mob which wrecked Birney's printing press in an effort to crush *The Philanthropist* on July 30, 1836, also visited the home of the Donaldsons that night because of their association with the anti-slavery movement but, finding only the women of the family at home, the house was not molested.

Nearly a quarter of a century before the issue came to a head Joseph C. Clopper wrote an article on the secession of states because of slavery and addressed it to Messrs. Birney and Bailey, editors of *The Philanthropist*, but it was not printed. A summary follows: An eventful crisis is near at hand, one to be deprecated rather than desired. Emancipation is "a consummation most devoutly to be wished". The southern states, already



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embittered against the north, may call a convention in the ensuing Summer to deliberate upon or to effect a secession. If a dissolution should take place, even in an orderly, peaceable manner, it is probable that this very act would tend to aggravate this morbid sensitiveness against the free states, and open hostility would be the dire result. Some of your editorials have gone far to provoke to such a fearful extremity. The ear of the community has become closed almost to entire deafness against the anti-slavery effort, especially by their press. This great obstacle may be removed by so modulating the tone as that opponents should not have it to object railing for railing, vituperative taunts, and scornful defiance against the anti-slavery press; while yet every Christian and constitutional principle should remain uncompromised.

The week before the state convention called to meet in Hamilton, Ohio, in the Autumn of 1840 to form an anti-slavery or third political party, Joseph wrote an article on Christian Patriotism for *The Philanthropist* in behalf of Harrison and addressed it to Dr. Bailey: How should abolitionists vote—for Van Buren and the Democrats? or for Harrison and the Whigs? or for Birney and Earle? Harrison has given to the world ample evidence of his anti-slavery sentiments. The Christian patriot believes that the time for the presidency of such a man as Mr. Birney has not yet come, and as, evidently, either Van Buren or Harrison must now go into power, it seems to me undeniable that it is both the right and the duty of the Christian to act diligently and with becoming firmness for the preservation of what he enjoys of the privileges, civil and religious, yet remaining to his country, by voting for that one of the two who he “believes upon the whole will do most for his country.” Can it be so very difficult to decide for whom our votes should be cast?

One of Rebecca’s best poems is on the slavery question and was written in April of 1837. It is a spirited composition and could have been the work only of one who had both a strong conviction and the courage to express it. One recalls that slavery had been repugnant to her mother, also. This product of her Muse was published over the pen-name “Ella” which she sometimes used, and its six stanzas are based upon Paul’s assertion that God hath made of one blood all nations of men; the last three follow:

Each color’d child of Afric’s plain  
Has freedom’s blood in every vein;  
From India to the farthest pole  
God breath’d in man a living soul—  
“All of one blood” His wise decree—  
Then Christian, boldly act and free!

Give to the fetter’d sable race  
Their heaven-born boon—then godly grace  
Will soon descend and bless the land





Photograph by James Mancuso, June, 1941.

BEECHWOOD, REAR VIEW



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Where living souls in bondage stand;  
Shame, shame, America, on thee!  
Awake! and let th' oppress'd go free!

Wipe off this guilt that stains thy brow,  
'Tis Justice cries: deliver now!  
Each fetter break! each bond remove!  
Obey the "still small voice" of Love—  
Say to the sorrowing slave, Go free!  
And God's rich grace shall rest on thee.

Beechwood had only a few rooms until the four western ones were added in the Summer of 1837 and Rebecca had at least one child there whom she was tutoring, besides her father and sisters, so the living quarters would have been cramped if they had all tried to stay together. Some of them probably occupied "the cottage in the yard" and Caroline may have lived across the creek in "Rose Cottage" which she rented from James C. Ludlow until 1838 when he conveyed it to her along with an acre of land on both sides of the Hamilton Road for \$175; for a time she conducted a private school there and, later, let it to a tenant. Nicholas had returned from Texas in June of 1835 and was ill in the following Spring; Rebecca nursed him at Beechwood and whiled away some of the long night watches by composing verses, as she recorded at three o'clock of a Sabbath morning in March, "in haste while sitting up with a sick parent." Rebecca always found time for writing and for visiting. She composed a "Song" to be sung to the tune of "Troubadour" and copied it in Rachel Ruhamah's album; its last stanza is:

Oh! it is sweeter far  
To steal away,  
Gaze on the ev'ning star  
At close of day—  
Near some pure winding stream,  
Free from all care,  
List to the minstrelsy  
Music in air.

On a midsummer day she described a short jaunt to Mount Auburn, overlooking Cincinnati in "A Visit to Washington Grove" on the brow of the hill, the white houses, and fields clothed in green. Interesting are her "Lines on receiving some feathers from the wing of the eagle presented to Genl Harrison on the 6th of March, 1840."

In December of 1837 when Caroline was visiting her uncle, Edward N. Clopper, and his family in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, Rebecca, Mary Ann, and Rachel Ruhamah all sent letters to her. Rebecca wrote, "Our dear father left us ten days ago for Texas—it was quite an unexpected trip to us all—as I believe it was to himself—none of us had any idea of his going untill the day before he started—then all was hurry and bustle to prepare him for the journey—he was quite well and in good spirits . . . we requested him to return by May—he thought it his duty

to go and spend the Winter, as he thought he would avoid another attack in the Spring—and Andrew was very solicitous for him to come . . .” She mentions her niece Anna Rebecca, Joseph and Mary’s child, then about two months old: “she is a sweet little creature and bids fair to be an *idol* with her *Mother*. Mr. Ludlow was here yesterday—they are all well there—Sarah Belle [who married Salmon P. Chase] is in Philadelphia, very much pleas’d with her visit . . .” She refers to their cousins, the McKibbins in Pittsburgh, whom Caroline was to visit and asks her to tell little David about the addition of the four western rooms: “Beechwood house has grown much larger since he saw it—and looks quite nice.”

Mary Ann also wrote concerning their father’s sudden departure and hopes that Andrew will return with him. Little Anna Rebecca is a delicate babe and she had been staying with its mother: “I believe I did not stay one night at home for six or seven weeks, tho I have not been there much the two last weeks—one reason is we have no bridge—we have such frequent rises in the creek it is with difficulty that we can keep one. The creek was higher on Sabbath I think than I ever saw it—it was up in Joseph’s garden—he has commenced building his kitchen but the workmen here are so dilatory I do not know when they will get it finished—it will be quite a large and convenient one. You would scarcely know our little *cot*, it has grown so much since you left . . . Francis is well and often wishes with us that little Davey [McKibbin] was here.”

“Rue”, as Rachel Ruhamah was called, also mentioned their father’s leaving on December 8th and then described her visit to Madison from which she had returned five weeks before; her friends wished her to spend the Winter with them there but she had made quite a long visit as it was. Several persons are referred to, among them Sarah Russell who was to leave Madison for her brother’s in Mississippi a day or two after she had come away and who felt sorry that Caroline was not at home when she visited Beechwood. “You wish to know what I have done with *George*—poor fellow, he is at the Ingleside—we have parted *for ever*—it is true—and I sincerely hope he may be happy—which I imagine he will as he is naturally of a contented and happy disposition—but I cannot now tell you the *whys* & *wherefores* which have caused this final separation—you, I think, can guess from what I told you here—but enough on this subject . . .”

In July of 1838 Rebecca and Mary Ann sent a joint letter to Caroline who was then in Pittsburgh with the McKibbin family. Mary Ann wrote, “We have had company almost constantly this Summer . . . Mrs. Eaton and Richard are here now . . . he suffers very much . . . Ann Jane will be out to-morrow, I think a great deal of her and her Mother.” She describes the celebration of July 4th at Mr. Ludlow’s Sugar Tree Hill to which the Debating Society marched with a band of music and where



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three long tables were ornamented with flowers—a great many of them from Beechwood—Joseph C. Clopper was the orator of the day; Dr. McIlwain read the Declaration; the Buckeye Band played fine music; a bountiful collation was served; lemonade was drunk when toasts were given. A newspaper's account of this Fourth-of-July celebration states that it was held by the Mill Creek Philomathic Society; the Buckeye Band of Cincinnati enlivened the occasion with music; Dr. Mount served as marshal; Rev. Walter Scott invoked divine favor; Robert McIlvaine was the reader; J. C. Clopper was the orator; and a poem was read by J. O. Wattles. Toasts were drunk to A Congress of Nations, A Supreme Court of the World, The Triumph of Intellect over Brute Force, and The Morning Star of Universal Peace—showing that thus early, Cumminsville was thinking in planetary terms of federation and the settlement of international disputes by judicial action. Mary E. Clopper noted that "It certainly was a very handsome celebration of the 4th of July, 1838, at Ludlow Sugar Grove, Cumminsville, and a very large, interested number present."

Continuing her letter, Mary Ann wrote that, Cousin Rebecca of the McKibbin family having returned to Pittsburgh, after a visit at Beechwood, she wishes she would send them some word; young David McKibbin, who is back at Beechwood, being tutored, has been ill but has recovered. Their brother Andrew Clopper has been at Beechwood for three or four weeks and now talks of returning to Texas in October. Their father, Nicholas, had arrived home from Texas; William Badger had come with him and is now in Pennsylvania. Their sister Rebecca had crossed the creek to see little Anna Rebecca who is not well.

Rebecca wrote that David had got through his Philosophy and says six lessons every day. In one of her albums there is a pressed rose given to her by David. At Beechwood too there is a handsome copy of the Holy Bible published in Philadelphia in 1855, bound in blue plush with ornamental metal corners, and on its fly-leaf this inscription: "To Mary Ann Clopper—There is a love unknown to kindred, friendship, or passion, a sincere, pure, unadulterated love kindled by years of kindness, respect, and admiration of the many virtues with which the object is endowed. Such a love I have for you, dear Coz, but can't speak it—your own guileless heart must respond for me and warmly it will, I know. Ever the same, David B. McKibbin, U. S. Army."

Andrew made but few trips to the States and this time he extended his visit into November. In that month of 1838 his sister Rebecca set down in one of her albums some lines of hers "To my brother A. M. C. on leaving Beechwood for San Jacinto, Texas."

In spite of business cares Joseph followed his literary bent from time to time. Among his compositions at this period is one in the rhythm of Woodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket" in which he pictures a feature of his own boyhood home: The Family Bible:

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.....  
I still view the chairs of my sire and my mother,  
The seats of their offspring as rang'd on each hand,  
And that richest of books that excels every other:  
    The family Bible that lay on the stand—  
    The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
    The family Bible which lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,  
At morn & at ev'ning would yield us delight,  
And the pray'r of our sire was a sweet invocation  
For mercy by day & for safety through night.  
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,  
All warm from the hearts of the family band,  
Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling  
Describ'd in the Bible that lay on the stand—  
    The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
    The family Bible which lay on the stand.

On Christmas Day of 1836 he versified the 133rd Psalm and later noted that this was "The first Christmas we spent in our own house at Millview—moved from there to Beechwood, September, 1845." On the last day of the year he wrote "The Lament" in five stanzas—his pipe of poplar bowl and elder stem had burned out after eight or nine months of use and he mourns its passing. The year 1837 he spent in attending to the business of the saw-mill, the store, and the office of justice. One day in August he wrote three stanzas, "Apostrophe to Earth", ending:

And all the fond endearments of young childhood's home  
Are broken up, nor sisters know where brothers roam.

On the 6th of October, 1837, "Anna, my dear babe, was born" as Mary has recorded. This child lived only ten months. Its body was laid in the John Ludlow burying-ground, two miles north of Cumminsville, where it rested with others of the family until 1853 when all were removed to a lot in Spring Grove Cemetery which had been opened in 1845; the tombstone which had marked Anna's first grave was then taken to Beechwood where it remains to this day.

One day in June of 1838 both little Anna and Jane Rhoda James were at Beechwood, so Rebecca composed verses "Extempore, on seeing two infants sweetly sleeping":

.....  
How lovely, innocent, and fair  
Are these sweet miniatures of life!

May no rude winds their barques assail,  
But gently, smoothly, may they glide;  
May love and joy and peace prevail  
And daily bless their ingleside.

Jane Rhoda was a daughter of Joseph A. James by his first wife. When this child grew up she married a man named Carey. Joseph A. and his younger brother, Uriah Pierson James, went



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to Cincinnati from Trenton, New Jersey, and published books. The James Book Store, still in existence in Cincinnati, was opened in 1831. By his second wife Joseph A. had four children: George, who was at Beechwood with his mother in the late eighteen-fifties; William; Alan; and Sally. Uriah Pierson James's children were Davis Lawler James, who married Lily Hollingshead, sister of Dr. Frances M. Hollingshead; Joseph; and three girls. Davis Lawler James's children were Davis Jr., Edward, and Olivia.

A copy of *The New Testament* was "Presented to Rebecca C. Clopper as a Christmas gift by her friend Mrs. Mary James, Dec. 25th, 1840, Cincinnati." A copy of Sarah Ellis's *Irish Girl and Other Poems*, 1844, was "Presented to C. C. Clopper by her friend Mrs. Mary James, February 23rd, 1848." Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, published in 1847 at Cincinnati by J. A. & U. P. James, was "A Christmas gift to Mary Ann Clopper from her friend Mr. J. A. James, Cincinnati, 1849." A copy of Mrs. Julia McNair Wright's *Priest and Nun*, published in 1869, was a gift to "Miss Mary Ann Clopper from Mrs. J. A. James."

On the 2nd of August, 1838, Mary entered in her album: "I lost my dear precious Anna" and next day "consigned my lovely babe to her silent tomb." Early in September she wrote, "I rocked her in the cradle and laid her in the tomb" and on the same day Joseph set down in writing his

### TENDER RECOLLECTIONS

Strange that so many tears, up from the heart's  
Deep fount should well, when "confirmation strong  
As proof of holy writ" convicts the mind  
Of inexpressible delights, of joys  
Unutterable, and eternal too,  
Thy sure inheritance, sweet spirit blessed!  
My babe, my babe! Alas, thou heedest not!  
Too dense this lower sphere, spirit like thine  
Ethereal, to breathe; and now thou'rt gone,  
Who, even in a world like this, forbids  
That Memory should grant the "joy of grief",  
The luxury of reminiscences  
So pure, so uncontaminate of earth,  
That picture thee upon the bleeding hearts,  
Thou cherub child, of *those that had but thee!*

My child! my child!—and thou hast "gone to God!"  
A glorious one among the cherubim  
That spread their golden wings & sweep the plains  
Of Paradise, harping redemption's strains!  
O how shall we thus think of thee, nor feel  
How drear is solitude entire as ours!  
We sit and muse, and seem each other's thought  
To catch reciprocal—nor speech we need  
To word th'endearing theme—of thee we muse—  
How oft we pressed thee to our bosoms here,  
And hung upon those sinless lips—thus, thus  
Bringing up all thy fond, thy artless wiles  
That won our hearts, till nature can no less

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Than weep, finding herself bereaved of all.

Ah no! it is not strange—'twere strange indeed  
If treasure taken, such as ours, left no  
Such "aching void", such tribute did not claim.

On a day of early March in 1839 Rebecca composed lines on the 8th Psalm and compared a flower with Anna Rebecca—a jonquil from a garden in Natchez had been given to her; yesterday it was fragrant and beautiful, to-day its beauty all had fled. On a Sunday in mid-May she has recorded in verse that on the way home with Joseph and Mary from the First Presbyterian Church they rode through a shady wood and stopped at a small enclosure, consecrated ground, and visited Anna's grave, Mary weeping. "One Sabbath morn I pluck'd from dear Anna's grave a beautiful little wild flower, the first that bloomed there"—it was a wind-anemone. Mary copied in her album a poem about God's *lending* a child and then taking it back.

The delicate wild flower inspired Joseph to write one of his best poems:

### THE ANEMONE

*Written for my Mary one week after  
our visit to Anna's grave.*

Aeolian flower! that seem'st to hear  
The whisp'ring winds from southern clime  
Blow on the unregen'rate year  
To vivify the Spring of Time,  
I love thee! love thee when thou'rt seen  
In virgin white, unsullied blown,  
Like snowflakes o'er the meadows green,  
Or through the shades of forests strown;  
But most of all I love thee where  
We hung in sadness o'er thy bloom  
Fresh'ning the verdant sod we there  
Laid lightly o'er our Anna's tomb.

Frail flower of Spring, too soon to die!  
Like that far lovelier Flower was given  
To bloom one summer here, then try  
The more congenial clime of Heaven!  
Twelve months have passed, and lo! again  
We see thee rise and gently wave  
Thy fragile stem and starry train  
And weep thy dew-drops o'er her grave!  
And thus thou dost anticipate,  
Thou beautiful Anemone,  
A glorious resurrection state  
Beyond this vast Gethsemane.

Their first child having been taken by death, they were overjoyed when their second was born on December 29, 1840, at Millview, and Mary noted, "Dear little Edward was born. *We do rejoice, a son is given.*"

Joseph addressed a temperance society, advocating total abstinence and deploring not only the drinking of intoxicating



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liquor and its buying, selling, and manufacture, but also the sale of grain to the distiller—he urged the feeding of grain to hogs and the sale of pork instead. At another time he set forth his views of the stage—revealing a highly prejudiced attitude towards the theater as a noxious seminary, and ending with what he regarded as a more desirable field of patronage: North America's people in church on Sunday mornings, singing hymns!

On Candlemas of 1840 he copied several passages from the Bible about bearing up under afflictions and handed them to Mary who lay in "sick bed under peculiarly trying circumstances"; and Mary added later, "I well remember it—at Mill-view—our hopes disappointed." Unfortunately, nothing specific is recorded. Joseph's spirits never stayed dampened, however, and he soon became cheerful again.

On Independence Day the following verses on "Woman" were written by Mary in her album:

O woman, formed to suffer every ill,  
For lordly man to triumph o'er at will,  
To see her hoard of rich affections lost  
Or *trifled* with as things of little cost,  
Cherish, as heaven's best gift, the yielding mind  
That *bears*, and *hopes*, and *weeps*, and is *resigned*.  
Oh happy, doubly, doubly happy 'tis for thee  
Thy Maker formed thee like the willow tree  
That *bends its head* beneath the northern blast  
And southern gale and, yielding to the last,  
Feels all the tempest's wrath; and when 'tis o'er,  
Spreads its green leaves to catch the breeze *once more*.

In that same month of midsummer Mary wrote, perhaps copied, several sentences about woman's heart which trusteth man's harsh nature, endureth keenest sufferings, treasureth up each kindly word and look; and about her eye which feedeth on the idol of her love; still she will not brook neglect and will either wreak vengeance on him or brood in silence on the wrong until her proud heart breaketh of its weight of cherished agony! One's sympathy goes out to Joseph!

A friend of the family's, Mrs. Jane B. Sterrett, died in September of 1840 and Joseph gave expression to their feelings in these lines:

The departed! the departed! how their images remain!  
And in mem'ry how transporting come their voices back again!  
And the scenes of first acquaintance, and the press of heart to heart—  
Who may picture the emotions their remembrances impart?  
When the lov'd above all others, one "whom Jesus loved", goes hence  
Through the valley-shades of Death to her glorious "recompense",  
Tho' we feel it, tho' we know it, yet how oft they leave behind,  
As it were, but breaking heartstrings and the shattering of mind,  
Till the eye of faith beholds them where all tears are wiped away  
And we marvel that we murmured when they left their house of clay.

An interesting letter describing his trip by steamboat from Cincinnati to Beardstown and by horse from there to Spring-

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

field, Illinois, was written to Joseph by Antrim Campbell in November, 1837. He recommends Sangamon County to everyone who is unsettled.

Joseph read *The Liberty Hall and Cincinnati Gazette*, having paid \$9 as subscription for three years; also the *Protestant and Herald*, formerly *The Western Presbyterian Herald*, for which he paid \$3.

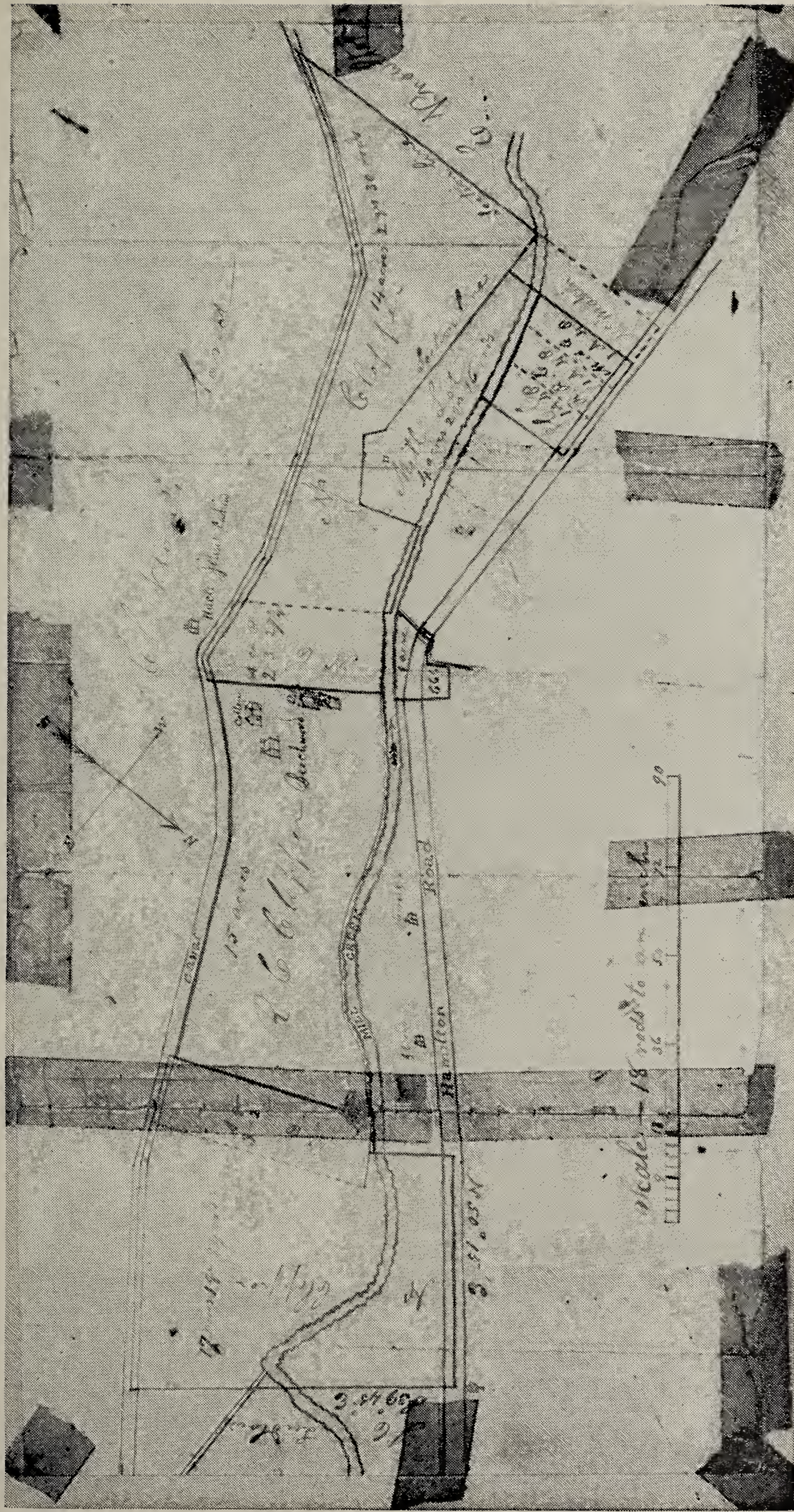
It seems that J. F. Lakeman, who had recently come to these parts and was to be Cumminsville's mayor, operated the Clopper Farm jointly with Joseph and lived with the family at Millview; in Joseph's accounts he is charged \$94 for board to January 9, 1840, also \$2.25 a week for the month ended February 9th, and \$3.25 for "shirts by Mrs. C." from which one gathers that Mary made his shirts. Later on, Lakeman was a wagon-maker in partnership with William Tozzer. That Winter a man named Pretlow wrote from Richmond, Indiana, to Messrs. Lakeman and Clopper concerning a promissory note which one Sturgis had given to him and which he had then sold to Lakeman and Clopper; Sturgis, said Pretlow, had put his property in the name of someone else and had then failed, hence Lakeman and Clopper were having trouble in collecting from him; Pretlow himself evidently owed Lakeman and Clopper \$50 and said he was unable to pay this but suggested that, inasmuch as Lakeman and Clopper were indebted to one Cheney in a larger sum, they might persuade Cheney to accept his note in partial payment! Such devious business methods were enough of themselves to bring about disaster and it is not astonishing that Joseph's milling and mercantile business was short-lived.

The old hopes which had been centered in Nicholas's real estate ventures were revived in the financial panic of 1837 and Joseph wrote for information concerning the possibility of recovering land in Virginia. He received an answer which quoted the laws limiting real actions in that state but it does not appear that he went further in the matter. The pot of Gold at the rainbow's end!

He wisely decided to make another modest investment in local land. Accordingly, on the same day as Caroline bought Rose Cottage and its lot from James C. Ludlow—September 1st, 1838—he bought from the same owner a lot of slightly more than an acre between Mill Creek and the Hamilton Road near Mad Anthony Street, for \$175. His sister Rachel Ruhamah bought a lot of the same size adjoining his on the west for a like sum; and Mary Ann took the one next to hers on the west. About eight years later Joseph sold his lot to Clark Bates for \$700.

Nicholas had long been reconciled to the decision of his daughters and Joseph to remain in Ohio in preference to going to Texas, and now he himself decides to buy some land along Mill Creek. From James C. Ludlow he bought two parcels, one adjoining Rebecca's land on the east and the other on the west, (the eastern parcel extending to the "State lot" where the canal's spillway is)





Plat drawn by Nicholas Clopper, 1838.

CLOPPER FARM IN CINCINNATI  
 "Hamilton Road" is now Spring Grove Avenue



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

six acres in all, for \$645; then entered into an agreement with him to buy for \$4,500 the seventeen and a fraction acres towards the east, between the canal and the Hamilton Road, the fourteen and a fraction acres next to the mill lot between the canal and the creek and including the waste-weir, water power, buildings, and appurtenances, and a lot on the Hamilton Road of less than an acre next to Joseph's. These made the Clopper holdings in East Cumminsville come to sixty acres. In payment for these purchases Nicholas seems to have transferred to James C. Ludlow another quarter of his Texas League No. 7 and at the beginning of the year 1840 he entered into an agreement with a professed horticulturist and practical gardener named Needham who was to cultivate ten or more acres of this land along Mill Creek as a vegetable garden and nursery of fruit and other trees for sale, to attend personally the Cincinnati market where he was to deliver and sell the produce, and to keep a set of books; for his part Nicholas was to furnish the land, a horse or two when needed, a cart, plough, harrow, and other necessary tools, to pay for manure used in the first season, also for seeds and plants, plank and sash for hot-beds, and materials for fencing new ground, Needham to assist in putting up the fence and to prepare the ground for ploughing. Purchases and sales were to be made under the firm name of James Needham & Company. Neither party was to be bound for any act or obligation except as agreed upon and witnessed by signature. The agreement was to be in force for five years, but Nicholas did not live that long.

In May letters came from Greensburg, Pennsylvania, for young Edward Duryea Clopper who was at Beechwood, being tutored by Rebecca. They were from his father, Edward N. Clopper; from his mother, Hetty Barclay Clopper; and from his sister, Elizabeth; all having been written at "Skara Glen", their home in Greensburg. The boy was ten years old and had been sent to Beechwood to study for a year in preparation for entrance into the Academy at Greensburg. His father wrote, "I hope you are still a good Democrat & that you will not allow Gen<sup>l</sup> Harrison or Cousin Joseph either to play hocus pocus with you. Tell them the voice of the People comes from the country & not from the cities & that Mr Van Buren will be re-elected; hard cider & log cabins wont gull the honest yeomanry." This prediction was not fulfilled, however, for Harrison, the nominee of the Whigs, overwhelmingly defeated Van Buren for the Presidency in that year. In her letter Elizabeth wrote, "Mary says to tell you that Mother still snuffs yet."

Later that year the boy died at Beechwood. His body lies in the same grave with that of his Uncle Nicholas Clopper in Spring Grove Cemetery, having been buried first in the John Ludlow burying-ground, then exhumed and reinterred in Spring Grove. It was on August 1st that he passed away and on the 8th Rebecca gave release to her feelings in "Lines written a few days after



the death of my little cousin Edward D. Clopper—aged ten years—who died August 1st, 1840, after two weeks severe illness.”

Writing to her father who was in Texas at the time, Rebecca sends word of this sad event: “. . . we sat up every night with him save one, nor did we leave him alone an hour during his illness—he bore it all so patiently, so meekly, with such resignation, it was truly astonishing. I think he thought from the first he would not recover. Dr. Mount tended him but could never change or check the disease (dysentary), the fever he broke, but the other proved fatal. Poor little fellow, he suffered very much indeed, yet never complain’d—he said he was willing to die, if it was the Lord’s will, but would rather live to see his Father and Mother once more—he repeatedly sent his love to them all, said he would like to see you and his cousin Caroline—he said he trusted in the Lord, for he knew he could be saved no other way. I have written three letters to his Father since the commencement of his illness, the last announcing his death I presume he will receive to-day or to-morrow—poor Uncle and Aunt, it will be a great trial to them—they had written to him that his year was nearly up, and that they would expect him home, as they had a good teacher now, and he could go to school near home. Uncle spoke of coming down, but said he would rather wait untill you returned—perhaps he is on the way now—we have had no letters yet, since I wrote . . .” Continuing, she wrote that Rev. Wilson, minister of the First Presbyterian Church, had not been to Beechwood since Nicholas left, that his health was not good, and that because of other engagements he could not conduct the service at Edward’s funeral, “Professor Biggs supplied his place and preached an excellent sermon from Numbers, Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his, his closing remarks were very feeling and beautifully expressed, respecting the little stranger who came to sojourn for a little season with us—I wish, my dear Father, sister and brother, I wish you could have heard him, I know you would have enjoyed the sermon, after your long silent Sabbaths . . .” In a few lines addressed to her sister Caroline, who was with their father, she wrote that she dreaded to hear from little Edward’s parents, “I am just about sending them a paper with his death in, Joseph wrote a pretty obituary . . .”

# XXXI

## THE CARES OF PROPERTY IN TEXAS

### DIARY of Nicholas Clopper, Cincinnati to New Orleans:

Cin. On board S. B. Corinthian 8 Decr 1837  
Capt Beeden for N. O.

This is a first rate Boat now on her 4th trip—the weather pleasant, the river in a good stage of water and have the 1st choice of State Rooms—have therefor selected one opening opposite the stove and next the Ladies Cabin. feel well & have met with several friends & acquaintances among them Mr. J. Lovell of N. Orleans, direct from Morris Town, is intimate with Mr. & Mrs. Mills there and has purchased the Land & buildings of old Genl ..... the house is not far from Mr. Mills residence. have also made an acquaintance with Revd Mr. Light of Misoura with whom am much pleased, old Esqr Hotchkiss is also on board and three or four agreeable Gentln from Lebanon going to Rodney, and a Mr. French and Fitzhugh of Va bound to Texas, very pleasant and promising young Gentln &c.

Saturday 9—left Cin. and same night arrived at Louisville.

Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> cold & stormy, past thro' the Locks and detained at portland untill Monday 11<sup>th</sup> of this, the passengers complained loudly. When we got underway again at 11 o'clock. Made an acquaintance with Doctr Caruthers from Rockingham Co Va Emigrating with his family to Missisipi and perhaps to Texas, am much pleased with him and in Conversation with him respecting land titles in that State [Virginia] was much gratified to learn that my Rights there will yet hold good. See his answer to my interrogatory on the subject. which must be attended to without any delay, as some of those Lands are now Valuable. I wish Joseph to transcribe that document & keep the Cony, sending the original on to my Brother Francis, with my Letter to him here with inclosed and he will immediately write to Genl Briscoe G. Baldwin of Staunton Va. Genl B is an Eminent Lawyer and is a Gentln of very high standing in Va and will direct how to proceed &c the information now recd respecting this property will be a means of hurrying me back probably some sooner than I otherwise should. this trip bids fair to me to be the most agreeable one that I ever had on S. Boat. Col H. & myself room together he is so far as a son to me in his attentions &c.

Tuesday 12<sup>th</sup> met a small smart bright Countenance boy, asked him his name, he said Geo Leo Franheisen, he is about the size of Francis or smaller and quite interesting in Conversation. I called his father and told him I wanted to take George with me to Texas. he said if George was willing he might go, after his return home to Cin, he is a German & Cabinet maker, says he has furniture on board engaged to be del<sup>d</sup> at Vicksbg, after which he will return to his family and then will go to Texas &c.

Wednesday 13<sup>th</sup> those two amiable young Gentln on there way to Texas are surveyors and I feel much interested for their wellfare, they have a horse & light Cariage on board and Svts on a



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Cotton plantation near Vicksburgh. their family I know by reputation and I have of course given them an invitation to Highland Cottage to make it their home and to Consider me as a friend or relative, knowing that I can be of service to them. for this they evince much gratitude & are quite attentive to me as are many others. there will be a large number of Gentl<sup>n</sup> going to T. among them Gov<sup>r</sup> James Auchincloss from New York and Judge McDonah from Philad<sup>a</sup> & Gen<sup>l</sup> Robeson late Gov<sup>t</sup> agent at Tampico and lately from Texas from whom I have received some very interesting intelligence &c. also the Gentl<sup>n</sup> from Ohio speak earnestly of going over, they are intelligent Pious men, and I have cause every day to be thankful to a kind providence in so directing affairs as to place me in such Company. last night had a very interesting conversation with the Gov<sup>r</sup> who I find to be a Christian and a member of the Old School Presb<sup>n</sup> Ch. who informed me that a brother of the Worthy Rev<sup>d</sup> Doctr Phillips of N. York has gone before us, with high recommendation from Dr. Alexander, Dr. Miller & the professors generally of Princeton N. J. as a Missionary and with a View of founding a Theological Seminary of the right Stamp in Texas—will not this be pleasing news to our beloved Pastor of the first Ch in Cin and to the friends of Zion generally. you will of course Judge that all those things must have a happy effect on my Spirits and almost make [me] sometimes forget that I am so old, and really am sometimes lead to think that I have left my infirmities behind me, so bouiant are my spirits, and so comfortably are we in the Corinthian, she may indeed be called a floating Palace—but O! let us rejoice with trembling, for we know not what a day may bring forth.

Thursday 14<sup>th</sup> To day another acquisition is made to my party—a stout fine looking young man, introduced to me by Dr Clark & Mr March all from Lebanon. Says he wishes to go under my protection, he is a brick maker & Brick Mason, and recommended as an industrious and pious young man, of the Methodist Ch. to whom I most cordially tendered every advice and assistance in my power. O how pleasing it is to realise the Scripture Truth that it is more blessed to give than to recieve.

Near Rodney Friday 15 Dec<sup>r</sup> wrote to Rev<sup>d</sup> J. F. Russell by Dr Clark. and parted with my Lebanon acquaintances who say they will be after me as soon as they can arange their business, gave them my address, & bade farewell.

Saturday 16. Mr. Auchincloss gave me an introductory Letter to the Rev<sup>d</sup> A. H. Phillips, and landed in Miss. Says he hopes to Join me again at N. O. and go with me to Texas. this morning feel very sensibly the change of Climate, the air is mild & moist and it feels & looks like april weather. touchd at Nachez this evening & took in passengers.

Sunday 17<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> the weather so warm last night did not rest quite so well, arived Baton Rouge at 11 oClock, distant from N. O. 120 miles. found much comfort in reading Pike on religion and Eternal Life. continue to improve in health & strength, and enjoy the love of God in a most special manner.

Monday 18 awoke at the wharf N. O. before day—all hurry & bustle. the fine Steam Ship Columbia left here two days since full of freight & passengers for Galveston. the Steamer Constitution to start to morrow, and a brig & a schooner the last of this week. great Complaint here among the merch<sup>ts</sup> in money matters—all confidence appears to be lost—the best houses can not get Credit.

At New Orleans on December 23 he wrote to his “beloved Children” addressing the letter to Joseph at Beechwood, near Cincinnati, and paying 25c for the postage:



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

On board Steam Ship Constitution Capt Auld

We are Just in the act being off and I now sit down to write you my last for this trip. have Just got my clearance from the Custom House—and laid out my last Dollar. am still in good health & spirits. the news of an invasion of the Mexicans, direct notwithstanding. We have had fine weather untill yesterday, the wind shifting to N. E. we are still annoyed with cold rains which is the worst kind of weather for my constitution. we shall drop down to the mouth of the River, and wait the favourable moment to put to sea. Capt Auld is much of a Gentl<sup>n</sup> and is considered a prudent & Judicious man. has a Valuable Cargo on board and a number of very respectable Characters—several Ladies & Children. I have Just delivered to Capt Beeden & Mr McKnight purser of the S. B. Corinthian which leaves here this evening for Cin a paper of shells & package papers, Book &c directed to Care of Jas Johnson, Main St Cincinnati for you, which packet they have promised faithfully to deliver. in that packet I have made some lengthy communication to you, also written to Caroline & Dr Willson. Should providence spare my life will write you soon after my arival at highland Cottage and as soon as practicable will make arrangements to ship from here thro' my Commission Mercht<sup>s</sup> such articles as will enable you to meet all dues & demands in Cin. in the packet of Letters now on board the Corinthian I advised a winding up & close of the Comp<sup>y</sup> Business & then prepare the way to purchase entirely for cash. Col Halpen is taking goods out from here and will open at Houston, he continues his attentions & services to me. there are also several settlers from Houston taking out goods &c. tell Mary I am maturing a plan to Establish her brother E in business should he not already be engaged but more of this anon. I shall be exceedingly disappointed if some of you do not write once a month, and by paying postage & directing either to care of J. Lovell & Co, New Levee, or Jas Reed & Co Com<sup>n</sup> Merchts Common St<sup>t</sup>, they will be carefully forwarded . . .

At Houston on January 3, 1838, Robert Barr, Postmaster General for the Republic of Texas, appointed Nicholas Clopper to the office of postmaster for the town of New Washington. At this town, two days before, Col. James Morgan paid Nicholas \$220 to apply on his note if it did not answer Nicholas's purpose or was not returned.

On January 18 Andrew agreed to sell to Sidney Sherman the tract called Greenfield in memory of Maryland days. This tract fronted on Galveston Bay and was part of the league granted by the government to Johnson Hunter, sold by Hunter to Nicholas, and conveyed by Nicholas to Andrew, the parcel lying between the two tracts which Nicholas had sold to James Morgan and George M. Patrick and containing one thousand acres, although the deed of April 8, 1835, to Andrew specified twelve hundred acres. The consideration was \$3,000 in United States money and Sidney Sherman bound himself to pay \$500 on April 1 and again on October 1, \$1,000 one year later and \$1,000 two years later, these sums to be secured by negotiable notes payable in any bank in New Orleans and bearing interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum. "Oft expectation fails where most it promises."

Writing at Highland Cottage on February 20, 1838, Nicholas addressed his son Joseph at Cincinnati: ". . . our house is very open & as yet has but one fire place, and we have had in all this



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month the severest weather I ever experienced here, it has now become warm & pleasant and we are gardening & preparing for a crop of Corn &c and owing to the inclement Season I have been prevented from being much abroad deeming it proper to have a prudent regard to my health. I went over to see Judge Burnet & family about a week after my arrival here, they were all well and glad to hear from their friends. Mrs B made many enquiries about her Sister & niece and all our family & wished me to make her affectionate remembrance &c Edwd is yet there, in the same unsettled way, says he will write you soon. I have not yet seen Mr Thos Barnet but hope to do it soon. as yet have not progressed much in Business, but the prospects are rather fair than otherwise. our friend Morgan has not come up to his engagements, says that he [is] ready to pay his note in such money as Treasury notes of Texas, which pass current here; I told him yesterday I expected him to pay in cash and not promissory notes that cannot be converted into Cash without  $\frac{1}{3}$  discount and I knew of his having funds in N. O. and I would allow him a small premium for a Dft there on short notice, he said he could not do it, I told him I must have the money or U. S. Bills that are at par in N. O. & left him, & this morning he informed me that he was making arrangements to pay in a short time. I find he is very anxious to have the Harrisbg Land and pay the Cash in N. O. but I would not say a word to encourage him in it. before I left N. O. I made arrangements to ship to Cincinnati a quantity of Groceries, but they were predicated on receiving a Dft from Morgan, which you see has not succeeded. We have closed a sale with Colo Sherman for the Greenfield place 1,000 acres fronting Galveston Bay at 3 Dolls pbl in 6, 12, 18 & 24 mo bearing 10 pct Int ann he is a fine man & has an amiable wife, are now in the neighbourhood & preparing to build a Brick house &c and will be a means of bringing other respectable Settlers in our neighbourhood. I have got a worthy & industrious man to settle on League No 7. Andw will go over as soon as it can be made convenient. We find that by the Laws that Aliens can not hold land in Texas unless their titles are derived direct from Govt—perhaps this will alarm you & friend Clarkson and perhaps too there may be some difficulty in the case, if so you will hear of it. there have been various rumours about the invasion of Texas, but we have no apprehension of any before Spring, and very little of any then indeed if the Mexicans ever intend another, the texians would be glad how soon, as they wish to have the Business finally settled, and have no doubt of the result. but my paper is nearly full and I have not yet told that some time since, there was handed me a package from the post master Genl directed to N. C. Esquire post master New Washington, to which have not yet replied, but suppose I shall be under the necessity of accepting and resigning again on my visiting the north. Am pleased to hear that you are all well, and that my little grand daughter is making such rapid improvements in the early part of her life, no doubt her mother thinks her a



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prodigy in nature. I hope she may live to be a blessing to her family and an ornament to the Church to which suppose she is by this time dedicated. [This was Anna Rebecca Clopper, daughter of Joseph and Mary, who died in August] tell Mary that since I was at Mr Burnets her Sister has been confined but the child did not live, Doctr Angier called here and told me she was doing well, and from what I hear continues to do well. tell Rebecca I have no room to reply to her letter now but will probably do it ere long, remember me affectionately to all friends & write often. tell the girls I send them more love than am able to measure & commit you all to him who is all love, & may you all enjoy that pure love which passeth knowledge. write often to yr affectionate father, N. C."

In a post script he tells Francis to be a good boy—this was the lad whom Joseph and Mary had taken into their care in 1831; his full name was Francis A. Steele and he was born in 1824.

The following instructions addressed to Andrew were set down by his father in writing on April 6, 1838; and in reading them one should bear in mind that the town of Matagorda is situated at the mouth of the Colorado River where Nicholas Junior and others were murdered by Indians in October, 1822:

"A M C will go to Matagorda and enquire for the Judge of probate, and tell him you called to apply for Letters of administration on the Estate of your Brother N. who came to this Country with you and your father as Settlers under Empresario Austin in the year 1822, and that your Brother with two other young men lost their lives on the Banks of the Colorado, near the mouth—that your self and yr father have been long residents of Texas, and that no Letters of administration has ever been taken out on your Brothers estate & that we were told they must be taken out in the County in which the person departed this life—& that your father has relinquished his claim to take them out to you, he being too old to attend to it, that Mr. Seth Ingram and other witnesses are knowing to these facts. then you will call on some of the old settlers as Seth Ingram, T. Duke, Rawls family Judge Cummins, Jesse Robison, or Jesse Burnum who will satisfy the board of Commissioners of the facts of your Brother & self being in the Country as stated &c so as to enable you to get the Certificate for his head right &c then hurry on to No 7 &c."

League No. 7 was a *sitio* of land situated along the western bank of the Colorado River, which had been granted by Stephen F. Austin to Nicholas Clopper on December 18, 1830, in exchange for the San Felipe League.

Nicholas issued further instructions to Andrew on April 22, 1838, and in these it appears that the man named Peter who accompanied Nicholas Junior from Maryland was Peter White, probably a son of Mrs Jane White in whose Baltimore boarding house Nicholas Junior had lived for a time; and that he was one of the party murdered by Indians in 1822, otherwise Andrew would hardly be applying for his headright certificate. The instructions follow:



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“As soon as possible after Surveying your land hurry on to Matagorda and get a Certificate from Commissioners for Peter Whites head right and then apply for Letters of administration &c . . .”

Nicholas made a list of his holdings in 1838, as follows: C. S. Clarkson's note due February 22, 1839, Joseph C. Clopper's notes, Andrew M. Clopper's notes, James Morgan's notes, 400 acres on Buffalo Bayou, land on Clear Creek, one-third league of prairie between G. M. Patrick and Brinson, town lot in San Felipe, land in Virginia and Tennessee, judgment against Morrison (Morris?) & Nicholson (in Pennsylvania?), 1,280 acres Soldier's right from Johnson.

At Highland Cottage, San Jacinto, on April 20, 1838, Nicholas wrote to his children in Cincinnati saying that the last letter he had received from Joseph was dated February 13 and contained much satisfactory information “and some not very pleasant. I allude to the difficulties in Business, and hardness of the times, and want of means &c &c but on the whole feel quite gratified, that as an able Genl collects his strong force where there is the greatest need, so he brought into immediate requisition all the Philosophy he could command, and so was able to sustain himself, (and I trust from the best information I can get,) will be able to maintain his situation without losing ground, untill some means will be provided for his relief and it might so happen, that when not expected, would probably be near at hand . . . my own health continues remarkably good—and we are now using all possible means of leaving here in next month, in my last I said Morgan had not acted well, and had disappointed me in money was the reason I could not make a remittance to you as was intended, nor have I yet received any thing from him more than to meet my freight & passage, and it appeared likely to be a serious difficulty with him, but now am in strong hopes of having all matters arranged so as to get off with a sufficiency. Andw has been absent a fortnight on Brassos & Colorado &c am looking hourly for him. in my last I spoke of selling your League No 7 at auction, but it wont do. at this time, cash is too scarce and too much land in market, to sell without great sacrifice. think in the course of another year the chance will be much better. people continue coming in by land & water. Congress is now in session but will soon rise. We have no expectation of invasion. tell Mary her Sister & Brother are well and . . . have an excellent Garden and a very pretty place &c. tell my grand daughter to learn to walk so as to shew me the beautiful flowers & fruits in the garden. I hope you have a tight roof on the Ice house & plenty of straw on top & sides. We will see about the Journey you speak of on my return. direct your next to me in N Orleans, to remain in office till [called] for, on which you need not pay [post] and in it you can say wheather it will be advisable to bring on any Groceries for the Store or not, or only for the family . . .”

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The ice-house referred to (formerly "the cottage in the yard") was at Beechwood near the canal from which the ice was taken. Later another cottage was built upon its stone foundation and still later, about 1921, the site was covered with earth for the rapid transit right-of-way. The store mentioned was the one which Joseph had in connection with the saw-mill.

At Matagorda on April 29, 1838, Seth Ingram wrote to Nicholas stating that his League No. 7 on the Colorado River was first rate land, one-third or one-fourth timber, and just above the head of the Raft which was to be removed, he hoped, by the Colorado Navigation Company. He rated Nicholas's land at from \$2 to \$2.50 an acre and said that lands fifty miles and more up the river brought higher prices.

At Highland Cottage on April 1, 1838, William J. Badger gave Nicholas \$550 in Texas Treasury or promissory notes for use in purchasing one-third of a league of land on Clear Creek from Reynolds or other land, Badger to hold two-thirds and Nicholas or his successor one-third, and each to pay in proportion. In pursuance of this understanding it appears that Nicholas and Andrew, on May 4th, bought from George M. Patrick 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  *labores* out of the quarter-league which had been granted to James Lindsay as his head-right on Clear Creek. This stream flows in an easterly direction, parallel to and south of Buffalo Bayou, and empties into an arm of Galveston Bay. The purchase price was \$1,400 in Texas promissory notes and they paid two-thirds of this sum at the time, agreeing to pay the other third within six months, whereupon Patrick was to give Andrew a deed for this land. This business was transacted at Houston and a memorandum bearing the same date sets forth that the purchase price was \$1,401 "Star money", of which \$951 was paid and \$450 secured by an interest-bearing note.

One gathers that some of the money which Badger had left with Nicholas for this purpose was counterfeit and that Badger was unaware of it, for in a memorandum dated May 8th Nicholas records that late in March William J. Badger had gone in the skiff from Highland Cottage in company with two young men named Lewis Odum and Marmaduke Hallen, to Col. Morgan's store where he bought one pair of shoes and some socks, tendered a hundred-dollar bill, and received in change three Texas Treasury notes for \$20 each. The memorandum continues: "From William J. Badger 3 (20) Dollars is 60 Counterfeit." If this was all the change he received, Morgan charged forty Texas dollars for a pair of shoes and some socks!

If one can be sure of his ground in feeling his way through the mazes of this business transaction, it may be said that Nicholas paid part of the purchase price for the land with Badger's money, part with \$540 in Texas promissory notes at 25 per cent discount which had been received from Sidney Sherman, and covered the balance with a note. Was this a way of coaxing some money from Sherman in payment of part of his



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debt to the Cloppers? One wonders. The accounts are baffling. At any rate, George M. Patrick executed a deed to Andrew in trust for Nicholas and Badger for the land on Clear Creek called Lindsay's quarter, less one *labor*, but did not hand it to him because full payment had not yet been made. Eight years later Patrick was still holding back the deed for the same reason; at that time he said that Badger might have the entire tract by paying the amount due in good money, or he would give a deed for the two-thirds of the tract which had been paid for and reserve for himself the upper third which adjoined other land of his.

In the Spring of 1838 Nicholas left Texas and rejoined his daughters at Beechwood, near Cincinnati.

At New Washington, Texas, on May 7, 1838, James Morgan wrote to a broker named Brewster in New Orleans stating that Nicholas Clopper held his notes for \$2,400 and might wish to negotiate them; in that event he assures Brewster that he will pay them when due.

Both Morgan and Sherman, through their neglect, caused real distress.

In the following November Joseph Lovell was in Cincinnati, on his way to New Orleans, and wrote to Nicholas at Beechwood saying that Morgan had not replied to his request for payment, that he paid no attention to the matter of the note, and that he probably would have to be sued; that Texas money was then selling at 32 and had not been better than 50 cents in the dollar since Nicholas left it with his house in New Orleans; and that his house had been unwilling to sacrifice this money, believing that Nicholas could do better by redeeming it. He asks what Nicholas wished to have done with Morgan's note and the Texas money: "We should like very much to have you withdraw both and settle up the account, as our firm is dissolved and the old business is now in liquidation."

Lieutenant-Colonel Sidney Sherman, the impetuous Kentuckian who had tried and failed to capture a cannon from the Mexicans on the eve of the Battle of San Jacinto, failed also to pay his debt to the Cloppers when due. To "meet" his obligation, he sent to Nicholas certificates (whose face value was \$2,000) of stock in the City of Sabine, Republic of Texas, and wrote at Sloop Point, San Jacinto Bay, on September 10, 1839, saying that General Sam Houston, who held a lot of this stock, had sold a part of it in the States for 75 cents on the dollar which, he declared, was a great deal better than Texas money at par. "I send you this amount to have you dispose of it to meet my note in N. Orleans if possible, and for that purpose I am willing to sell for 50 cts if you can not get more, as our money is so very low at this time it would be ruinous to attempt to pay money in the States with it. It will take about *four* thousand dollars to place *one* in N. Orleans, as our money is quoted at 73 cts discount or 27 cts on the dollar." He sent also

\$1,000 of this stock to James H. McClure of Newport, Kentucky, who was intending to move to Texas, and asked him to assist Nicholas in selling it. After the \$3,000 of stock had been sold and his note to Nicholas paid he wished the balance put in provisions for his own family's use—flour, bacon, lard, groceries, etc.—so hopeful is a promoter.

With a letter written at Cincinnati in December of 1839 to Mahard & Brother, merchants at New Orleans, Nicholas sent Sherman's two Sabine City stock certificates, saying that no sale could be effected in Cincinnati and urging them to do the best they could. He asked that one of the certificates be handed to Joseph Lovell & Co. to see what they could do with it.

Mahard & Brother must have turned over both certificates to Joseph Lovell & Co., for the latter firm, then in liquidation in New Orleans, grew impatient and addressed Nicholas at Cincinnati on January 13, 1840, declaring that Texas money was at 27 and 28 cents to the dollar; that Morgan paid no attention to their letters and his note had been handed to S. P. Andrews, attorney-at-law at Houston, Texas; that Sabine stock was worth about ten cents in the dollar; and that both certificates had been returned to Mahard. They requested Nicholas to redeem the Texas money and settle his account; if not attended to by March, they would dispose of the money at the market price.

Two days later Sherman wrote to Nicholas saying that he was willing to have the \$3,000 Sabine stock sold for \$1,000 in order to meet his note, although it had cost him fifty cents on the dollar, good money. His brother died of yellow fever in Houston on November 26 and his brother's wife died the next day, after confinement—the child had been given to himself. "Andrew is well . . . It is now very generally believed that Genl Hamilton will procure the lone [loan] which will relieve us very much."

Morgan paid Nicholas \$101.34 interest on one note (in provisions from his warehouse, probably), and Nicholas paid him \$83.10 in November of 1840 for salt, cognac, molasses, nails, plough repairs, postage, and cash.

Mrs. A. L. Wilson at Roxbury, Massachusetts, on September 18, 1838, sent a letter<sup>89</sup> to Nicholas at Cincinnati, stating that Dr. Patrick to whom she had transferred some Texas land, had written to her from Houston about the death of his wife from small-pox and his own illness; he advised her to return to Texas "but as I do not intend making it my Home & the law prohibits foreigners from holding lands & as there is some risk in having it held in trust it might be advisable to sell. He says if I come to this conclusion my affairs can be settled without my coming to the country. He likewise says he was doubtful whether my title to the League could be obtained without my being in the country, but he has obtained a certificate in which (if nothing new takes place) a Patent must issue as soon as they have a President that will sign them. Houston still refuses to sign any,



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but Lamar who it is supposed will succeed him is in favour of carrying into effect the land law, so that we may expect Patents for our lands sometime next Spring . . . I should have no great objection to sell a part of the Farm if you thought well of it. You see my dear Sir I cannot help depending upon you, hitherto your advice has always turned out for my good . . . Mr. Wilson has not concluded whether he shall accompany me or not, it will depend upon his business which is very urgent at present. Mr. Wilson met an acquaintance of his a short time since in New York who is a merchant or trader in Texas, I think you may know him his name is Sayer he is going to fit out a vessel from N Y & he and his wife will go out in it early in Oct. . . . Give my love to Andrew . . .”

Writing at Highland Cottage on September 26, 1839, to his brother Joseph at Cincinnati, Andrew mentions having read that Joseph and Lakeman were farming together and that their crops looked promising, and he hopes that this will enable Joseph to get out of debt and have a surplus; “it astonishes me how you always keep in debt, do as I have done here, live upon almost the wind rather than suffer the sheriff to levy on your property, untill you can be able to live easy . . . this has been the hottest season I ever knew in Texas, so much so, that I am unable to do any work, if I am expos’d in the sun an hour or two, I am laid up with the head-ache. James and I have each had a spell of sickness, by the blessing of God we have both been restor’d to health. my sweet Potatoe vines look very well indeed, but the Drought is so great that I’m afraid I shall make no potatoes, owing to it. I’ve made but very few pumpkins, & but little Corn, I hope that it will be more seasonable this fall so that I can have a crop of turnips. I have got half of my Garden prepar’d to sow them, dont forget to send me some of Johnson’s large Tomato seed, & some of the little white bean, should this arrive ere Father leaves, I hope he will bring out what I have written for, viz, 2 Bbls Flour, Coffee & Sugar, 1 sack salt, milk pans & strainer, & a few medicines, some good purgative pills & 2 pr shoes, all such articles are very high here. Flour is now from 65 to 75 Dolls. per Bbl. I saw it in the paper a few days ago, it is enough to ruin a person. there has been a draft for 72 men out of every county to go against the Indians, John Iiams was drafted but I believe he intends paying the fine—the Indians are troublesome on the frontiers, tell Father I could not get any good money from Morgan or Sherman either, they say it is impossible to get it here, I am told our money is only worth 25 cts on the Dollar in Orleans, in Houston 3 for one, which you know is almost nothing. I have thirty four young Calves, perhaps ther may be five or six more—within the year the wolves kill’d two of the young Cow’s Calves which would have made 36—I sometimes feel like selling off every thing I have, & quitting Texas—I am now getting in yrs. & unable to stand hardships & can never get to hear a Sermon, or scarcely any thing good,

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it appears that the people here are all for heaping up treasures in this world, & none for the world to come, my dear Brother, I know that I am a great sinner, & it is my sincere wish to do better, if I could only get a good chance to dispose of my land, I would soon be where I could hear the Gospel preach'd, & where there would be a much better chance for me to progress along on my way to the heavenly kingdom . . . tell Doctor McIlwaine that I receiv'd three papers he sent me, & was very much oblig'd to him, & also glad to find that he has not forgotten me—let me know whether friend Wattles has gone crazy yet or not. Remember me to all the fair sex—to Mary, & all my Dear Sisters, & to my dear Father if he has not left when you receive this—Adieu my dear Brother.”

Four months later, on January 27, 1840, at Highland Cottage Andrew again wrote to his brother at Cincinnati. Joseph resided at “Millview” in Cumminsville during these years but letters were addressed to the city. A man named Dorster is living with Andrew and they intend “putting in six or eight acres in the Prairie this season” in corn and pumpkins, the lot in sweet potatoes, and part of the garden in sweet potatoes, melons, cucumbers, etc. “We have been in the woods cutting & mauling, we have got about 400 rails made, & intend hiring a man if possible to make us a thousand more, as we wish to get to plowing as soon as possible so as to get our crop in in good season. I think Mr. Dorster a gentleman, he is quite industrious, & should it prove seasonable this year I think we shall be able to make some thing to sell . . . We have had a great deal of sickness this year, some died with the yellow fever & some with the black vomit, Bilious fever &c . . . my dear brother remember me whilst at a throne of grace, there is a vast space betwixt you & I, & should we ne’er meet again in this world, oh! may God grant us all a happy meeting at his right hand in Glory where we may sing his praise throughout eternity is my sincere prayer—should you receive this before father leaves, I wish him to bring me a plow to break Prairie with, such a one as James Badger brought out, he got his at H. Sloop’s, it was mark’d on the mould board No. 7—he lives on Main street near the canal, also one Bbl. Pork, & 2 Bbls. flour, milk Pans, strainer &c, sugar & Coffee. Mr. Dorster has to find half the provision, & he has the money ready to pay for it as soon as it arrives. I would advise you & Mary to move out [to Texas] next fall, it is my opinion you can do much better here than you can there, & if you like we can farm together, should you conclude to come be sure & lay in a stock of clothing & shoes &c as every thing we have to buy is very high here, flour Coffee & Sugar also, & tea . . .”



## XXXII

### THE CUMMINSVILLE CULTURAL SOCIETIES

THE Ladies' Reading Society of Mill Creek was organised at Beechwood on the 10th of May, 1838, By Rebecca Clopper, Mary Ann Clopper, Rachel Ruhamah Clopper, Eliza Ainsworth, Sarah Langlands, Margaret Langlands, Amanda M. Whitesides, Eliza Ludlow, Sarah Bella Ludlow, Charlotte C. Ludlow, Janet Thomson, Charlotte Jones, and Mary Bates. Others were elected to membership from time to time. A proposal to admit men was rejected. Rebecca was the leading spirit in this undertaking and was chosen as its first directress; Mrs. Ainsworth was elected to the office of treasurer and Rachel Ruhamah to that of secretary.

The members were to meet once a fortnight for mental improvement, sewing, and the making of fancy articles for the benefit of the Ludlow Station Sabbath School. At every meeting a chapter of the Bible was to be read and a hymn sung, instructive and interesting matter was to be heard, and each member was to recite one verse of Scripture and make appropriate remarks upon it. No light or frivolous conversation was to be permitted during the meetings, as the object was to improve the mind and cultivate ease in conversation. Absentees were either to pay a fine of 6¼c or send in written compositions to be read aloud. Annual dues were fixed at fifty cents.

At intervals the meetings were held at Beechwood, the Clopper home; Brier Cliff, the Ainsworth home; Ludlow Station, the Ludlow home; Rural Retreat, the Langlands home; Grassdale, the Bates home on Colerain Avenue; and Rose Mount, Dr. Mount's home at Fergus and Knowlton Streets. Some of the "instructive and interesting matter" read were Clark's Travels in Palestine; Alexander Campbell on education; someone (name not given) on the evil of novel-reading—but some of the members declared that this was not an evil; description of a perforated rock in Switzerland; the influence of artists; The Constitution of Man—in which most of the members were not interested; Dick's Philosophy of Religion; Good's Book of Nature; a lecture on geology; pieces from The Young Ladies' Friend; letters from absent members; an article on Iceland's geysers; an Israelite tale; Combe on the brain; orations of Demosthenes; "Men and Manners" (whose author, declares Rachel Ruhamah in her minutes, tells some white lies according to Mrs. Opie's theory of lying); an essay on the enjoyment of Winter; description of Clifty Falls, Indiana; articles on the abolition of slavery;

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original poems and essays by the members; Godey's Lady's Book; Travels in Greece and Poland; Mrs. Henty on Female Education; an original piece on that hateful weed, tobacco—a singular subject for a ladies' society, says Rachel Ruhamah; Mrs. Sigourney's Letters on Education and Religion; Sam Slick's Letters—"amusing but not instructive"; phrenology; Bancroft's History of the United States; Stephens's Travels in Egypt, Palestine, and Arabia; and Mrs. Hemans's poems. Many of the poems read were Rebecca's; at one meeting she was asked to write an original one to every member of the society, so at the next gathering she released a flood of verses!

After their own meetings the members had tea and then often attended sessions of the Philomathic Society held in Ludlow Hall at Clopper's Ford where they heard debates and lectures: Professor McDowell on the heart and lungs and the evil effects of tight lacing; someone else on temperance; Joseph C. Clopper on dreaming; Dr. Bamford once on physical education and once on chemistry; Dr. McIlwayne, subject not mentioned; Mr. Hilton on the utility of introducing polemics into the common schools; and Mr. Johnson "from the city" on education. Late in March of 1840 the Philomathic Society's name disappears from the minutes and in its place the Reading Society's members attended sessions of the Lyceum: once to hear Joseph C. Clopper on love of country; once, Mr. Eversole on manual education; at another time, Dr. Mount on chemistry; and again, Dr. Barbee on the natural sciences.

Joseph addressed the Philomathic Society at one of its meetings in 1839 on the question: "Are the sexes entitled to exercise equally the same rights in civilised life?" He said, in part: Modesty is peculiarly a female virtue, as congenial and native to her sex as is that of animal courage to man. A blush is one of the loveliest and most winning of woman's charms . . . but where are we to look for these blushing fair ones? Among the frocked lecturers of Tammany Hall?—the Fanny Wrights, the Fanny Butlers, the Martineaus, and all that class of unsexed adventurers and wandering stars? . . . When woman gives up the domestic government in order to participate in duties appropriate only to man, tho' some may applaud the daring resolve, that moment she disrobes herself of her distinctive characteristics—the spell of her native, all-conquering charms is broken and her real controlling influence is gone forever.

At another time this society heard Joseph on "The Importance of Correct Principles" when he held forth on the Ten Commandments as principles of morality. Again he spoke on the history of Europe and the revival of literature.

On a rainy afternoon at Millview in March of 1839 Mary, Joseph's wife, felt an urge to write and wished "some friendly muse" would inspire her with "News from Apollo" addressed to the Young Ladies Reading Society of Cumminsville, so . . .

In this predicament of mine  
I wondered if the "sacred nine"



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Or one from the Parnassian Hill  
Had ever lodged in Cumminsville;  
And thought . . . then  
Why might she not stop there again?

The inspiration came and she wrote of this region when the "forest unbroken" sheltered deer, buffalo, panther, wolf, rattlesnake, owl, Red Man—"the land of the Man of the Wood".

But the scene is all changed, and those wild beasts of prey  
And wild men, like visions, have flitted away!

Then comes Reform, hastened by such "appropriate agents" as

Those reading societies such as you see  
Around Cumminsville and, composed it may be  
Of the breakers as well as the makers of Hearts  
And such other toys—which their innocent arts  
May produce, and whose proceeds may prove  
The means of much good in the sphere where they move.

Now and then Rachel Ruhamah's minutes of the Reading Society's meetings sound a piquant note: on one occasion the conversation "had not a tendency to edify"; at another meeting many were late in arriving because of having stopped to pick mulberries off a tree and of having met a *beau* who said he wished to join the society!—Rachel Ruhamah confesses that she herself was one of the tardy group! In July of 1838 she reported that the society's funds which had been committed to her care during the treasurer's absence had been stolen and she promised to make good the loss; by November she had nearly made up the sum, the thief had been caught and was being punished. At times she takes the members to task for their indifference to the society's interests. At the first anniversary she was re-elected to serve as secretary for another year. After the meeting held on July 18, 1839, she mounted her horse and let it go whither it would; in a romantic glen below Sugar Hill it threw her and ran away; when she recovered consciousness she observed men and women who had rushed to her rescue. In trying to go home from a meeting in the Spring the members had difficulty because of swollen streams and were "obliged to show their ankles and march boldly through"! Although she wished to resign the office of secretary at the end of each year, she nevertheless continued to write the minutes until July of 1840.

In reference to an original composition submitted by a member who signed herself "Fairy", this candid keeper of records declares that it was written in so sprawling a hand that a buzzard's quill must have been used rather than a sprite's tiny pen! At the second anniversary meeting, held on May 7, 1840, at Ludlow Station, Dr. Warder was the orator and Rachel Ruhamah states that although his address was well written it did not give general satisfaction. On this occasion a song, specially composed by "our first orator" (Joseph C. Clopper) was sung by the ladies. When the members and their friends assembled

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for meetings in the Spring, once at Ludlow Station and once at Grassdale, the ladies and gentlemen played prisoner's base on the lawn. At the end of a midsummer meeting at Rose Mount, one of the members danced on the grass and fell, dirtying her face!

At the anniversary meeting in 1841 something happened—what it was is no longer recorded for several pages of the minutes have been torn out, but on the last page of the secretary's book Rachel Ruhamah mentions unpleasant feelings, which she will not cherish, but proclaims that her own connection with the society "as it is at present conducted" is at an end. Apparently her sister Mary Ann also withdrew. The two add that they have been notified that their resignations were not accepted. They seem to resent the society's having no sense of insult, injustice, or wrong done to the retiring president on the "ever memorable day of the late anniversary celebration, but on the contrary, a labored effort to charge all upon her who was then in the chair. Such evasion of justice admonishes us of the utter uselessness, if not absurdity, of continuing our connection as a *society*. If two cannot walk together except they be agreed, how shall a dozen? As individuals, neighbors, and friends we wish as ever to remain with you." This explosion must have blown the Ladies' Reading Society of Mill Creek to bits—there is no further record of it. However, it was later revived under another name.

Its successor was the Female Missionary Society and Young Ladies' Botany Class. Its organisation, like that of the other, was due to Rebecca's energy and social proclivity, and during the remainder of her life hers was the force which kept it going. It too was formed at Beechwood. In general its purposes were those of the first society: original compositions were to be written by the members and were to be read at the meetings which would be held on Friday afternoons every third week at the homes of members; no gentlemen were to be admitted before five o'clock; the missionary object was to be achieved through raising a fund to aid the General Assembly and Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church in their works of benevolence—but as the annual dues were only 25c expectations with regard to this fund could not have run high. The organising group was larger than the former body: in addition to Rebecca, Mary Ann, and Rachel Ruhamah Clopper of Beechwood and Mary (Este) Clopper of Millview, there were Mrs. G. and Miss M. Langland of Rural Retreat, Mrs. Sarah Lakeman of Locust Grove who died early in 1843, Janet Thomson of Strawberry Hill, S. Brown of the city, Mrs. M. Knowlton of Village Green, the Misses Mary and Eliza Hill of Linden Farm, Miss Mary, Mrs. C., Mrs. E., and Miss J. Bates of Grassdale, Mrs. E. Cogswell, Mrs. J. Culbertson, Mrs. M. A. Hicks, Mrs. Burgoyne Sr., Mrs. A. Sterrett, Miss Maria Louisa Harrison, Miss M. L. Mintzer, Mrs. Stewart, and Mrs. P. and Miss H. "Labertew"—which seems to have been Rebecca's orthographic conception of Laboiteaux.



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After having been organised at Beechwood, the first meeting was held at Grassdale, the Bates home, on May 6, 1842, and when it was over the members rambled to the creek through the woods—this was before the railways were laid in the valley. Until August Rebecca kept the minutes, then Rachel Ruhamah served as secretary until October, 1843, when she left for the south, except in the months of December, 1842, and January, 1843, when also she was away. Those in attendance ranged in number from three to sixteen. Each meeting was opened with the reading of Scripture, then the members sewed while their original pieces were read aloud by the presiding officer. Rebecca often contributed poems; in the minutes for March 17, 1843, her sister comments, "We fear our Muse has flown, as this is the first meeting she has not dropt us an effusion from her pen." Once aged Mrs. Fergus recited a verse of Scripture. Only once that year did the members attend the Lyceum in the evening and that was in October of 1842 when they heard a debate in the Mill Creek school-house on the tariff.

This society's first anniversary was celebrated at Rural Retreat, the Langlands home, on May 19, 1843, when "at candle light all adjourned and went to the chapel to hear the anniversary address by Joseph C. Clopper which was chiefly about the missionary cause." He spoke of the urgency of missionary work, the necessity for a preached gospel, and the importance of salvation, reassuring the ladies by reminding them that great undertakings have small beginnings.

Of the June meeting Rachel Ruhamah records that only one original piece was read—a poem on "The Traveler or Fairy Green"—which was "interesting but not concluded, presume we shall have the finishing stroke at our next meeting"! And three weeks later, when its conclusion was read, it turned out to be a love tale and Rachel Ruhamah declares that she prefers reality to fiction! At this meeting, held at Millview, ten dollars were contributed to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. In August the members met at Beechwood and the irrepressible Rachel Ruhamah noted that after the readings "conversation burst forth and the secretary thought it was a cats' concert until she reflected that she herself was one of the principal talkers!" At Linden Farm on October 12, 1843, sixteen were present, some of them visitors, and they worked on a quilt, "their tongues going as fast as their needles." Early in November, after Rachel Ruhamah had gone south, Rebecca acted as secretary and recorded that gentlemen came to the meeting, threaded the needles, snuff'd the candles, cut the threads, and tied knots for the ladies who repaid them with pleasing smiles and gentle tones. A few months later the payment of fines already imposed for delinquencies was urged in order to replenish the society's treasury and Rebecca set an example by paying hers: "Here is my fip," said she, abbreviating the term "fip-penny bit" which formerly, in Pennsylvania and neighboring states was applied



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to a small silver coin worth one-sixteenth of a dollar, inasmuch as 6¼c had been fixed by the society as the amount of a fine.

At Beechwood on May 9, 1844, the society observed its second anniversary and, as Rachel Ruhamah had been absent for several months, Rebecca made a report as secretary *pro tempore* stating that of its twenty members from ten to twelve had attended meetings regularly; that last year's funds—ten dollars—had been forwarded to the parent society in New York by Rev. J. L. Wilson of Cincinnati; that this year's funds, it was presumed, would be equal to last year's; that much work was on hand and it was hoped to dispose of it soon; that "documents" had generally been read at meetings; that no deaths had occurred among the members in the past year; and that "the claims of the heathen are daily increasing". The treasurer's report showed \$13 on hand, counting work finished but not yet sold.

When the society met at Millview on May 31, 1844, two original "documents" were read, "one from our youthful member, Edward Nicholas, who thought proper to give the ladies a rub for not paying their fines and writing their documents"—this was Joseph and Mary's son, then only three years old, hence his document was written by Rebecca as a playful way of prodding the delinquents. At this meeting a physician vaccinated some of the members. Rachel Ruhamah returned in June but took her duties as recording secretary very lightly and in October wrote that she was preparing to leave these "cold diggins" for the south again and bade the society farewell.

A meeting was held at Millview early in November of 1844 with only seven present because it was Election Day and the carriages of some of the members were in use, taking voters to the polls. With the dues paid by two members the president had bought material for three pairs of pantalettes but very little sewing was done. Rebecca demurred at having to serve as secretary as well as president, having been presiding officer from the beginning, and called upon Eliza Hill to write the minutes. Strawberry Hill, the Thomson home, was chosen as the place for the next meeting but no minutes for this session have been found. The Clopper sisters were prevented by high water in Mill Creek from attending the meeting of January 24, 1845, which was held at Linden Farm, home of the Misses Mary and Eliza Hill, nevertheless Rebecca wrote the minutes, recording that only a few members were present, no documents were read or work done, for the ladies "enjoy'd themselves in free conversation and chit chat." She noted that the society met at Rural Retreat, the Langlands home, on February 14th but no minutes of proceedings follow the memorandum.

At its meeting on April 4th this Missionary Society was pleased with a "document" sent by Rachel Ruhamah from Louisiana. From twelve to fifteen members attend its sessions, a quilt had been sold for \$4, Eliza Hill is secretary, Margaret



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Langlands is treasurer, Mrs. Mount, Mrs. Langlands, and Mrs. Clopper are the readers. The next meeting was to be held at Miss Kirby's and the annual meeting at Beechwood. The Ladies' Correspondence Association was then one year old and had met at Mounts' on April 3rd with forty-odd present and had "some good letters"—this association had been formed for the purpose, it seems, of developing further the practice of writing original compositions, as required by the old reading society.

On June 17, 1845, Rebecca died at Beechwood. In that same month Rachel Ruhamah, sick unto death, returned home from the south and passed away at Beechwood on July 30th.

The missionary society continued to exist for a few years, although only one account of its subsequent proceedings has been found, inasmuch as communications were addressed to it from time to time by Joseph C. Clopper. When visiting his brother Andrew in Texas he wrote in February of 1846 to the "Ladies of the Mill Creek Missionary Society", referring to the death of Josephine (Dunlop) Ludlow, widow of James C. Ludlow, to the scattering of her children and the desertion of old Ludlow Station; also to the deaths of Mrs. Montgomery—Mary Bates, of his sister Rebecca "who first moved your organisation" and of his sister Rachel Ruhamah "whom you delighted to have record your labors of love"; he mentions the churches of Galveston and Houston, describes certain features of Texas, cites its history, and encourages the society to persevere. At Beechwood in September of that year he addressed a letter to it, picturing the joy of a family when opening a box sent by the society and trying on the clothing found therein; on three occasions in the following year he wrote to it concerning good works in winning the benighted heathen, about four of its members who had died, and declaring that it was of more importance to save souls in foreign lands than to relieve the poor at home for the latter are few in number and provided for by law. At its eighth anniversary meeting, which must have been held in the Spring of 1850, Joseph submitted a paper describing the telegraph, the steam locomotive, and the steamship, then asking: what is man? He asserted that these inventions were the workings of God's purposes in accordance with prophecy and went on to exalt woman's work in missionary effort. In October of that year he addressed the "Female Missionary Society of Cummins ville" on the death of "Grandma Stewart" which had recently occurred, tracing the route followed by the "funeral train" from Briar Cliff, the Ainsworth home, to the cemetery and referring to the deceased as a woman of more than four score years, a member of "your benevolent association", whose walk and conversation bore the Christian impress.

The one account of the society's proceedings in those later years is contained in a sketchy report made by Mary E. Clopper, Joseph's wife, as secretary at its sixth anniversary meeting, held at Beechwood on May 12, 1848. No member had died since the

last annual gathering but of the boys who were introduced on that occasion two had died. The meetings held at intervals in the past year were pleasant but there had been few "communications". "In view of the manifest controlling of the affairs of nations and the devices of men by Him who turns the hearts of kings as He pleases, in breaking down barriers and opening ways of access into the hearts of empires and the strongholds of papal dominion, we should feel stimulated to persevere"—this was surely in reference to the Revolution of 1848 in Europe. In the year ended then the society had produced clothing and other articles for missionary stations, valued at \$30.

This organisation seems to have gradually declined and finally gone out of existence; its members were also identified with the Ladies' Letter Association or Correspondence Society or Post Office, a livelier body, thus variously styled, whose activities will be set forth in another chapter. Both the Reading Society and the Letter Association were social and literary in character, and the Missionary Society was partly literary, therefore they all differed from an earlier body in this region: the Mill Creek Female Auxiliary Bible Society which was active from 1815 to 1831 and was purely religious.



## XXXIII

### NICHOLAS'S LAST TRIP TO TEXAS

ON THIS journey Nicholas took his daughter Caroline with him and in order to keep Rebecca and her sisters company at Beechwood while they were absent, Joseph and Mary crossed Mill Creek but stayed only four months—one gathers that Rebecca and Mary were not altogether congenial.

In her self-centered way, Mary noted in her album, "Husband's Father & Caroline started for Texas when I was sick at Millview on Thursday, February 5th, 1840 [this should be Wednesday] and on the 18th of February as soon as I was able to be moved we had to go over & rent two rooms of Rebecca at 3 dollars a month—left most of our things in our own house, only took enough to furnish our two rooms we rented and staid there till June 25th when *I* was *glad* indeed to get back to Millview where we remained untill the 23rd of October, 1845 when with deep regret we again left our own home for a pilgrimage at Beechwood . . ."

Nicholas and Caroline left Cincinnati on the Steamboat Columbus, on February 5th. On the 8th when at Louisville, they wrote to Joseph, Nicholas saying "We are happy to say all is well, we are progressing Slowly and Safely, last night being very foggy and a great deal of heavy Ice runing, we lay a few miles above Madison untill after breakfast this morning, and from the best calculation we can make, think to be in Orleans this day week, if so may be at Highland Cottage about the middle of the week following, so that you will probably receive Letters from us about the latter part of this month. We are by no means crowded with passengers, those in the Cabin are pleasant and agreeable and of Steady habits. the weather to day is remarkably fine and think we may reasonably look for a continuance of it, and as yet every thing appears propitious and encouraging. We have a Son of Col. Riddles on board who says he will go on with me to Texas with a part of his produce, it is the same that did live near Cheviot. he has his oldest Son with him. I yesterday wrote you a hasty line by Mr Needham [who had agreed to cultivate land along Mill Creek as a garden and nursery of fruit trees], wish you to consult Rebecca and make such arangements as you may deem best. Should George break up House keeping he will not want the house, in that case it might be advisable to get an industrious man & his wife and pay them for their entire services, and give them a Bbl good

pork from Mr Mahards, and a Bbl flour & Corn meal &c and Mr Needham could have his boarding there, he mentioned to me that Mr Perkins knew of such a man & wife that could be had on fair terms. I will send sugar, Tea & Coffee by return of this boat, and shall write you again by her from Orleans, and must enjoin it on you to write once a fortnight to Care of Messrs Mahard & Brother, N. Orleans, and let me know fully how every thing progresses on both sides of the Creek. I would suggest to Mary, should you go to Columbus, for her to take up her abode at Beechwood, and your boarders untill your return take their meals over there & lodge in your house at night, then all would be Secure. When I return intend putting an office for Mr Needham where he can lodge conveniently to his business, I would like you to take a ride with him to Mount Auburn, & call on Capt Culbertson, Mr Cogswell & Mrs Bigelow, and get secured all the cuttings &c that they can spare, also at Mr Abbeagus, strawberries &c, and also to Major Rufners who told me I might have any quantity of raspberries, he has also a good kind of grapes &c, and when at Mount Auburn, get the Locust seed from Corrys place that I engaged from his tenant on the Carthage road, expect they are now ready, I wish some of them to be scalded & lay in the water two days, and then thinly sown in & on the sides of the gully where there is no grass, and they will soon sprout & grow fine if not sown too thick. I would have it in all such places east of the mill, to the E. end and in the waste way &c. My love to Mary and hope she will be very careful of herself and write frequent, also to the girls, and to Mr Needham & Mr Spelman, & Mr Lakeman & all friends, should like to hear from all . . . the ballance of Locust seed from Corrys, & Clarksons & J. C. Ludlow have put up, when shelled out, in small box & sent on by return of this boat to care Mahard & Son, N. O., also send some garden seed &c."

Caroline also wrote at Louisville on the same day to Joseph and her sisters—probably Mary Ann and Rachel Ruhamah, as well as Rebecca, were at Beechwood: "Thus far we have arrived in safety and have had a pleasant time. as we pass'd the Hanover Landing I saw the good old Dr standing in the door, we waved our hands to him, but that was all. I have written a long letter to Cousin Rebecca [McKibbin] to drop in the office here. I have a very pleasant time of it so far—no noisy Children to annoy me &c and no women but Mrs Dr Holt a very agreeable woman (& pretty too) whose feelings are somewhat congenial with my own—and that you must know, is the most I care for aboard the Boat—I do hope there will none get on here or any where till I get off, as I dont like to have many women, the Gentlemen are all very agreeable so far—tell Messrs Spelman & Lakeman I have heard Rosin a bow and some of my other favourite lively tunes every day, which makes me feel—sometimes cheerful and sometimes *Sad*—but I have many things to comfort me, one is I think there are some good folks below, for they are singing Hymns and



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spiritual songs nearly all the time, and almost always my favourite Hymns & c. You must tell Mr Needham good bye for me, as I did not see him at all. I have much to say but cannot write—tell Sister Mary I have thought a great deal about her and hope she will be prudent and take care of herself hereafter, I think a trip to Oxford would do her good and be pleasant too, but I do think she better not stay at home alone, if she should not go with Joseph she better go to Beechwood untill he returns, that she may recruit a little and gain strength. give my love to Mr Ludlows Langlangs Dr Mounts family, tell the Dr I am not a going to make any rash promises about coming back or any thing else. love to Mrs Kemper Mrs Eaton and all enquires. I saw William—he apear'd to be in a great deal of trouble, more in mind than body, tho' he was not at all well—I felt sorry for him [Badger?] . . . tell Edward [son of Edward N. Clopper of Greensburg, Pa.] his Uncle says he must be a good boy, get plenty of wood and keep you good fires, attend to the Horse & Cows, & Martha to be a good girl too. I will write again by the return of the Boat—farewell—Remember me in your prayers & ever believe me your affectionate Sister.”

In a letter to her sister Mary Ann written on board of the steamboat Columbus, Caroline says they got fast on a bar for an hour; spent the 6th at Warsaw, Kentucky, taking in freight; passed Madison, Indiana, on the 7th; then passed the Landing where we saw the good old Dr standing in the door. A gentleman passenger has play'd Rosin a bow almost every hour since we left and one or two other tunes which makes Caroline merry because she likes them—and sad because the *right ones* are not playing them. She is disappointed in the Beauties of Louisville although the country around is handsome; finds it tedious going through the locks; had quite a tête-à-tête with Mr. Riddle on Texas and other subjects; passed by Albany whose appearance is more pleasing than that of Louisville. The Ohio River is beautiful—always a bluff on one side and a plain on the other. Passed the steamboat Peru fast on the rocks, waiting for a rise of water to take her off; took aboard six passengers from off her—“wish they had all staid where they were.” The steamboat Pocahontas “just pass'd bye.” Next day, the 9th, cold; pass'd several boats. The passengers taken off the Peru improve on acquaintance—the widow gave me a history of herself: married at 14 to a man twenty years older than herself and weighed 230 lbs. and strange to tell, at six days' notice; she was an only child; has had ten children and now has not a relative in the world except one daughter of fifteen years who attends school in Nazareth, Kentucky; she is very wealthy, a lively, young-looking widow named Collins, a friend of Commodore Decatur's wife, but will never marry again unless to a man who possesses great wealth. Passed Evansville. Had headache and toothache. Mrs. Lindsay from near Louisville is now with us on her way to Grand Gulf to receive a legacy left by an uncle of \$20,000 in



cash besides several negroes and other property, and her husband's brother also has left them something handsome—"is not that something worth going after these hard times, wish we could find a little *cash* on our way, but I do not covet any body's money, perhaps its best we have but little." Passed Smithland and Paducah, and reached the mouth of the Ohio River; now on the Mississippi; "have as yet seen nothing that would induce me to exchange the neighbourhood of Cumminsville for . . . this is the greatest temperance and best conducted boat I have been on for years, company all agreeable and pleasant." The widow has a notion to go on to Texas with Caroline. Mr. Robison of Pittsburgh, who is acquainted with Cousin Chambers McKibbin, is aboard and talks of going to Texas with us. Caroline often thinks of the night before she left Beechwood: Mr. S[elman] playing the flute to cheer her; she sends messages to him, Mr. Lakeman, Sarah L----, Eliza L----, Mrs. Ainsworth, Mr. Ludlow's family, Mrs. Langland, Mrs. Kemper, Mrs. Cogswell, and Mrs. Eaton. She sends her compliments to Mr. Needham whose taste and industry will improve Beechwood—and Molly [Mary Ann] better look out or he'll be setting to her! "This Mississippi water is just as good as Castor Oil for it keeps me trotting all the time." Love to Mrs. Mount. Tell Edward [Duryea Clopper] to help his cousins; and Martha Jane to be a good girl. Love to Martha and Sarah Jane. Remember me to William. What was it McIlvaine said to me when he bade me good-bye?

On board the steamboat "Columbus", Captain Myers, Caroline wrote the following to her brother Joseph:

Feb. 17, 1840. Approaching New Orleans. She hopes the family can "spend the remnant of our days together . . . I intend to coax Father to settle up all his business in Texas this trip." She will be pleased to hear from Joseph but warns him to write nothing on "a certain subject".

Feb. 19, 4 P. M. New Orleans. She sees vessels and dreads to think of leaving the U. S. "The cry here is hard times, hard times, and yet I do not see that it has any effect either on their *stomachs*, *dress*, or *amusements*, they appear to indulge freely in all of them". She is pleasantly situated in Mrs. Caswell's boarding house where there are between sixty and seventy boarders; Mrs. Caswell enquired after Mary; the Misses Drinker of Cincinnati are here spending some time, "full of affectation and you know I always despised that".

Feb. 20, A. M. Yesterday she and her father took a walk around by the Bank—a splendid building. The great St. Louis Exchange was burnt a few weeks ago. The city is crowded with strangers, "there are 2 or 3 waiting now till we start, to get our room . . . Father has gone to the vessel to see that all his freight is on board . . . If I had money I would send you a box of oranges and some other good things . . . I have eat only 2 since I have been here . . . anxious to be off . . . I am tired of staying in this expensive place."



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On board the schooner "Robert Mills", Captain J. J. Hendley, they sailed from New Orleans and took with them 11 barrels of flour, two barrels of seed corn, one barrel of B crackers, one barrel of sugar, one keg of rice, one box containing cups, saucers, and plates, one box of wearing apparel for Samuel Patterson at Washington, Texas, one dozen tin pans etc., one log chain, three sad-irons, 28 pieces of casting, six tea kettles, one piece of domestic brc cotton, two trunks, one pair of saddlebags, one bandbox, one umbrella, one small bag, cloaks and overcoat, one stone jar, one pound of tea, two bars of soap, and one "rifle gun".

At Highland Cottage on March 15, 1840, Nicholas wrote to Joseph saying, ". . . am this moment favd with an oppy of [sending] by private hand, Mr McComb & sister who lost their sister here last fall by yellow fever. Mrs Harold whom you may remember was at Beechwood last Summer. We are all well here & busily engaged, the weather is very warm and vegetation very forward &c. E Este & friends are well. . . . from present appearances do not think shall be able to leave here before some time in May, as I cannot go without sufficient funds and the scarcity & distress here (if possible) exceeds that in the U. S. [the United States was just entering upon a six-year period of business depression, owing to debt repudiation]. Morgan says he will do all he can, and Col Sherman is trying his best . . . Caroline is much pleased so far . . ."

Caroline had her album with her and on the inside of its cover her father noted that T. Kimmel [?] commenced work at Highland Cottage on March 27, 1840, at thirty dollars Texas money a month, and on May 28 his pay was changed to ten dollars U. S. money—illustrating the relative values of the two currencies. On June 3 he took sick and Nicholas gave him medicine but some time after he "got bad" and a physician was sent for; during July and August he was sick and weak and unable to work; and on August 28 he went over the bay to Doctor's.

At Highland Cottage, San Jacinto, on June 20, 1840, Nicholas wrote to his son Joseph at Beechwood: "I have put off writing to you till the last in the hope that something might be effected for your relief pr this oppy, but the S. B. Dayton in which Mrs Wilson, now Mrs Clark, takes passage for Cin. & Pittsburg is expected every minute, must therefore hurry this Letter & make it more brief than I wished. the difficulties here in the money way still continue, both Colns Morgan & Sherman are doing all they can. I have this minute returned from the point. M. has been some days endeavouring to make a negotiation with some french Genl<sup>m</sup> and from his stay at the Island think it probable will succeed. Should he not he says he will go on to the U. S. he is expected up this Evening. Col S. says he thinks he also will have to go to the U. S. unless he effects something very Soon. in the mean while your difficulties are increasing, and probably Exn [execution—a writ by which an officer is empowered to

carry a judgment into effect] may Issue, &c which must be avoided if there is any possible means to do it. I have written to our friends, G. C. Miller, Mr Cogswell & Capt Culbertson on this subject, and think that through their aid the process of Exn & sale may be stopped. can not a few hundred dollars be had for a few months from some of the monied men at even a high monthly Int, the lender taking a mortgage security or even an assignment of the Judgts, they might have them entered on the County records, thereby binding our real & personal property so as to make them perfectly secure. I do not think of leaving here until I know from Messrs Mahard & Brother of the notes being paid that I put in their hands for collection, & then you can immediately draw on the House of Jno & Wm Mahard in Cin. and the whole business can be pleasantly closed to the satisfaction of all parties. the growing crops, Corn, & Cotton &c is remarkably fine. I have been offering Lands & Cattle and any thing we have for Cash, there are numbers wanting to buy but cannot raise the money. it is confidently expected that our Govt agent Genl Henderson will succeed in effecting the loan in England, and that matters will be more easy in the money line. let us all now use all possible diligence to get out of our present difficulties, and then be careful never to be enthrall'd again, we ought to be content with what providence has given and be more humble and more thankful for the many blessings we enjoy, we are surrounded with mercies, far beyond our deserts, time is short and Eternity is just before us; we should therefore keep a loose hold on the world, and ever remember that we are mortal! I wish Mrs Wilson Clark, the bearer, to visit Beechwood if the boat makes any stay at Cin. I wish you to write often and give us all the news &c, gather as much good seed as you can as we are preparing largely for gardening, & fruits &c, we shall want walnuts, Beech nuts, Locust Seed, Peach, plumbs, cherries & peas &c with cutings of grapes, Raspberries, Currants &c also privet for hedges and flour and Vegetable Seeds, our garden does well and we want to enlarge it for marketing. the Cattle does well, we have between 40 & 50 Calves & more coming, though we are not yet fixed for a dairy, we have but one man to work who, thus far, has proved faithful, is a german and a first rate hand in the garden & in the cow pen. Caroline has no help as yet but a small girl who is quite handy, a daughter of Mrs Longs, but she is in delicate health and has gone to her mothers for several days. we are endeavouring to get some more able assistance for her, as there is more to do than she is able. Edward E - - - has been but once here; I believe both him & Mrs Burnet are well. it is said that the Mexicans are marching a strong force 7000 East of the Rio grand agt the Federalists, and the diff't tribes of Indians are concentrating on our Northwestern frontier, the President has called out some Volunteer Companies on this occasion, and it is thought that unless Mexico acknowledges our Independence



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shortly, a large force will be marched against her. Would that the nations all were at Peace. John Iiams says he is going to Ohio shortly, by him will write (perhaps more pleasing news) . . . Adieu, forget us not at a throne of grace. ever Yr affectionate father N Clopper.

In a letter written at Highland Cottage on July 6, 1840, to his son Joseph, Nicholas states that the Steamboat Dayton did not leave Galveston for Pittsburgh on June 20 because her captain declined going, hence the packet of letters and papers which Mrs. Wilson Clark was to have carried is being sent by the Steamboat Columbia to New Orleans and will be forwarded from there. “. . . it is altogether uncertain when we shall leave, & as the warm & sickly season is approaching in N. O., suppose we shall remain here, as I can not think of returning without effecting something to satisfy those pressing demands. as yet I have recieved nothing here but am still cherishing the hope that something will be done shortly, of which you will be informed thro’ Messrs Mahard & Brother, so that it will not be necessary for me to travel in the warm season on that account. interim, should you be very hard pressed, I trust our friends, to whom I have written will devise some means to help you out of your difficulties. We are all well except Caroline, who has been seriously indisposed the last 10 or 12 days first with Billious fever, which soon after assumed a nervous affection, but by the good providence of God! she is now happily convalescent. She is much reduced for the time & very weak but expect will shortly be able to resume her pen & write again. hope you are all in the enjoyment of health at Beechwood and are bearing up with Christian fortitude and resignation under all the troubles & ills of life that flesh is heir to. true we have considerable difficulties in pecuniary matters, which when overcome will prove a salutary lesson, never to be forgotten, it becomes us therefore for the future to be extremely cautious & circumspect in all our opperations, & to be content to move in a very humble sphere, remembering the shortness of time and the duty of preparing for Eternity. Jno Iiams still talks of going to Ohio, but says he is not able yet to name the day of leaving, should he go will write by him, and may perhaps be able to say something positive. James continues well and says he will write his sisters by Iiams . . .” Caroline and Andrew join him in sending love to all at Beechwood and to Martha and Sara Jane.

To this letter Andrew added a few lines, addressed to his brother: “. . . I believe I inform’d you of my renting 10 acres of Prairie fronting my house to Doster & Marple, they to be at the expence of making the rails & fencing it on three sides, & I let them have the use of 3 yoke Oxen & a lot containing one acre, for which they are to pay me 60 Bushels Corn this season. they also rented some ground from Col. Sherman. they were very late in getting the field fenc’d & got about 7 acres of it Plow’d, & things appear’d to work against them, so that they have given



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it up for this year. He (Doster) apply'd to me yesterday to rent it for the next year, I dont know whether I shall let him have it or not. Mrs. Doster has been living with us since her arrival, she appears to be a fine woman. we have rais'd some of the finest Onions I ever saw in Texas, in fact I believe there is no better any where. Caroline has been making butter & sending to market. if I have luck this year I think I shall make fifty Bushels sweet Potatoes this year off of about one eighth of an acre in the Garden. we have made about a Bbl. of Cucumber Pickles, we intend sending them to market. we have Egg plants growing &c. I am in tolerable health at present—Head ache occasionally.”

When in Galveston on December 12, 1840, Nicholas wrote to Joseph saying he was still living on the good hope; he was on the eve of starting back to Highland Cottage, having been in Galveston two days; times still very hard and money exceeding scarce; some talk of another Mexican invasion but it makes little or no impression here; John Iiams has not yet arrived, neither Mr Dillon who was expected; “I see by the papers that our good friends Dr Wilson and Mr Burt (?) were badly hurt by the upsetting of the stage from Dayton, hope they have recovered. as yet can say nothing as to the time of my return, however anxious I may feel to get back to the Land of light and love . . .”

On Christmas Day of 1840 at Highland Cottage, Nicholas wrote to Joseph, saying “. . . we are yet without the needful, this is indeed a damper sufficient to depress the spirits of any common mind . . . if it is posible for you to raise money by mortgage or sale of any property we hold there, even at a great Sacrifice, I would do it—this is what I have been endeavouring to do here, but at present money is not in this country, and a general & heavy and almost indescrible pressure prevails here. both Cols Morgan & Sherman are using their best means to pay me, and are endeavouring to sell property both real & personal for this purpose. Col S. will have a public sale on 15th next month, the other has Judgts & executions to considerable amot and is in treaty for a large Sale of Land, and both of them have monies due in U. S. and are talking of going themselves to try to raise the needful there, should they not succeed here in a short time Col M. expects funds to be ready in N. Y. & N. Orleans in feby but I fear that will be too late for your pressing purpose. I wish you to call on Mr Este [David K.] and communicate freely with him of your situation, and I think when he understands it fully & sees that it [is] in his power to be amply Secured he will advance one thousand Dolls himself or aid you in procuring it, you would not probably need it more than 3 to 6 months, but if got on mortgage it would be best to condition for the payment in twelve months with the priviledge of paying in six. I shall write him myself on the Subject, and can not but believe he will give you the needful aid. Edward



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Este is well and is yet at Judge Burnets place, and is doing as well as could be expected on so small a Scale. I have a plan in View by which expect to be able to put him in a way to do much better for himself than he has ever yet done, which I shall now communicate to you. If you will look at the latest & best map of Texas publish'd 1839 by Colton, and lay down the plot of my head right League No 7, you will find it at the head of the great Raft in the Colorado River, then look S. W. you will see the Rio Trespalacious emptying into Trespalacious Bay (which is a Section of the great Bay of Matagorda), there is situate the City of Palacious, now becoming a place of Commercial enterprise, having great natural advantages over the City of Matagorda by reason of the Superior depth of water, & rich Settls above—and there is now being made a Rail way to the New City of Portland now being laid off by me on the upper half of said League No 7, and from the Depot there will be recieved & forwarded the products from the Metropolis of the Republic the City of Austin, & the numerous Towns & landings on the River Colorado intermediate & then forwarded on to the City of Palacious for exportation &c by rail way before mentioned, and as the obstruction of the Raft stops the navigation of the Colorado River to the City of Matagorda, it proves of immense Value to the City of Portland, and besides this in the Bay of Matagorda the water is so shoal that Vessels can not approach it within any reasonable distance—and as the propriators of the land will dispose of Shares on the most Liberal terms, the City of Portland will go ahead forthwith. Now if you will calculate the upper half League above named 2200 acres at 50 Dols which is a very low price under all the circumstances, it will amount to \$110,000 but we agree now, circumstanced as we are at present, to Extend the Number of Propriatory Shares in the half League to Ten at 2200 Dols Cash each, which would be less than the Value of the land as a common Cotton or Sugar plantation, being only Ten Dolls pr acre. Now see what an immense Speculation here offers to a few Capitalists—on the above land at the most eligable and advantageous situation on the Colorado, Stands the City of Portland at present consisting of only eighteen hund City Lots, 50 feet by 100, & 100 Lots of 1 acre each & 100 do of two acres each, say 2000 in all, so that less than one fourth of the land only will be required for the City & the residue will continue to increase in Value. Then the propriators will throw the said 2000 lots into Joint Stock of two thousand Shares & sell the same at the low rate of fifty Dols pr share, which will yield a clear profit of more than 500 pr ct and every share of Joint Stock will in 12 months, perhaps less, be worth 5 times as much, so that the Joint Stock itself will be a great Speculation to purchasers. in the Spring it is proposed to have a public Sale of Lots on the premises, of which due notice will be given in the papers. We intend giving Edwd an agency & make him book keeper &c &c for the Compy.



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You may dispose of for Cash, of two or three propriatoryships in Cin to our best friends and let our good friend J C L[udlow] have one on accomodating terms, this will greatly enhance the Value of his Land [lower part of League No. 7] there being no bar [?] below his and none at the City of Palacios . . . Call on Mr Este without delay with the enclosed [letter] and get out of your difficulties.

At the end of this characteristic outburst, Nicholas added:

### a Short Recapitulation &c

The City of Portland, at the head of the raft on the Colorado River, Matagorda County & Republic of Texas, in the upper half of League No 7 which was granted by Deed of Stephen F. Austin, then Commissioner under the Mexican Govt. to N. Clopper as his head right as a Colonist Settler under the then Mexican Govt & now without colour of dispute sanctioned by the Govt of the Republic of Texas, is situate about 8 or 10 miles from the City of Matagorda and perhaps near about same distance from City of Palacios. it is proposed to connect Palacios & Portland by a cheap rail way of Live oak &c. & the cars for the present to be propell'd by horse power as less expensive, this is to be done by a Comp<sup>y</sup>, the propriators of Portland give to said rail road Comp<sup>y</sup> a Suitable Lot to Establish a depot &c and may take an Int in the Stock &c. only 1800 building lots 50 by 100 feet & 100 out lots of one acre ea & 100 of two acres each is at present contemplated, all which are to be thrown into a Joint Stock of two thousand Shares, & this number of Certificates Issued & Sold under the direction of the propriators at \$50 ea, 2000 at 50 is \$100,000, those Certificates to be recieved in paymt for in or out lotts sold by the said propriators or their authorised agents. I will send you the Constitution & some Scrip shortly. you will on clean & good paper throw the above in better form, and proceed without delay to Business &c—it may be long ere moneyed men will meet with an opp<sup>y</sup> to make so advantageous investments as the above offers.

The promoter's spirit still warmed the blood in Nicholas's seventy-four-year-old veins and brought a sparkle to his eyes!

Writing at Highland Cottage, San Jacinto, Texas, on January 18, 1841, to his daughter Mary Ann who was visiting his brother Edward N. Clopper at Greensburg, Pennsylvania, Nicholas says, "I have in contemplation to accompany Colo Morgan to New York (in April) to get money . . . altho my resources were great and a very large amount due me and that well secured, yet such is the heavy pressure in money matters that men of the best standing . . . have not been able to meet their liabilities; this has been our own case, and altho the claims on me are not more than hundreds, compared to the thousands due me, yet you are sensible what distress and disappointments have been our portion . . . Am sure you will rejoice to hear from me that by dint of perseverance and great diligence and able financiering and, more than all those, by the good providence of God, I am almost within reach, and soon expect to have the means, of returning with abundant means to discharge all just claims against your poor brother J. and myself, and to have sufficient



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left to make us all easy and also to assist those who are yet sticking in the mire and suffering the extremity of painful anxiety and disappointment—and yet I fear I shall not be able (judging from the tenor of your brother's letter just received) to be in time to save him from the loss of what we esteem of more value than many thousands . . . he may . . . find a friend . . . willing . . . to aid him with a few hundred for 60 days, and if not, I wish him to sell one or two of the houses or the mill under the hammer, if the sacrifice should be sevenfold . . . Tell your uncle and aunt that I most sincerely sympathise with them in the loss of our dear Edward [Duryea Clopper]; it was my intention to do something handsome for him, but the Lord does all things well."

To this letter Caroline added: "I enjoy myself very much here, tho I had a very severe spell of sickness in the fall and suffered much; my disease was congestion of the heart—I thought I could not get well from the first, but I never felt more perfectly resigned to die . . . now I enjoy very good health and so does Father and Andrew. I still continue to think this a beautiful country . . . we have made some garden, planted beets, onions, lettuce, cabbage, radishes &c and have as fine turnips and sweet potatoes as ever you eat, and plenty of them . . ."

This letter went by way of Beechwood and Rebecca added a few lines to her sister, as it was not sealed, and mentioned the death of Osmond Cogswell "on whom brother depended some in money matters . . . I do not know where he is to look now. I felt much disappointed when Uncle [E. N. Clopper of Greensburg] refused him, as it was I who urged him to ask; I was encouraged to do so by Mr. Foster, otherwise I should have applied to Mr. F for some for myself, as I owe some that was due two months ago and I have not a cent to pay it. I have half a notion to write to Letitia Douglass to lend me a little, if she was not so wealthy I should have done it before, the rich cannot feel as they ought the sufferings of others, therefore are unwilling to lend; nothing is so disagreeable to me as borrowing, but I will have to try soon . . . I have no paper, as soon as I can afford to get some I will write . . . Bring some garden seeds with you, tulips & hyacinths & anything. Martha Derby is here and sends her love to you, also Ruhamah. Tell Coz Chambers [McKibbin in Pittsburgh] he better look out for squalls if he does not answer my last. Mr. Ludlow is better—sends his compliments to you—I am afraid he never will be well."

About two weeks later, on February 2, Andrew wrote at Highland Cottage to his brother Joseph, saying, "We are now in good health, I never saw any person so near Death as Caroline was. Father & I had to be constantly by her bedside one or the other, & frequently both, I believe for fifteen Days & nights. the eighth day after she was taken, she told me to morrow is my trial day, & I want you to set by me & not leave me, I replied that I would stick by her as long as I was able.



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about that day or a few days after, Father had lain down to get a little sleep, & I was fanning her, & I heard her saying, Going, Going—Gone; I look'd at her & saw her take 5 or 6 dying gasps. I was scar'd & not knowing what to do, I awoke Father, he jump'd up & took a teaspoonful of cold water & put into her mouth, & its gurgling in her throat caus'd her to turn over & she open'd her eyes, then Father bath'd her wrists & ancles & feet with camphor, then took a hard hair brush & rubb'd her wrists & ankles untill he got the blood into circulation & by the closest kind of attention & an all wise providence, she was restor'd to health again . . . I am sorry to hear that you are so embarrass'd in pecuniary matters, our money is now six for one & bad as it is, it seems as hard to get hold of as silver. I wish I was able to assist you, if I can possibly do it I will. Father is trying his best & I sincerely hope that he will succeed, so as to stop the mouths of those Duns that you are pester'd with, & that you can once more hold your head erect . . .”

Continuing this letter Andrew is glad to hear that Joseph's society has reviv'd, even though not flourishing—by this he likely means the Philomathic Society which met in Cummins-ville for cultural purposes. He says that people in Texas are distress'd at present for want of money, their property sold for a mere trifle, and a great many unable to pay their taxes; he considers himself fortunate in being able thus far to pay his taxes and to keep clear of debt; “if I thought I could get money enough to buy the Garrett farm [in Ohio?] by selling all off here, I would quit this land of wickedness & corruption of every kind, & go to where I could hear the gospel. I have heard but one or two sermons for yrs, if I could lease out Highland Cottage, & the law would sustain me in doing so, I would sell the balance of my property at a sacrifice, & return to Ohio & end my days amongst my best friends. I was truly glad to hear of Harrisons Election, & I trust there will be an overhauling of matters & things, & that money will circulate free & in abundance, so that you all may be able to keep above the frowns of the world. I am astonish'd at the long stay of Iiams, I am a little inclin'd to believe that he does not intend to return. I . . . was sorry to hear of your distressing circumstances, I hope that we will be enabled to relieve you in time. I was glad to hear that there was some hope of that best of men Mr. Ludlow . . . I have sore eyes at present, & I have got a rising Just below my knee, which has caus'd my leg to become swollen & much inflam'd, it pains me very much at times . . .”

Nicholas had the proposed Portland City Company's prospectus and constitution printed in March of 1841 in the form of a booklet of ten pages, and also stock certificates or “scrip” of denominations ranging from fifty dollars to eleven hundred dollars. The scrip was to be sold and then accepted in payment for city lots. The company's capital stock consisted of two thousand acres of land and the city lots—the upper half of



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Nicholas's League No. 7—and the tract was divided into twenty-two shares of \$1,000 each.

The location of the proposed city was "at the head of the Raft, on the west bend of the Colorado River, where it is intended shall be a Cotton Press, and an extensive depot for cotton and other produce, which will be thence forwarded by railway to the head of tidewater on Wilson's creek, distant three miles, and thence by steamboats or other craft to Port Austin and Palacios, where is good harbor and sufficient depth of water at all times for vessels of large class to freight for Europe or elsewhere."

E. R. Wightman, who surveyed land in Matagorda County under authority of the Mexican Government prior to the Revolution of 1836 and who acted as County Surveyor from the opening of the Land Office in 1838, declared that he was familiar with Nicholas Clopper's League No. 7 and was aware that planters up the Rio Colorado had been demanding facilities for passing the Raft, which commences immediately below the proposed town of Portland, either by its removal or connection with Wilson's Bayou three miles distant where eleven feet of water would be at the wharves; that men in Austin and Palacios (on Tres Palacios Bay) had had an eye to this connection of Rio Colorado with Palacios; that the site of the proposed town was rolling, beautiful country for a great extent, with rills of water stealing through wild peach, sweet bay, live oaks, and other trees, and was free from inundation; and that the town of Matagorda at the mouth of the Colorado would lose her commerce if this were effected—"and I am truly partial to Matagorda".

The town was to be in the north-eastern corner of the league but like other projects of Nicholas's, it did not materialise. It might have done so if he had lived longer; as it was, his death put an end to it. He sold at least five shares of stock in the enterprise; the purchasers of these five shares were William M. Corry, a lawyer, and Thomas F. Corry, of Cincinnati, and each was given a deed for one-twenty-second part of the upper half of the league for each share; as the plans were not carried out, these deeds were annulled in 1859 by Joseph's transfer of 1,500 acres on the north side of the half league to T. F. Corry. The matter was finally disposed of, it appears, many years later, for Joseph's widow, Mary (Este) Clopper, noted on one of the manuscript copies of the Portland constitution, "My son and myself *sold* this tract in August, 1877, for cash."

At Galveston on March 16, 1841, Nicholas wrote three letters, one to Mahard & Brother at New Orleans saying that he intended to lift James Morgan's notes as it was useless to wait longer, and that he would rescind the contract with Morgan and "take back the land as I can make five times the am't out of it that I can make out of him;" Morgan had agreed to this provided it was done by the end of the month. So he asks them



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to hand Morgan's note to Lloyd Dillon, who was the bearer of the letter, and to get an order from Joseph Lovell & Company withdrawing their suit on payment of the costs which Nicholas promised to take care of. He also asks them to make another effort to sell the Sabine stock and sends them Sidney Sherman's note for \$1,000 for collection. He hopes that in May he will be able to pay both their firm and Joseph Lovell & Company what he owes; "I have thrown two valuable tracts of land into stock and believe shall be able to raise considerable am't in money out of them . . . shall write you again by next packet & send on some [Portland] stock for sale which is now preparing. The situation of my son at Cincin. is such that I must raise some money soon for his assistance."

Joseph Lovell & Company of New Orleans wrote to Nicholas on March 19th with regard to his proposal which Dillon had submitted that, as judgment had been obtained against Morgan and was then in a twelve-month bond, they were unwilling to comply with Nicholas's request because they would have to go through the same process with a substitute note. "If you can give us paper which can be depended upon at maturity for the payment of your indebtedness to us (even at a long time) we would with pleasure instruct our lawyer to withdraw all proceedings and hand the papers over to you." However, less than two months later, on May 14th, at Houston, Morgan gave Nicholas a deed to the 1,600 acres of land and the case of Joseph Lovell & Co. vs. James Morgan was withdrawn. Nicholas was so eager to effect this settlement that he agreed to pay the costs of \$300.

Nicholas used cattle to pay for the engraving of the Portland City "scrip", for on March 22 at Galveston he wrote to Joshua Lowe telling him that the beef cattle to pay for the plate and five hundred copies of scrip, amounting to \$75, would be driven down in April—cows and calves rating at from \$20 to \$25, or steers at the market price, whichever he preferred.

On the same day Nicholas, who was about to return to Highland Cottage, signed a power-of-attorney authorising his son Joseph to sell his half of the upper half of League No. 7 in Matagorda County, and wrote to him, saying, "This will be handed you by Mr. Eaton of Chillicothe whose father & brother were my friends . . . I have sent a power-of-attorney with notarial seal executed to-day. You will see by the constitution of Portland City Company that it is shewn that the upper half of League No. 7 is held by you and myself; now if you can make a sale of one, two, or three shares,  $\frac{1}{10}$  each, you can make a deed to the purchaser of each share and then they can receive their quota or share of scrip which will be sent you . . . My health has declined very much within the last two or three months . . ." As already mentioned, five shares were sold to the Corrys.

By the terms of an unsigned and undated agreement, probably drawn up in the Spring of 1841, Nicholas made over to his six children his 70 head of cattle then in possession of Andrew



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who was to keep them for four years, brand them with -C- (the letter C crossed by a bar) as his other cattle were branded, dispose of the male part when three or four years old, and render an account at the end of four years. Andrew was to retain a quarter of the natural increase for his trouble in keeping them; the residue to be valued, divided into six shares or sold as desired, each child to have a sixth part. "So also the grey mare Kate now suckling a fine male colt, & the black mare Phillis 3 yr old, & dun mare Fidello 4 yr old all put to horse this season, and the strawberry mare roan colt 2 yr old shall be kept with their natural increase on the same terms as the horned cattle, and divided accordingly at same time, & the punch mule may be exchanged for cattle and added to the stock aforesaid."

Nicholas did not carry out the proposed transfer of his seventy head of cattle to his children, but seems to have sold 52 head in order to raise cash, probably for Joseph's benefit. Joseph had asked his brother-in-law, David K. Este of Cincinnati, for a loan and had been curtly refused.

At Highland Cottage on April 19, 1841, Nicholas wrote to Joseph saying, "verily D. K. possesses a wonderful talent of expressing a great deal in few words. Poor man, I could not help ejaculating a fervent prayer for him on reading his reply, and oh! how pleasing the reflection when contrasting our situation with his—altho we are suffering under a heavy pressure and painful anxiety, of disappointments & wrongs meeting us on every side, yet wonderfully supported by a kind providence; he is blessing himself in the full enjoyment of independence and wealth and feels not, nor has a heart to feel, the wants and distresses of a friend. Surely he deserves our pity and our prayers . . . It appears to me from the tenor of Rebecca's letters and some part of yours, that our friends and yourselves too are under the impression that I am too much engaged in speculation. Now whatever appearances may be I wish it to be distinctly understood that [I] am not coveting or desiring any more of this world's goods. I have enough and more than enough & am as sensible of the folly and sin of wanting more as any person need be, but it is true that I have used extraordinary means to turn over and convert property, both real and personal, into such a channel as to enable us to get out of our enthrallments, and altho hitherto have been unsuccessful, still feel it an imperative duty to continue to persevere in the use of all proper means. so long as life and strength is granted by an all wise providence. and doing so I act conscientiously. When going to Galveston some time since, caught a bad cold, the effects of which lasted some time but since the weather has become warm and dry, health is returning. You will no doubt be surprised at my taking the Harrisburgh land back from Morgan, instead of the money. but under all circumstances it was the best that could be done; am preparing to go to Galveston and shall finish my letter there.



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We are all in usual health, living or staying here with a plentiful scarcity of everything. Tell Mary to take special care of all my grandchildren [he had only one and refers, perhaps, to children taken into Joseph's home] & to kiss my oldest grandson double for me."

Three days later he added, "Since writing the above we have heard of Genl Harrison's death and most truly do we sympathise with his afflicted and bereaved family . . . Hope our friend J. C. L[udlow] is recovering his wonted health and will be careful in future. I have not seen Israel [James C. Ludlow's brother] but met Saml Patterson a few days since in Houston, who told me that he had started back . . . Times with us yet is distressingly hard but we have just heard that Genl Hamilton has certainly effected the loan in Paris, and this news has a pleasing effect in reviving the drooping spirits of many a desponding heart and I am confidently of the opinion that if we continue to persevere in the use of all proper means, we may yet live to see our labours crowned with success . . ."

Having arrived in Galveston he got the Portland City "scrip" and brought his letter to an end on April 30 as follows: "I herewith enclose the scrip spoken of, [80 certificates for \$11,000 in several denominations] . . . Hope you received my letter enclosing power of atty &c—try and do all in your power there, as I shall continue every possible endeavour here . . ." Caroline added a few words of encouragement to Joseph; "Love to Mary and the dear little babe, also to all my dear sisters."

In Galveston on May 3rd Nicholas again wrote to Joseph: "The S. B. Neptune is just starting for N. Orleans, by her I send to care of Messrs. Mahard & Brother a package & letter containing Portland City scrip [the 80 certificates for \$11,000] to be forwarded to Messrs. Jno & Wm Mahard, Cincinnati. You will try and raise some money on them by sale or otherwise. If my health permits shall proceed to Brazos & Colorado [Rivers] in a few days after my return to Highland Cottage. Expect to leave here this evening or to-morrow."

Nicholas must have owed James Morgan a sum of money for goods purchased, and Morgan must have owed a smaller sum to Archibald Wynn, as on May 14th at Houston Morgan drew on Nicholas for \$150 in favor of Wynn, this amount to be credited in part payment of Nicholas's debt. On the same date Nicholas accepted this arrangement, with ten per cent interest a year. His son Joseph settled it on November 3rd, 1846—more than five years later.

Writing at Highland Cottage on June 18 to her sister Rebecca at Cincinnati, Caroline begins her letter with this warning: "As I have a great deal to do and no assistance, you may expect a hop, skip & jump sort of a letter". She is sorry to hear of the deaths of Mr. Cogswell and Mrs. Stewart. She has been in Texas much longer than she expected to stay but does not regret her coming; she has seen very little of the country, not having



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been more than three miles away since her arrival, but she is content at home. She sends love to Martha Derby. She saw James [Badger] recently and he is uneasy about William [his brother] as we all are, for we have not heard from him since Winter and fear he is dead. She had sent a box of things to Rebecca, among them a booklet in which she had written daily occurrences that she would not like to have everybody see, some of their father's hair and some of her own, two passion flowers, and two "as nice pieces of Chip Beef as ever you put inside of your mouth," and is sorry Rebecca did not get it. David Marple is better since his return home but little Martha had the whooping cough. She has heard that Mrs. Culbertson had won the suit about the bank business and is now worth \$20,000 "but I never want Doster to get any of it". She wishes to know who lives in the cottage at Beechwood now and whether they are any better than Sweeney was; and how E. L. H - - z looks since becoming a mother. She supposes Mrs. Ainsworth will go next. She tells Mary Ann and Rachel Ruhamah to *spruce* up and be next "on the carpet"; she had had half a notion herself not long since to set them the example but there was something, which she does not name, that put her out of it and she now believes it was never intended for her to change her name; she is content and believes she can do more good by remaining single. She has cut out and made pantaloons for Andrew and their father. She sends love to Mrs. Eaton, Ann Jane, and Mrs. Kemper. She is sorry to hear of Mr. Ludlow's illness. She hopes that Martha Jane is a good girl and supposes she can write pretty well now; "tell James I have got another pet now, a gentleman gave me a beautiful little Fawn."

On the same day at Highland Cottage Nicholas wrote to Joseph. He regrets to hear of Osmond Cogswell's death and of James C. Ludlow's relapse, for the latter he recommends a Botanic Physician (herb doctor) and praises the treatment given by such a practitioner. "Am much gratified to hear of your re-election [justice of the peace] and that all is as well with you as it is . . . as yet I have been unable to raise any money, or should have started for the U. S. . . . have now a good prospect of disposing of a moiety of it [the land near Harrisburg which was taken back from Morgan] to good advantage, which if effected will enable me to leave here in few weeks. I have just returned from a 3 weeks journey to Colorado [River] and am more delighted with Portland and its vicinity than am able to express—the prospects there are really flattering, the land rich & high, timber good, and Prairie bluffs to within 100 yards of the River . . . Some five weeks since I met Saml Patterson in Houston, he asked me if I had seen Israel Ludlow; I said not, but expected he would call on me before he left the country; he replied that he had started for U. S. and would be out in the fall with goods, & that they were going into partnership &c. Now observe the uncertainty of human engagements: yesterday



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a gentl<sup>n</sup> in Houston, Mr. Harris of the house of Harris & Lee, asked me if I had heard of the sudden death of Mr. S. Patterson . . . about 3 weeks since he with a number of others were at a raising of a large building at Washington, that there was a shower of rain which made the timber slippery and that a large log or plate had suddenly slipped down, the end of which caught him and injured him so much that he died next day! . . . When over on the Colorado Settlt was told of an extensive purchase Mr. I. Ludlow had made of Mr. Wightman on Caney, of cotton plantation, stock, negroes &c to amot some \$70,000—and on my arrival at the City of Matagorda was quickly accosted by several friends and acquaintances, asking information of Mr. I. Ludlow, as to his standing and character &c, saying he had made a large purchase &c and that various rumours were circulating there much to his prejudice and that Mr. Wightman had become very much alarmed and was quite unhappy &c. I unhesitatingly replied that it gave me unspeakable pleasure to be able to contradict those malicious slanders, and had no doubt that as soon as I could reach Mr. Wightman's, should be able to set his mind at ease, that Mr. Ludlow was a highminded & high spirited man and too much of a gentl<sup>n</sup> and had too much regard for his family & his own honor to [act] in a fraudulent way or desire to wrong any man. My report was highly pleasing to all and I went direct up to Mr. Wightman's and soon had the pleasure of making both Mr. & Mrs. Wightman perfectly easy in their minds. They are going on to the States and purpose to settle in Cin. or Covington or near; he will open an office of intelligence and general agency for the sale and purchase of real estate both in Texas & U. S. and expect will benefit many on both sides of the water."

The next day, June 19, Caroline wrote to Mary Ann saying she was glad that Mary Ann had returned home safe after having spent a pleasant Winter in Greensburg, Pennsylvania. "Is my good friend, the drumstick, married yet? How does Sis Young look? Has Greensburg changed much? How did you like Pittsburgh? Did any of its inhabitants make you presents? They might have sent me one—but I suppose out of sight, out of mind—no, I recall that—they do all think a good deal of me . . . I never loved any children better than cousin's, no friends better than them, particularly Chambers'. They were kind to me while sick . . . Och! how I wish I could see you, I have so much to say—and I cant write no how I can fix it, I meet with so many interruptions . . . I think Cousin is too well established for Crossons to put him down—he may have the most custom for a little while, but not long. I wish J C C and M E C would call the babe Edward Nicholas to please Father and me. Andrew has gone to Harrisburg.

On the same paper she wrote to Rachel Ruhamah, saying she is cool—has on nothing but her chemise and nightgown, and "was setting this way yesterday when in popp'd a Lady and



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we had a good laugh together. I love her better than any lady in Texas—we are always a borrowing from each other just like sisters.” A gentleman had asked why Rachel Ruhamah did not get married, “tell them to come out here and they will soon get married. O, says I, to get married is not so hard a matter, perhaps, as you may suppose, but to get unmarried would be rather difficult, and I thought you had more good sense than leave that fine country and come here merely for the sake of getting married . . . there are quite as many fine gentlemen there as here. He replied then, I think you are a singular family—too hard to please, quite too particular. O no! says I, it’s all the gentlemen’s fault . . . I wish you would hurry, kick up a dust and invite me over soon—for I want to go to a wedding very much. Has S. Jane any beaux? I thought she would have deserted the name of Badger before this. I believe when I go back I will set my cap for Mr. B - - - of C - - -.” On June 20th she added that she had just eaten a cantaloupe, having brought in six, and will have more than fifty ripe soon, but not many watermelons this season because the rabbits and dogs eat and destroy so many. “I do not make much butter to sell this year. Our little debts worry me. I hate to owe one solitary dollar—altho’ I owe 5, but I dont know now as I shall ever pay them. When did you hear from Madison [Indiana] and how are all the folks in that quarter? is Martha Harrison married yet? did Will marry Mary Patterson? I have not heard a sermon for sixteen months and I have sometimes met with taunts and smiles when I have named the subject . . .”

## XXXIV

### DEBTS, PRAYER, AND POETRY

WRITING at Beechwood early in August of 1840 Rebecca sent an account of local events to her father who was then in Texas. "Joseph moved over to his own dwelling about five weeks ago. We have Mr. Lusby in a part of the house at present, they appear to be very clever people but have two noisy children—add to this Charlotte Jones' two little girls [Emma and Georgine Jones] are here now, staying untill her return from the blue sulphur springs, Va. and they are as wild as deer, yet fine children, full of play. [Charlotte Riske, daughter of Charlotte (Chambers) Ludlow Riske, married (1) a man named Jones and (2) George R. Kenner of Ashland Plantation, Louisiana.] I have not much news to relate, crops are all fine, vegetables very low & butter very cheap, money as scarce as ever. I believe I mentioned in my last the death of Benj Harrison [General William Henry Harrison's son] who died suddenly . . . When shall we anticipate the pleasure of seeing you at Beechwood, it seems a great while since you left. I fear the prospects in Texas darken, I am told money has depreciated very much there and that preparations are making for war, I hope you will not expose yourself but endeavour to settle up all your concerns there, that it may not be necessary to return again after you once leave it. Many inquiries after you and Caro. Mr. Cogswell & family spent to-day with Mary, they are all well, as also friends at the Station, Mrs. L [Josephine (Dunlop) Ludlow] has a young son about three weeks old call'd Israel [died 1873, unmarried]. Mr. Jo Benham died suddenly two weeks ago. Israel Ludlow [James C. Ludlow's brother] has sold his house & twenty one [42?] acres of land [Elmwood Hall in Ludlow, Kentucky] for 21 thousand dol. Mr. Kenner (Charlotte Jones' husband) is the purchaser, they will spend their summers there, I have not seen him yet . . ."

At the end of Rebecca's letter Joseph added a few lines exhorting his brother Andrew to believe in a crucified Savior, continuing in this more worldly strain: "I hope father received my last letter written in June—my apprehensions on the score of creditors is even greater than at that time. If you & he can do nothing for us by the middle of fall I know of no earthly help in our pecuniary distress. Such embarrassments I suppose were never so general & remediless before in all this land—If a thousand dollars could be safely remitted by the time stated it would save us. Write immediately and tell us it can be done.



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A change for the general good is anticipated only on the event of Gen'l Harrison's election. His prospects are very flattering. We get no Texas news through our papers but rumors of a Mexican invasion—do inform us of your situation. Love to Father, Caroline, James & all. Your affectionate brother J. C. Clopper."

On March 10, 1841, Osmond Cogswell of Mount Auburn died. He and his wife had long been friends of the Cloppers and Joseph had relied upon him for advice in financial matters; indeed, it seems that money had been borrowed from him, for in the following October the administrator of his estate was awarded damages against Joseph in the sum of \$103 in addition to costs. This award was made by the Superior Court whose judge at this time was Joseph's brother-in-law, David K. Este. To illustrate how hard pressed Joseph was for funds: ten years later he paid the costs of \$13.09 and the *interest* on these damages, then amounting to \$65.56; and more than two years after that, he paid \$115 for damages and interest in this case and the judgment was satisfied!

In that same year of 1841, when business conditions were growing worse and worse, a bank obtained a judgment against Joseph and James C. Ludlow, partners under the firm name of J. C. Clopper & Company, for damages in the amount of \$104.90 and costs of \$10.84. It will be remembered that when Ludlow withdrew from this company in 1838, Joseph took over the business and became liable for its debts. He discharged this obligation gradually by making partial payments from time to time in the next seven or eight years.

The company was also indebted to another firm which, in that fateful year, obtained two judgments against it aggregating \$555.84, the costs being \$12.13. Joseph paid the costs at once and then made an arrangement with Clark Bates who agreed to assume the debt in return for Joseph's note secured by a lien on his real estate. Six years later the principal and interest owed to Bates amounted to \$681 and Joseph met this by conveying his lot on Spring Grove Avenue for \$700.

Back in 1839 the company had given its note to James C. Ludlow for \$96.79 payable in four months. More than eleven years later the interest had mounted to \$66.12, making the debt \$162.91. On this paper Joseph wrote that he then paid \$62.91 cash to Donaldson who seems to have become its owner, Ludlow having died, and gave him another note for \$100 payable in two years with interest and signed by his loyal sister Mary Ann as well as by himself—so grows a debt!

No wonder he was worried! A frail constitution and a poetic temperament struggling with obligations in the incongruous realm of business! A wife and child to support and the land in the midst of hard times! An empty purse and creditors clamoring for pay!

His liabilities, however, were never so heavy that his literary output was curtailed or his ardor for religion diminished. On the



contrary, such difficulties stimulated him to greater effort with his pen and to more earnest defense of his church. At this very time when demands were so insistent and in spite of his financial distress, he maintained a lively correspondence on the subject of prayer with W. J. Barbee who, one supposes, was a Presbyterian minister. Both Barbee's letters and copies of Joseph's arguments have been preserved.

Joseph asserted the universal right to prayer and Barbee denied this, declaring ". . . Prayer is not one of the means of Gods ordinance under the gospel dispensation to be used by the impenitent sinner while in his sins in order that he might obtain heavenly favour. I will not say that the sinner out of the pale of the church is positively forbidden to pray . . . but I will say, in emphatic terms, that Prayer was never designed for such a being & that it is the peculiar privilege of the member of Christs body . . ."

Joseph supported his argument with quotations from the Old Testament and Barbee says he erred in choosing such references: "The *old* dispensation is not to be brought into the account in considering the tenability of a principle directly based upon the *new*" and he proceeds to interpret the quotations in his own way. Later Barbee returns to the attack and insists that "Under the gospel dispensation prayer is the exclusive right of the Christian"; he then takes up the New Testament quotations which Joseph had used and puts his own construction upon them, even going so far as to say "And how unreasonable—yes, how profane it would be for the unbeliever to take the words of the Lords prayer into his impious lips! . . . had the Saviour ever intimated that this prayer was designed for any others than his disciples I consider that it would have been at once a betrayal of imposture . . . I regard the custom of teaching the child to repeat the 'Lords prayer' an unchristian one—a sin, for which millions will have to account on the great day of Retribution. This prayer was a part of the 'Sermon'. This Sermon as I have before stated, was addressed to his disciples & not to the multitudes as you suppose. This view of yours, allow me to say, would do violence to the construction of language, as well as to the morals & the sentiments contained in that celebrated oration." It is good to know that Joseph held to the broader view. In one of his letters to Barbee he cited Alexander Campbell's 'Christian System' and Barbee replies "thank heaven, we are bound by no human dogmas, we are compelled to adopt no mans system, we are bound only by the Bible, & if we choose to adopt Mr Campbells opinions we may do so, if we choose to reject them no one dare say to us 'you are heretics'. Herein is exhibited an independence of thought & action which you my good sir know nothing about . . ." Barbee closes his argument by stating that prayer is a petition which must be offered by the *lawful subjects* of a government unto certain authorities who stand at the head of that government,



and that the citizen under one government has no authority to petition for the favours & privileges which belong to the faithful citizen of another government—"Now the church is a government whose King is God. The world is a government whose king is Satan. The subjects of Satan cannot petition God until they are admitted as citizens under his government. The only way to be admitted is to be baptized. Therefore before a citizen of the world, or a subject under Satans government can be entitled to the right of petition at the Christian's throne of grace he must be baptized." Incredible!

On a Winter's day early in 1841 Rebecca fell back upon her religion for comfort when contrasting her present life with happier days, and composed a few stanzas in framing her thought. First she wrote of "Friendship's Temple" whose corner-stone should be Truth; its support, Esteem and Sincerity; its guard, Confidence; and its teacher, Prudence; while its every occupant should have a true and constant heart. But when she reflected that earthly friends often turn out to be faithless, especially when needed most, Job's words "I would not live alway" occurred to her and she wrote three stanzas about broken cords of affection, hearts estranged, the arrow of grief sunk deep, but "yonder above dwells the Friend ever true, unchanging His love." Later on, when Winter was waning and birds were singing, she heard a little girl wish she were a bird and Rebecca declares in several lines that she would forget some scenes which glow like burning caustic on the heart: "I would forget one long sad moon, one month of woe too deep to tell. Worlds, if I had them, I would give to spare my heart the agony of this sad blight of dearest hopes which makes the world a waste to me."

Mary Ann went to Pittsburgh in the Spring of 1841 and there wrote to Rebecca saying that she had found their relatives, the McKibbins, well and "very busy—they had a hundred arrivals at the Exchange yesterday"—this was a hotel operated by them. Cousins in Greensburg were well. Chambers McKibbin was assistant quartermaster and as the office had just been abolished, "they will have to move soon but do not know where they will go yet, they would like to remain here if the rent was not so high, perhaps they will go to the private house that is attached to the Exchange." Joseph, Chambers's son, arrived, a fine young fellow, eager to visit Indiana and may go down the river when Mary Ann returns if his father will let him. "I presume Ru [Rachel Ruhamah] has got through her dissipation by this time, *perhaps* she and the Dr. will be the next on the carpet, but I do not think I will give my consent to that. What a shock and gloom the death of the President has cast over the land, poor Mrs. H--- I fear the shock will be too great for her, I have not heard whether she has left the Bend or not, I was pleased to hear that you had made a visit there." Kezia, Chambers's sister, sends love, she has her hands full managing so many youngsters, Rebecca must go to Indiana with her in the

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Summer, Cousin Andrew was not well when they heard from him last—this was Andrew Pierce of Valparaiso, Indiana, who had married Rebecca McKibbin. Mary Ann has read Rachel Ruhamah's letter to Jeremiah, another of Chambers's sons, and is glad that the Mill Creek Reading Society is flourishing, if Joseph McKibbin should go with her she would like to have him attend its anniversary. Jeremiah is busy, they have just received their new goods. "The stores are full of new goods here, and if *money* were more plenty, people might get very good and cheap bargains, but all I can do is to look at them, times are pretty dull here (that is, in money matters) as elsewhere . . . Pierce has been hanging about me ever since I commenced writing . . . and says when he goes to his Uncle's he will stop at Beechwood, he and David would like to go with me very much, D and Robert go to school . . . little Mary is a very interesting little child . . ." At the end of this letter Joseph McKibbin writes to Coz Rue saying he is busy but will write; he sends greetings to Charlotte and Sarah Bella Ludlow and to all at Beechwood and asks that his respects be presented to the members of the Millcreek Reading Society.

Mary Ann returned home and on the night of May 5th she and Rachel Ruhamah attended a party at Rosemount, the residence of Dr. Mount at the corner of Knowlton and Fergus Streets in Cumminsville. At Beechwood at eleven o'clock, while sitting up waiting for them to come home, Rebecca composed the following lines as she thought of Joseph's and Mary's child, Edward N. Clopper, now five months old, and of his little sister, Anna Rebecca, now nearly three years dead:

### TO MY NEPHEW

Thou art a little bright-ey'd boy,  
Thy sunny smile bespeaketh joy,  
Thou knowest nought of grief or care,  
Thy joyous laugh would cheat despair.  
So innocent, so lovely art,  
Unknowingly hast won each heart.  
I cannot tell thee all thy charms—  
Thy soft fair skin, thy dimpled arms;  
Thy little mind seems soaring high,  
Grasping ideas as they fly—  
I've often mark'd thy earnest eye  
Gazing with deep intensity,  
I would I could but read the thought  
So quickly to thy young mind brought,  
Methinks it would amply repay  
A toilsome, weary nursing day—  
For interesting as thou art,  
Much nursing will fatigue impart;  
But never yet, sweet babe, I say,  
Thou'st brought a tiresome nursing day  
At least to me—I fain would know  
What magic spell 'tis thou dost throw  
That winneth hearts, that stealeth love  
From all who do about thee move?



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I ask again—pray canst thou tell  
The mystic talismanic spell  
That steals within the bosom's core  
And makes us love thee more and more?  
I grudge the love thou'st stole from me—  
I fear an idol thou wilt be;  
Give back then half—I ask but this;  
I'll seal the treasure with a kiss,  
Yea, more—a thousand shall be giv'n,  
Sweet prototype of her in heav'n.

On Christmas morning of 1841 Mary Ann wrote a little note at Beechwood to her infant nephew, Edward, at Millview, saying that as she had to be housekeeper that day she could not join him, his mother, and his Aunty, but wishes them a happy Christmas and hopes his father will get home in time to dine with them; she presumes that Martha Jane has gone to the city.

Four days after Christmas little Edward Nicholas Clopper was one year of age. He was an only child, for his sister, Anna Rebecca, died before he was born. Joseph's and Mary's third and last child was a daughter whom they named Mary; she came into the world in 1844 and left it at once. Their hopes were centered upon their son and they often set down those hopes in writing. On December 29, 1841, Joseph composed:

### AN APOSTROPHE

To my son, Edward Nicholas Clopper,  
on the first Anniversary of his Birth.

Born to the things of time—to scenes  
Of strange vicissitude,  
Unpropheied of, touching thee,  
Of evil or of good—  
Thou numberest this day, my boy,  
Thy first existent year;  
Unconscious still of aught in store  
Of weal, or woe severe.

That cherub smile, that frolic glee,  
Sweet "miniature of life"!  
Ah! must they yield to sombre care  
And discomposing strife?  
Already sobs, and sighs, and tears  
Disturb thy life's young dream!  
Thy dream,—O that thy whole of life  
So like a dream might seem,  
So uncontaminate of earth  
Thou still might'st onward glide,  
Untainted by its myriad sins,  
Its heav'n-defying pride!

But sinless as thou art in deed,  
In sin thou cam'st to me;  
And He who "came to save the lost"  
Died for ev'n such as thee:  
Then give Him all thy heart in youth,  
If He thy life shall spare;

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Thy mother too!—forget not, child,  
The pains for thee she bare,  
O let thy manhood full return  
For all her kindness prove;  
And to thy father's sisters show  
A fond fraternal love.

Now in thy father's father's pray'r  
Thy father joins and says,  
“Lord bless the child, preserve and keep  
And save him by Thy grace.”



## XXXV

### NICHOLAS COMES HOME TO DIE

IT WAS about the first of July in the year of 1841 that Nicholas and his daughter Caroline left Andrew's home and set out on their return trip to the States. In describing the journey to her brother Joseph, Caroline said, "We had a very short and pleasant trip, being only 14 days coming from Highland Cottage to Beechwood where we found all well and delighted to see us. Our dear Father's health improved every day & never did I receive more attention than I did throughout the whole trip, everyone from the Captain down to the cook appeared to feel for and take an interest in his welfare and so did all the passengers aboard of all the boats do every thing to cheer & make us comfortable."

One of the books which Nicholas had in Texas was Robert Pollok's long poem, *The Course of Time*; he carried it on this last journey of his to Beechwood, where it is now, and Mary Ann has written on its fly-leaf: "My dear Father's gift. A favourite book of my dear departed Parent."

Crop failures, ranch incidents, elections, sharp practices in trading, need for clothing, and other matters relating to life in Texas at this time are mentioned by Andrew in a letter. At Highland Cottage he wrote to his father on August 11th, about six weeks after Nicholas and Caroline had started on the way towards the north, saying that he had left home for Matagorda on July 20th. About July 10th he went out on a pony to hunt a calf that the cow had hidden; as the pony was walking through the grass near Cedar Bayou "he scar'd at something, I suppose it was the Calf, but he gave me no time to see what it was, he wheel'd right round & ran with all his might about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile all the way through hog-beds, he went so rapid that my feet flew out of the stirrups & I could not recover them again, & it was with the greatest difficulty that I could keep myself on, I would bounce from one side of the saddle to the other, I at last manag'd to stop him, the next day I became so sore in the groins that I could scarcely walk. I was in that condition for seven or eight days. I was not fairly over it when I started for Matagorda. The eighth of this month I receiv'd a hat & pair of shoes at New Washington, but have not seen the Capt. of the Patrick Henry yet. I understood in Houston of Mr. Cruger, the Printer of the Telegraph, that the votes for Houston & Burnet are about equal as yet, it is thought that it will be a tight race

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between Baker & Wynn for Congress . . . I understood that Doster sold his part of the crop at Whittings to Coulton for \$150.00 I was told that Coulton gather'd his part and there was but eight bushels altogether, if that was the case, Doster took him in. I wish you to bring me that Bond or Obligation you hold of mine for Nineteen hundred & odd Dollars, as it belongs to me now & I want it. I should like to have 2 pair of good strong shoes high quarter'd for Winter, 1 or 2 pr pants for Winter . . . I suppose I may look for you by the first November . . . I have not seen James [Badger] for some time but expect he is well."

From this letter of Andrew's it is clear that when Nicholas left Highland Cottage he intended to return there before Winter. He was summoned, however, to another world.

On August 15, 1841, James Chambers Ludlow died. He passed away at his home, Ludlow Station, in Cumminsville. Shortly after his death Rebecca Chambers Clopper cut a lock of hair from his head. He was not only a relative but a close friend of the Clopper family's and shared, particularly with Rebecca and Joseph, their abolitionist views of slavery. On the first anniversary of his death Rebecca, writing at Beechwood, paid a tribute to him in several stanzas in which she mentions his kindness and cheerfulness—"friends like thee we seldom find." One of the stanzas follows:

In thee the virtues all did blend:  
Thou ever wert the stranger's friend,  
The poor thou succour'd in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless—  
To all would ever lend thine aid,  
And thus thy virtues were display'd.

Nicholas's strength gradually ebbed away. He died at Beechwood on December 2, 1841. When there in July of 1838 he had copied for Rebecca in her album a poem entitled "The Lesson of Death" whose last stanza is:

"O! for that summit of my wish  
Whilst here I draw my breath,  
That promise of eternal life—  
A glorious smile in death."

Under this poem Rebecca wrote: "My dear Father departed this life Dec. 2<sup>d</sup> 1841, Thursday, Eleven o'clock, in 77<sup>th</sup> year of his age, he had the summit of his wish—'a glorious smile in death'—for peaceful and bright was the closing scene." She was wrong, however, as to his age—having been born on November 3, 1766, he had just entered his 76<sup>th</sup> year.

Edward N. Clopper of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, unaware of Nicholas's death, addressed a letter to him on December 7<sup>th</sup>. Rebecca had written to this uncle of hers on November 12<sup>th</sup>, telling him that her father had been seriously ill for four weeks, and his reply is the last communication from him that has been



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preserved. Joseph and Mary had given his name to their son who was now nearly one year of age. "I sincerely hope you have overcome all your difficulties in money matters, with all my caution I find it difficult to meet my engagements. I have purchased the House in which Mr. Foster resided when you were last here, the payt of which will absorb all the funds (if not more) of which I have any Prospect to command unless I dispose of Land. I have been confined to my room pretty constantly for several weeks with my old complaint & find it necessary to be very careful of myself particularly in cold weather."

His wife, Hetty Barclay (Young) Clopper, added a few lines to "My dear Girls": "I am much pleased and gratified that Joseph has called his dear Babe Edward, he must have named him for my dear lamented boy [Edward Duryea Clopper] whose memory is so closely connected with you all. tell Joseph the name is dear to me and I consider it an evidence of his love for my dear child . . . our daughters are still uneducated, we have had no school since we moved, and it is too expensive to send them abroad. I feel extremely desirous of giving them a chance. John and Miss are going to school but John is much the smartest. Frank we will keep at home this Winter. dear little Mary Foster is a lovely smart child, she is running about and begins to talk, Mary Ann would not know her . . . love to all, you can not think how my heart aches when I think of you."

At Beechwood on December 6 Rebecca wrote to her uncle, Edward Nicholas Clopper, in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, saying "My beloved Father and your affectionate Brother is no more, freed from his tenement of clay the happy spirit rests in immortal glory—oh! what a death was his, and what a loss is ours—our only parent, our kind counsellor, our affectionate, tender, persevering friend is gone—gone home, as he emphatically styl'd it—'Come, Lord Jesus, take me home, come quickly—Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace'—oh! it was a melancholy scene, but it was a profitable one, to witness the last sad conflict with the destroyer, fully prepared, I trust as a 'shock of corn fully ripe', he is gather'd to the garner of the Lord. His last days seem'd spent in prayer and praise, and he repeatedly took leave of his children who were all present except Andrew and Ruhamah, who is now spending the winter in the south. Father often spoke of you, Aunt, and the children, and wish'd to hear from you, desired much love to you all, he was perfectly resign'd and willing to die, his only regret seem'd to be leaving his children, and the spirit still linger'd round them—he retain'd all his faculties till the last moment, his sufferings were many and great but with calm patience he bore them all, not a murmur. not a word, not a sigh, all was trust, hope, and confidence. I have witness'd many deathbeds, but never one so solemn, so serious so impressive—oh! 'it was good to be here'—peace to thy manes, beloved Father, never to be forgotten Friend! Father died Thursday, 2 Dec. 1841, at fifteen minutes past twelve Oclock and was

consign'd to the cold tomb Saturday, 4th at three O'clock—Dr. Wilson preached his funeral sermon from the 90th Psalm, third verse. Father was confin'd to his bed seven weeks, and we sat up with him every night—I never was out of his room but two nights, nor had my shoes and stockings off but those two nights, for when I did lie down on a pallet in his room I had to be up every half hour or more, so I made no change in my dress but to put on clean clothes—we had quite a fatiguing time but we were wonderfully supported, but oh! now he is gone we miss him so much, he suffered greatly and it required always two to attend him, sometimes more . . . We heard from you through Kezia McKibbin who spent a few days with us on her way to Indiana . . . Dec. 13th, I have just opened my letter, dear uncle, which I kept, expecting Cousin Chambers McKibbin every day . . . I have a little boy and girl from New Orleans [Mary Minor Humphreys and John] spending the winter with me, aged eight and ten, I teach them every day—I often think of our dear E[dward Duryea Clopper] when I hear them recite—if Missy was here I should take a pleasure in teaching her, but I never will ask a child to come for fear of sickness, the mother of these children was so anxious that I could not refuse, she wants them to stay a year but I told her I would not keep them longer than May—they are a great deal of company . . . My dear Father is remov'd where all trials are o'er, but we have yet the storm to battle with—I mean our pecuniary matters are not yet arranged . . .”

Rebecca held this letter for two weeks before sending it on, probably believing that her cousin would come and be its bearer—he did not appear, it seems, as it is postmarked at Cincinnati on December 21. How it happened to get back to Beechwood is not known.

Concerning his father, a staunch Presbyterian of the old school and sometime an elder in the church, Joseph wrote this obituary:

“Ever a man of generous impulses and tender sympathies, the poor he never oppressed by the strong arm of the law nor withheld his once ample means ‘from him that would borrow’, whether in poverty or apparent affluence, and in consequence, like others of kindred spirit, he was to suffer most under one of those revolutions in the monetary affairs of nations, against which none can wholly guard. Giving up all to his creditors, he sought a support for his family in ‘a strange land’, induced by the favorable overtures of the Mexican Government to citizens of these United States in their colonisation laws of 1824; and in his solitary explorations, while Texas was yet a wild, it was not in the virgin beauty and magnificence of scenery alone, but in his communings with his own heart, that he found that ‘Jacob’s God was there’; there, in his ‘still small voice’, often causing him, as he said to the writer, ‘to cry out with holy ecstasy’. His last sickness was an inflammation first of the



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lungs and then of the bowels, and he suffered acutely. His mind, to the last moment, was unclouded, peacefully serene, and, to use his own language, 'filled with glorious views of the goodness and mercy of God'.

My father, O my father! passed is now  
The shadowy vale, the narrow stream of death,  
And Jesus Christ has taken His ransomed home.  
Lord help me, ling'ring still upon the brink,  
With eye of faith to look beyond and press  
Toward the mark! And as the righteous die,  
May I like victor prove, and my last end  
Like his be found through Jesus Christ our Lord."

During his seventy-five years Nicholas had run the gamut of life's experiences: a boyhood in a large family with all its associations and affections; a father who trained him in business and helped him to set himself up as a merchant; the enjoyment of prosperity and the promise of a substantial career; a happy marriage, a goodly number of sons and daughters, and a handsome home; then loss of wife, followed by disaster, sacrifice, and privation; the struggle of beginning again in new country; the sharing in the making of history as a pioneer; tragedy and sorrow; uncertainty and disappointment; disillusion and, finally, death without the satisfaction of success.

One year later Rebecca composed seventeen stanzas, some of which follow, on the

### ANNIVERSARY OF MY FATHER'S DEATH

.....

There's not a week, a day, or hour  
But visions of the past I see—  
A shrub, a tree, a little flow'r  
Reminds me, dear lov'd one, of thee.

.....

Look gently from that holy sphere,  
Dear Parent, with that smile of love;  
Oh! when we quit our stations here  
May we ascend to thee above,  
  
And join with thee the glitt'ring throng  
Of lov'd ones who have gone before,  
While harpers harp the heav'nly song  
And angels bow, and saints adore.

On the same day Joseph wrote several stanzas on

### A YEAR IN HEAVEN

A year in heaven! and thou hast seen  
Th' unfallen shining ones—  
The Patriarchs, and holy men,  
The saved of Adam's sons.

In Jesus' courts if but one day  
On earth to praises given,  
Be better than a thousand, say,  
What were a year in heaven!

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A year in heaven! there are no years—  
“Time writes no wrinkles” there;  
Nor sin, nor death, nor sorrow’s tears  
Can ever interfere.

Then live to God; live, O my soul,  
To Him who died for thee,  
And thine shall be th’ unmeasured roll  
Of heaven’s eternity.

At Beechwood, five months after her father’s death, Rebecca in several stanzas describes the charms of Spring and the joys of other years, and then contrasts them with present sorrows:

How different now the scene,  
How chang’d do all things seem—  
Dark clouds have come between  
To mar life’s pleasant dream,  
For almost all have pass’d away  
Who lov’d me in my early day.

.....

My Father! dear lov’d one,  
How wrong for me to sigh—  
To brighter worlds thou’rt gone,  
To “mansions” in the sky—  
There thou shalt touch the golden lyre  
And swell the sound Redemption higher.



## XXXVI

### THE CUMMINSVILLE LADIES' CORRESPONDENCE ASSOCIATION

THIS association seems to have been an outgrowth of the Mill Creek Missionary Society and probably had its origin in the latter organisation's requirement that members submit original compositions which were to be read aloud at meetings. Its name being rather ponderous, it was usually referred to as the Letter Box or Post Office. No constitution has been found but its purpose appears to have been purely social—the writing and reading of letters and other contributions, often under assumed names, for the entertainment of its members. So far as one can judge from the papers which have been preserved, it was formed in 1844.

In May of that year Rebecca Chambers Clopper, writing as "Hope", addressed it as follows: "Before the members of this new association I now appear; true, I feel some diffidence in making my first bow or courtesy but I am a gay, airy little being . . . not easily crush'd by a frown and always exalted by a sweet smile . . . I am a fortunate little creature, always meeting with a cordial welcome . . . I can scarcely tell why, unless it is I always feel happy myself . . . I can hardly answer to myself just this moment, ye fair daughters of Eve, why I now appear in your presence—I am here on sudden impulse, a secret spring, an innate desire, has prompted me to the bold step . . . I have had a hint somehow—it matters not from whom—that you are about forming a circle to promote enjoyment & to establish sociability in the neighbourhood—the idea pleas'd me, I thought I would like to encourage you in the laudable enterprise . . . & I said to myself, I will be one of the first with my little mite . . . not to be too tedious I will now withdraw from your presence—to make room for abler pens—wishing you success in your amusements, your anticipations realiz'd, your innocent wishes gratified, and none of your reasonable expectations disappointed . . . I subscribe myself your cheerful little friend, Hope."

Again in May, this time as "Paul Pry", she wrote, "Ladies, I am one of those little inquisitive but not mischievous busy-bodies that like to take a peep occasionally at their neighbours, to mark their sayings and doings, so as to learn something for my own improvement, or if I find faults, to try to profit by them. I sometimes give a little hint—sometimes a very broad, plain one, & once or twice I have actually given one of 'Paddy's' to the no small amazement of all present—now I take it for granted you

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all know what 'Paddy's hint' means, if you confess yourselves ignorant I shall not now presume to enlighten you, but if occasion requires, during the sitting of your Congress—that is, while your body continues to meet to amuse yourselves— . . . you shall have from me one of 'Paddy's hints' . . . Through some medium I have ascertained your determination to open a Post Office in your neighbourhood, I think the plan a good one, if I rightly understand your motives, & wish you all luck in it, may you 'flourish as a green bay-tree', and when your organiz'd body thinks proper to dissolve, may each one wear the civic crown . . . just now I have a sort of queer desire to be in your midst, at your first meeting . . . I think I could give a pretty good guess of its future results but as I cannot be there I . . . send you these, my compliments, wish you all manner of amusement and fun and sociability and, if you choose, rational enjoyment—thus wishing I make my exit and subscribe myself, Paul Pry."

"P. S.—I have no idea how I am to direct my article—perhaps I ought to have awaited your second meeting . . . I believe I will direct to the care of the first Clerk, without any name, perhaps it would not be amiss to say to the Letter Association. Good bye to you—I wish you all well. P. P."

Also in May, Rebecca wrote to Belle—this must have been Sarah Bella, daughter of the late James C. Ludlow, who seems to have been visiting in New Orleans at the time. Rebecca playfully chides Belle for not having sent her a letter from there by pretending to have read a long one in her mind's eye, which she now answers, putting her "reply" in the "Post Office": "Dear Belle—I kindly thank you for your long, interesting letter from the Crescent City, so full of city news & such flowing descriptions . . . Then your masquerades, your private balls, your dinner parties, & your evening promenades, and last, tho' not least in Ladies' eye, your beaux—but why did you suddenly stop in the midst of that interesting account of Mr. ----, the tall, straight, portly gentleman who was so constantly at your elbow? Ah! Belle, you left me to guess the rest—well, I did guess, . . . in the meantime will endeavour to reply to the letter you are just now writing to me—what a convenient thing this 'Post Office' establishment is, do you not think so—no waiting long circuitous routes, no heavy postages—no, no, but just put your letter in and take your letter out or, if you please, answer it before you receive it, as I am now doing yours . . . but, my friend, I fear my letter will prove unfashionably long if I do not lay aside the pen, but ere I do so I will thank you again for your amusing letter which I have not yet receiv'd, then conclude by wishing you all the pleasures of the season & subscribing myself as ever your friend, R. C. C."

Two and a half years later, Sarah Bella Ludlow and Salmon P. Chase were married.

In December of 1844 Rebecca composed eight stanzas "To a Stranger, in Reply". They are written in the quarto manuscript



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book, bound in paper, which contains her contributions to the "Letter Box", and impress one as having been "dashed off", so reckless is this draft. Perhaps someone who used the name "Stranger" had put into the "Letter Box" a poem in response to some earlier contribution of hers and now she undertakes to answer this unknown correspondent. She pictures herself as seated in her chamber at evening:

The moments I counted—they number'd an hour;  
The hours I number'd—they counted a day.  
*Old Time*, full aware he had me in pow'r,  
Look'd stern as he pass'd on his pinions away.

She called in her "thoughts that were roving abroad" and searched for a bright idea, but could find none. With "scarce a moment" to write her long letter "with an old quill", she was in despair and "ponder'd, and ponder'd again, then cast a dark frown on the stumpy old pen"; she mused and she mused, then ransacked her brain for one single bright thought but still all in vain. At last she determined to jot down her reply "hap-hazard" and prays "Stranger" to excuse her "rude dull epistle"—

If I guess thee aright, I've guessed thee wrong—  
Thou art not the person I took thee to be.  
Now I'm before thee, if I do not belong,  
Excuse what is penn'd by thy friend, R. C. C.

In that same month, writing as "Spy", she describes the proceedings at one of the meetings: presiding officer, clerk, recording secretary, reader, assistant reader, and the critic Spy, are briefly mentioned, in ten stanzas.

As "The Indolent Lady", she wrote the following, probably in January of 1845:

### TO MR. SPY

Before this audience I appear—  
And some may ask, why are you here,  
Why make so low, profound, a bow—  
What member has offended now?  
Ladies, pardon I meekly crave  
If dull, or sulky, or too grave—  
My bus'ness is with Mr. Spy:  
Altho' his charge I can't deny,  
But yet methinks it not polite  
To bring my faults to public sight;  
Presuming he is now within,  
My short address I do begin—  
Then, ladies, listen while I prove,  
Somehow or other, I do love  
An easy seat, a cushion'd chair,  
And try to get it, if 'tis there;  
One eve, I cannot well deny,  
I chose the sofa; Mr. Spy  
Perhaps too wish'd it—cannot tell;  
The sofa suited me quite well;  
True, indolently I reclin'd

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Because it suited well my mind  
Which rather sombre was that night,  
So I indulg'd my fancy quite—  
Not thinking that a Mr. Spy  
Was gazing round with prying eye  
To pounce his paws on any one  
Who sat that easy chair upon!  
I do confess, tho' not employ'd,  
My cushion'd seat I much enjoy'd.  
His first remarks did very well:  
He spoke of beauty's witching spell,  
Of gentle smiles, peculiar graces,  
And officers with smiling faces,  
Of good reading—all well, I trow—  
But then he look'd with clouded brow  
Upon the lady's easy chair  
Who sat so snug, reclining there;  
And yet I cannot blame the 'Spy'—  
He loves a sofa—so do I!

.....

Among Rebecca's contributions is an interesting account of her visit to William Henry Harrison's tomb at North Bend in December of 1844, addressed to James C. Ludlow's widow:

"It was a beautiful, bland morning in December, the last day of the year 1844, when I left the hospitable mansion of my venerable and highly respected friend, Mrs. Genl Harrison, to ascend the mound consecrated to the memory of the illustrious dead. Accompanied by some friends I cross'd the canal bridge that leads to the tunnel cut under that large green hill, long known by the name of Congress Green; we followed the windings of the canal to the mouth of the tunnel, & could distinctly see to the far end.

"After satisfying our curiosity with regard to this great labour of man, we bent our footsteps to the mound & soon gained its summit. The prospect was indeed grand & imposing—the river full and flowing in graceful current, so broad and winding in its course, so smooth and gentle was its surface; the preceding day it was exceedingly ruffled, the wind being so very high that it appear'd full of waves, and those passing over to a sister state could scarcely cross it; but this lovely morning, so like a cheering Spring morn, not a wave was to be seen, but calm and peaceful as a Summer's eve was La Belle Riviere. It is impossible for the feeble efforts of my pen to give a just description of the lovely view presented to the eye when we gain'd the summit of this consecrated spot—the river scene is extensive and beautiful beyond conception; far as the eye could trace, nature's lovely landscape appears peculiarly enchanting, and within the enclosure have been recently planted two rows of evergreen cedars in the form of an avenue to each gate, at opposite ends of the mound, and also interspersed with the tall forest trees are these little emblems of constancy planted. Some little distance beyond, is the old family burying ground—that home of man—enclos'd with white palings; here repose in their deep silence the younger branches of the illustrious Hero.



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"Surely here was food for thought, and truly thought was busy. On the last day of the year, on the eve of the birth of a new year, was I standing, paying the sad tribute of a sigh in memory of the dead—for here too rested Mary, daughter of the brave Harrison; just two years before I sat by her dying pillow & saw her breathe her last and sweetly sleep in Jesus.

"On the door at the entrance to the tomb are innumerable names carved & pencill'd; we added ours to the list—here had been visitors from all parts of the Union who had come to view the tomb of the brave & carved their names in testimony of respect; yea, even old England's sons had left their trace of a laudable curiosity in adding their names to the number.

"Oh! how many feelings arise, how the heart softens, how the mind ponders, how busy is thought, at such a scene as this; three, yea, methinks four times have I visited this spot, the silent repository of the dead, always with feelings too deep for utterance—language is faint, words are few & inadequate, too feeble to portray the tide of feeling here—'Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise'.

Oh! for a heav'nly lyre to strike a chord  
And make the heart aspire to things on high,  
Hold intercourse with Him who by a word  
Commands to live, or fits the soul to fly.

.....

Oh! for a holy song of heart-felt joy,  
Such as to saints belong, who view His face;  
Oh! for that heav'nly peace without alloy,  
Immortal, known, felt only through His grace.

"Adieu; believe me with sentiments of high esteem, respectfully

"Your friend, R. C. C."

"Mrs. J. C. Ludlow, January, 1845."

On February 1st, 1845, Rebecca addressed the following letter to Mrs. J. C. Ludlow:

"I think with you that Fulton should have the monument contemplated—his active mind, energy & persevering industry were not lost through indolence, his name will ever stand high in the list of worthies, tho' no monument should rise to commemorate his native merit.

"Yet look at the immortal Washington, Father of his Country, the great and good—years have roll'd on since a national monument has been in contemplation for him—how far advanc'd in this purpose has our wealthy continent progress'd? Why, she has obtain'd the *enormous* sum of 41,000 dollars! I blush for my country. How oft is such a sum subscrib'd by one or two individuals for a far less noble, praiseworthy purpose. Yet such is the mortal mind—prone to forget, too apt to neglect; one moment excited to great thoughts, great things, & great intentions—the next, "like the morning cloud or early dew", 'tis past,

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'tis gone; some new idea, new project, seizes the brain or fancy, & lo, again the public is in expectation of some great, generous, & good thing achieved.

"And so was it, too, with the brave Harrison—what honours, what deference, what great pretensions! Now he sleeps in the silent tomb and, except by some few individuals (comparatively speaking), almost forgot.

"So it has been from time immemorial, so it will be till time himself shall be no more—for such is the inconsistency of the human mind . . .

"Our Buckeye State may look on her sister states with compassion & sorrow, at least, those who *feel* not the burden of *Slavery*, to those who know they are wrong and yet the wrong pursue—if she cannot persuade, she can with prophetic eye exclaim: 'Is there not some chosen curse, some hidden thunder, red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man who gains his fortune by the blood of souls?'

"Adieu, my friend; believe me with sentiments of the highest esteem, affectionately yours, R. C. C."

Over the name "Eavesdropper", Rebecca wrote early in 1845 about having heard certain words set to the tune of "Kinloch"—which, of course, were her own:

"Madam: In my wanderings amongst the romantic scenery of the beautiful Mill Creek valley, I one evening found myself near a mansion very prettily situated in a retired spot. I was much struck with the rural beauty of the place; so rambled about, enjoying my own thoughts & silent musings. At length I ventured near the dwelling—methought I heard the sound of music; being very fond of harp or lute or mellow sound, I approach'd nearer; all was still as the lone midnight hour, except the mellow-ton'd instrument, playing 'Kinloch' to words which I distinctly heard but never heard before. The piano ceas'd; a female voice said very softly, & I thought sweetly, 'that was ever a favourite tune of mine, I wish you would write me the words.' 'I will,' said the singer, then clearing her voice, she distinctly repeated the following verses which, with listening ear I pencill'd in my tablet for my own pleasure or use. But, the other day hearing of a new establishment in this valley and being requested to contribute my mite, I thought I would relate this little incident and also oblige the lady by sending her the verses she solicited of the musician, having heard her name pronounced whilst eavesdropping.

"I am at no loss to whom to direct them, but have some little curiosity to learn who the lady was who repeated them, as no doubt they were her own composition, her name not having been mentioned once during the time I stood there, but recollecting immediately that it was rude, I pocketed my song & stole softly away. I acknowledge my rudeness but humbly beg pardon of the Ladies; & promise in my next ramble not to be an eavesdropper, but when I hear the vocal lay or the sweet



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sound of an instrument, I will boldly venture in & introduce myself; till then, will humbly subscribe myself the Eavesdropper.

Go, take the harp and strike the lay  
That sooth'd my heart in happier hours;  
Drive all these gloomy thoughts away,  
And strew again my path with flow'rs.

.....

If music here thus charms the heart  
And steals away our ev'ry care,  
What rapture shall that band impart  
Whose anthems all the blest shall share!

Then take the harp—I love its tone,  
That melting lay, almost divine—  
Hush'd be each breeze—no sound—alone—  
Each thought recurs to days 'lang syne'.

Again, in February of 1845, she continues as “Eavesdropper”, addressing her contribution this time to “Mrs. A” [Ainsworth?]:

“Being once more in your neighbourhood, I thought, as the weather was remarkably fine, I would take another ramble near the rural residence I mentioned in my last communication to you, altho’ I have not yet heard what you thought of my presumption in addressing it to you—whether you thought I was intruding on your time or otherwise I have yet to learn. Untill I receive a note of disapprobation, methinks when I visit your neighbourhood I shall at least feel tempted to drop you a few lines through this medium of communication. We may, perchance, some day be better acquainted, then I shall apologise personally for my intrusion. And now let me give you a little sketch of my ramble to the rural residence. It was rather late, bordering on the beautiful twilight hour, when I saunter’d around and about the premises; at last I reach’d the spot where I heard the piano—but its sweet tones were silent & I heard not a sound; then I pass’d on untill I came in front of the house, the shutters were clos’d but I heard ladies’ voices—they seem’d much engag’d in conversation—thinks I, shall I act eavesdropper again or shall I boldly venture in? I hesitated a moment, and chose the former, resolving it should be the last time I would act so dishonourably. Well, I listened; they spoke low. I at length heard your name—I thought you were there, but soon found my mistake; they spoke of your fondness for singing. At length one lady said, ‘I wish I had some hymn words to the tune of “Ingleside”—it is such a pretty tune, I always admired it’; the other replied, ‘I have some words which go to that tune, if you wish it I will read them.’ ‘Do,’ replied the other, ‘let us hear them.’ I immediately put my hand in my pocket for my pencil and tablet, as I mentally exclaim’d, ‘I will steal once more, but I wont eavesdrop again; hereafter I will act more honourably’—so without any further compunctions of conscience, or queries

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whether I was right or wrong, I listened attentively while the lady distinctly read the following lines:

There is a stream—a living stream,  
A fount of holy love—  
'Twill cleanse & purify the heart  
And draw the thoughts above.  
'Tis from that heav'nly Throne on high  
These healing waters roll—  
They cleanse from sins of deepest dye  
And new create the soul.

Come, let us drink this heav'nly stream  
Which from this fountain flows—  
Look unto Him whose sovereign pow'r  
The richest gifts bestows.  
With Christian love, with heav'nly zeal,  
Our hearts be rais'd in pray'r;  
Trust in the Son of Righteousness—  
Let all our hopes be there.

This living stream will never cease,  
Tho' time should be no more;  
Then we shall see the Prince of Peace,  
And Christ the Lamb adore  
In yon bright world where seraphim  
Shall strike the golden lyre,  
And angels join the heav'nly strain—  
A bright seraphic choir.

"Should you wish to know why my communications are all address'd to you, I will tell you in my next, should I write again—till then, adieu.

Eavesdropper."

A further offering of hers, written on March 3rd, bears the same pseudonym:

"Madam: Your short but very acceptable letter must have taken a long, circuitous route ere it fell into my hands, as it appears some moons have pass'd since it was written: methinks she—pale Cynthia—twice has fill'd her horn since your epistle or, rather, note was penn'd; but tho' long in coming it arrived at last and was gratefully received by your humble correspondent.

"The thanks you profess to owe for the stolen lines brought a little flush to my cheek—the gratification of obliging you is my only apology for the dishonourable way I receiv'd them; if the obligation (as you term it) is cancell'd by giving the initials of the lady's name who recited them and by your laying the scene at Beechwood, I must only add: *perhaps* you are correct—it is not for me to say or even attempt to contradict a lady of your penetration and discernment.

"Suffice it to say, if you are willing, I am ready to continue a correspondence thus singularly begun. In fact, I have already written my second epistle through the medium of this Office in hopes of receiving some communication from you, and perhaps a deeper blush ought to o'erspread my face when I inform you that I have been really guilty of the same transgression, at the



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same place, and by so doing may have forfeited forever your esteem & friendship. I hope otherwise, I sincerely beg pardon, and truly say it shall be my last offence of this kind. I have now twice confess'd my fault—forgiveness follows, of course.

“You say it is ‘seldom we form acquaintances, except in the sunny days of youth, that act and look as we would have them do’—alas! if my two little faults cannot be forgiven—but they will, they must, they have been forgiven, and our sentiments are truly *orthodox*; therefore I will not dwell on them but close my article by merely mentioning the secret delight, the unfeign'd pleasure, with which I read the closing line of your letter—the *respect* and *esteem* of E—believe me, I shall ever value and always endeavour to merit it. With wishing your every happiness I conclude by subscribing myself your sincere friend, the  
Eavesdropper

and for the last time an eavesdropper.”

As “Polly, the Quakeress”, she wrote “To the Letter Box” in January of 1845:

“Hail! all hail! thou little repository of the thoughts, views, & feelings of the ladies and gentlemen of the beautiful valley of Mill Creek, wilt thou permit a stranger to address thee, thou little ingenious contrivance of man? Why, quite handsome is thy workmanship; thy mechanism, tho' plain & simple, yet can keep aloof the boldest intruder: a simple key turned, keeps all thy secrets safe. True, the curious eye can peep through the aperture in front (thy large mouth always open to receive the precious deposits) and perhaps read the superscription of some of thy epistles, yet within all is safe—wonderful invention of man, a letter box!

“And of what are composed thy materials? I have not examined thee closely but, at a distance, thy surface seems smooth & polished & well pleasing to the eye—but—

“Ah! must thou, too, have thy *buts*? Well, well, it seems in this busy world of ours there is a *but* & an *and* in almost every case, under almost every circumstance; why shouldst thou, then, pretty little ornament of a lady's parlour once a fortnight, why shouldst thou not have thy *buts*, too?

“But the casket is nothing, my little ornament, if the jewels within should prove counterfeits. Then, I pray thee, be the receptacle of such writings as will instruct the mind, enlighten the understanding, & improve the heart—I do not mean always grave essays or serious epistles, but I mean (generally) receive with pleasure only such as may amuse, please, & compensate thy audience for their time (which is, or should be, precious) spent in thy presence, & the fatigue of a short ride through the mud, or a long walk on a frosty evening.

“I intended writing thee a long letter this, the first, month of the year, but time & circumstances forbid. If thou wilt employ an amanuensis & answer this, I think thou shalt again hear from thy Quaker friend; if thou art too much

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occupied with thy numerous *budgets*, why, I can excuse thee, & mayhap thou may'st find a leisure moment in the second month—I may be in thy neighbourhood then &, if permitted, will visit the Post Office Association. I did intend giving thee my opinion of this institution but time will not allow; in my next address to thee, I may give my views provided thee wishes a continuation of this correspondence, thus unsolicited begun. I hope thee will not take amiss thy friend's introduction to thee—by herself—it is given in good faith and she will ever prove true to all that she professes to thee, but she must now say thee farewell. 1st month, 1845.

Polly, the Quakeress."

And in the same month, as "Highland Mary", she inscribes a few blithesome lines "To Mr. D", taking him to task for having written "to the lasses of love". "Mr. D" was associated with Texas in some way, for she mentions "the River Brassos" there "where scarce any cash is . . . and *love letters* trash is, when publicly written by youths never smitten." She then bids him good-bye and declares, "We two cannot agree, 'tis evident to me; as long as I am free, annexation cannot be." (Texas was annexed to the Union in 1845.)

Next, as "Pedestrian", she describes the view of Mill Creek Valley from one of the hills above it:

"Madam: Having heard much of the beauty & lovely scenery of your Mill Creek Valley, I had a strong desire to visit it & judge for myself, so my friend & I took an early breakfast one morning in the present month, the air was bracing & except for a little fog the morning beautiful, scarcely could the mind anticipate so bright & soft a morn in the usually cold & cheerless month of January as that on which we commenc'd our pedestrian trip. My young friend, having an eye & a heart to enjoy the beauties of nature in all its forms, indeed seem'd at times spell-bound. We first bent our course in a winding direction, after which we found ourselves in the view of the canal; we thought we should ramble along it & then ascend the lofty hill at some little distance before us. We were much struck with the view we had from this point, but we thought it not at all comparable to that above. After a while we cross'd the water & attempted to ascend but we had frequently to stop & gaze in rapturous delight on the scenes below. By the time we got midway up the fog began to disperse & it was beautiful to see the mist depart, while the cheering beams from the pow'rful king of day dispell'd all obstruction to our view. We at length gain'd the summit, but here I pause—language can scarcely portray the beauty & loveliness of the vale below. I had no conception of such a prospect, beautiful beyond description—the feeble efforts of my pen could never do it justice, nor will I attempt it. My companion for a time seemed speechless, we both stood enjoying the lovely view, below, around, in every direction. Oh! nature, how beautiful thou art! I at last exclaim'd, how lovely in all thy variety—the



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meandering Mill Creek, below, the canal with its boats gliding along, the sheep & cattle browsing on the sloping hills, the well-cultivated farms, even the turn-pike had a beauty in our eye. A heart not susceptible of the beauties of nature must be cold & dull indeed, & a heart that cannot enjoy a scene like this must be adamant. We could scarcely leave the enchanting spot, but time kept his usual pace & we had to mark his flight, as we had to extend our walk to the city. We bade adieu to the charming spot, resolved in early Spring or some soft Summer morn to renew our ramble, to revisit this beautiful hill & give ourselves more time to enjoy the delightful view of your beautiful valley.

“Methinks the ladies either have no great taste or do not sufficiently indulge it in this valley, or we should see their sylph-like forms, or more majestic figures, with their flowing garments floating to the wind, on the brow of these hills. Perchance we may sometime in our excursions, when Spring puts on her vivid green and they possess a spirit of rambling too, have a peep at their interesting faces—may they ever enjoy all thy beauties, sweet nature, for

Oh! nature, how lovely thou art!  
How beautiful valley and hill—  
Could pencil thy beauties impart,  
I'd long for the painter's sweet skill.

I would paint the bright valley below,  
The windings of yonder pure stream,  
The old mill, yon farm house, and oh!  
Like magic of some fairy dream,  
I'd picture each beauty so true,  
Fair ladies, you'd all want to view.

I would take in yonder dense grove,  
Those woods so cheering in Spring,  
Where the cattle in mid-Summer rove  
And birds of the forest oft sing,  
Also yonder deep azure sky  
So pleasing to poetic eye.

Yon garden where sweet flow'rets bloom  
In the midst of cold Winter's snow—  
They yield not the richest perfume,  
Yet fair to the sight do they grow—  
For man, with his magical art,  
Doth the heat of Summer impart.

I would take in yon beautiful plain  
That looks now so striking to me,  
Yon far and extensive domain  
That abounds with the tall forest tree,  
Each rivulet, hill, and each grove,  
As far as the eye can now rove.

But the painter's sweet skill is not mine—  
With pencil I cannot portray;  
Nor in poetry bring forth a line  
That would half of these beauties display.  
Then come, ye fair ladies, come, see  
The prospect that opens to thee.

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Writing at Beechwood on May 31st she describes "The Prospect" from Prospect Hill which, one judges, was the hill now called "Mt. Storm". There she "stood long and gaz'd upon the lovely scene—the valley dress'd in living green," the cemetery, the woods, "the stately mansion of the rich farmer . . . the cottage of the labouring poor", deep ravines and rivulets, meand'ring Mill Creek and, just above it, the canal with boats and boatman's horn, scatter'd little villages, and turn-pike roads, "the mill strikes our view—the old crazy mill, rattling its odd wheels . . . the bridges without whitewash or paint."

In March of 1845 she wrote (to Araminta Mount?):

"It is with the pleasing emotions of genuine friendship that Amicus takes pen in hand to reply to the interesting letter of A. B. M. whose gentle heart seems so fully to appreciate the visitations of a wise and unerring Providence. Her afflictions, if not already sanctified, have at least softened into quiet submission and tender feelings the thoughts of her heart, as she has 'learned the sweet uses in sickness'. That her heart may be comforted in all her trials is the sincere wish of her correspondent.

"What more beautiful than early piety—the young heart, the youthful aspiring mind, devoting all its pure energies and consecrating its earliest affections to that immaculate Being who first fills the breast with a sweet foretaste of joys to come! Without religion, what were life? What all the enjoyments of this world if the heart be estrang'd from God?—

Religion's sacred lamp alone  
Unerring points the way  
Where happiness forever shines  
With unpolluted ray.

"But it is not always we can apply the heav'nly consolations of the Gospel to our own hearts—ofttimes we feel so much our own unworthiness, our utter inability even to think a good thought, that we cannot appropriate the rich blessings & sweet promises of Sacred Writ to ourselves, nevertheless we should take comfort in knowing our desires are heaven-ward, our hopes point there and from thence all our expectations of permanent felicity come.

"God walks in a mysterious path, and our finite minds cannot comprehend Deity, but He is wise—therefore our trust, our sole dependence, should be implicitly fix'd on Him, the giver of every good & perfect gift. If He allows sometimes dark clouds to obscure our vision He will, by and by, dispel the mist, point with a finger of love to the 'Son of Righteousness' who shines with healing in His beams and whose renovating power makes light to arise in darkness—'His grace is ever sufficient.'

"You say aright, 'the sympathy of friends awakens emotions of gratitude'—sweet indeed is the sympathy of true friendship, and priz'd above all earthly pleasures a congenial soul, a mind where heart meets heart reciprocally soft, 'each other's pillow to repose divine', but—



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The heart a seal'd fountain would be,  
Were the germ of affection not there;  
And the voice of true sympathy,  
So sweet to the delicate ear,  
Would in silence unbroken lie,  
If stifled the bosom's soft sigh.

'Tis this gush of affection that brings  
To light sweet feelings enshrin'd  
In the depths of the heart, where springs  
Emotion pure, true, undefin'd,  
That ne'er on the surface appears  
Till brought forth by *love's* falling tears.

The seat of affection—the heart—  
A fountain of crystalline love,  
Where sweet purling streams often start  
Flowing on to the river above;  
Then mingling their waters they glide,  
Are lost, in eternity's tide.

May thy barque glide safely along;  
Nor rocks, shoal, or quicksand appear;  
But soft as the sweet breath of song  
Of angels in yonder bright sphere,  
Come the rich healing mercies of heav'n  
And gently, but truly, are giv'n.

As "Rambler", she suggests that contributors to the Post Office Association avoid giving offense by mentioning any impoliteness on the part of a member:

"In my travels through various parts of our Union I met with a great variety of persons, of countenances, and minds; I also saw a great many beautiful places—to me the beauties of Nature ever have a secret pleasure—but the spell-binding charm is beauty of countenance, and how diversified are these! So also with the human mind—each has some peculiar trait which intercourse with society draws forth. How necessary, then, for each one to cultivate all the virtues of the heart!

"A well-regulated mind ever shows to great advantage either in public or private, but more especially in the social circles—for instance, a pleasant neighbourhood in the country where families meet to spend a social evening together in friendly communion where there is free interchange of thoughts & feelings. How desirable, then, for each member to endeavour with true courtesy and genuine politeness to excel in all the *et cetera's* of agreeable manners, gentle deportment, affability, & kindness, using every method to please, strictly avoiding anything intentionally to wound.

"In my recent travels through the beautiful Mill Creek Valley (which forcibly struck my eye) I tarried one evening with a friend in whose vicinity there had recently been organiz'd a Post Office Association, where I was politely invited to attend; it happened to be open that night and, being fully assured I would not be an intruder and, moreover, would have an opportunity of

seeing the elite of the village and neighbourhood, my curiosity got the better of my diffidence & I partly consented to attend. After the evening repast, altho' the night was very unfavourable, we started. I cannot accurately tell the distance, but the ascent from the public road was a gradual winding round a hill very high & commanding, on which stood the noble edifice brilliantly illuminated; thus lighted, the appearance was beautiful in the darkness of that cloudy night, when not a star was to be seen. After entering the house we were much pleas'd with the polite reception & attention of the inmates. Soon we were seated and in due time the letter box was opened and many letters read, some very well written indeed, affording both pleasure & amusement if I judged aright from the merry laugh and sparkling eye. At length there was one letter opened, addressed to a young gentleman present—it was read, & I was sorry it was; immediately a change appeared in some countenances, not actually of displeasure, but it was evident the missile touched, perhaps probed too deep—I know not, such my supposition.

“Not to dictate but merely suggest: would it not be better, if a person has not done exactly the true & polite thing, to tell him privately? These little social meetings should always be harmonious, & naught be said to wound. From the tenor of the letter I should suppose there had been a deficiency in politeness somewhere. Methinks, neither should this be—each one should study all the common rules of politeness.

“Some perhaps might ask, what is politeness? I would answer in the words of a lady, ‘It is a divine principle branched into a thousand little channels & flowing through all the minutiae of life—education may improve but can never give it, for it must be founded in the soul, or is never seen in full perfection; a painter may learn the rules of a design & compendium of colours, but if he possesses not the enthusiasm of the art, his pictures will be lifeless & insipid.

“‘Politeness is that amiable disposition which delights in the happiness of others, consults their ease, prevents their wants, and yields them every possible convenience—this is the source of these civilities & attentions which distinguish a well-bred person, and without etiquette dwindle into unmeaning ceremony.’ To give efficacy & grace to politeness, it must be accompanied with some degree of taste as well as delicacy, and though its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it is not perfect without a knowledge of the world!

“But I do not wish to discuss the principles of politeness in such a society as this—I presume there can scarcely any one be deficient in the polite art—I merely wish to remark I was much pleas'd with the gentleman's manner in which he receiv'd the rebuke (if one was intended), it was an evidence of kindly feelings at heart & a disposition not easily ruffled; if he has not attained the highest point in the calendar of the principles of politeness, as that letter intimated, he has at least done



honour to himself by his self-command and noble bearing in the presence of the audience—therefore the rebuke or criticism so publicly tendered, fell pointless at his feet.

“But, ladies, I beg pardon—perhaps I have intruded by my unbidden remarks—forgive the rustic stranger and, ere my closing bow is made, I pray thee receive my thanks for the agreeable entertainment and polite courtesy receiv’d in the brilliant saloon of that high-capp’d mound in the beautiful valley of Mill Creek.

“Adieu, excuse these remarks of an unseen or, rather, an unknown observer, written *pro re nata*.

Rambler.”

In the eighteen-forties there were many Germans in Cumminsville who had come to America to escape from the arbitrary rule and suppression of liberty in most of the states of the German Confederation. The older residents delighted in burlesques of their broken English speech; even Rebecca tried her hand at this and, as “Peter Queer”, poked fun at the Letter Association:

“Dis Lettur be’s vor von Lady vat keep te Post Office vor gals und poys in Cumminvill, Ohio State.

“Vell, I nefer did see sich funny folk as be here in dis Mericay. Vy, in my country, ve goes to schule in de day time, und ve rites our letturs at home, und ve does n’t let efry pody vat comes hear ’em read und make lauff at ’em. Vell, I teclare ven ve rites lofe letturs—I means ven ve wants a gal to marry us, ve don’t do as I hears sum of de poys und gals do in de new schule vat has been hopen’d in dis village von Cumminvill—I tink it be strange. Ise glad Ise been tied to my voman pefore I com to dis Mericay, caus Ise a kinder pashful und Ise not like to ax my gal out loud pefore all efrypody vat coms to dis new schule—I not like dis fashion, jis com about, vat Ise hearn of—Ise tink it not true somhow, put de voman vat tolt me apout it say it pe true, Ich weiss nicht; und de man say Ise mout go py de schule som night und hear mit mein hown hears, und he say Ise mout rite von lettur oder Pistle, he call it, I tink, und den Ise vould have von pistle out of de tesk, to be read vor mein own self—de head master who was von voman, vould unlock de pig tesk vich vas mit letturs full, und make von of de teachers read me a lettur, so I tought dis vera quveer, put I tought also as how I vould mend mein olt pen vich I keeps vor rite letturs to de olt country—Ise don’t vant call ’em pistles, vat ve calls ’em guns vat haf short handels pistels—so I sit down dis day vor to ax you, de Mam, if dis folk tells vat is true, so yust rite me a little line und say if Ise may com py your schule, yust to see de poys und gals make lofe in riting. Mein tochter wants to com mit, put meine frau she say she no com dis time, daddy go first, see, cause I tink somhow I likes not dis mericay way of speaking lofe mit de poys und gals, it look sassy und bold; so Ise be com py mein self—if de Mam allows de Deutchman to com in de inglish schule.

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“You must mein pad inglish excoos, I rite not much in dat, put if you could mein Deutsch riting see—it is goot, vera goot, I tink. Vell, ven you rites me vord, vy, say on de pack of de lettur to Mister Peter Queer—dat is mein name ven I rites to de mericay lady, cause as how mein Deutsch name is hard to spell in inglish und you not no it if I rite it in Deutsch. Vell, I tink I not say more dis time. Ven I hears dem lofe pistels Ise no’s vat Ise vill say on ’em, cause I not tink dat vay goot, no goot, not so in Deutschland, ve not make fun of sich tings in publick—de poys und gals more sly in our countree—put I spose efrapody has a vay vat he likes, so Ise say no more at present cause Ise vill rite again ven I hears ’em read. So now goot bye, Lady, all of you, und I sine mein self py mein mericay name,  
Peter Queer.

“N. B. Now ven you rites to Peter, goot Lady, say ven he mout com mit his tochter—she pe von shany gal, goot gal, meine frau she no likes her go mit mericay gals, it make her too prout—she not prout now, I tink it not make her prout—vat you tink, Mam? She no look at de poys, she yung und pashful put she is von fine gal, ja, ja, she von fine gal is.

Peter.”

Writing to the association in January of 1845 as “Philo”, Rebecca refers to that subject of universal interest, so often flippantly dealt with:

“Love has become quite a hackneyed expression, even in the Literary Cabinet, and has been so hardly squeezed that, really, its true substance seems lost—nothing but dross, dross. Methinks love is an exalted passion—like gold in the ore, its finest qualities are hidden too deep to meet the gaze of every eye, but when it meets the refiner’s fire, then it comes forth pure and unalloyed, a solid, weighty, not a superficial lump deceiving by its appearance. True love intuitively shrinks from the public gaze, prefers retirement, is better felt than e’er express’d—but where am I running to? I did not intend writing a thesis on the pure & exalted passion of love—no, no, my intended theme was friendship, twin-sister to soul-exalting love, bright soother of many a lonely hour, kind companion of the oppress’d, gentle inmate of the feeling heart, oft sung to the musical lyre, more oft sweetly rob’d in poetical dress to please the mortal mind.” She then cites the friendship of David and Jonathan, of Ruth and Naomi, and wishes the association success.

It seems that her brother Joseph had addressed Rebecca through the Letter Box and, as the wind-spirit “Eoline”, she replies as follows:

“Your welcome epistle, written with a pen formed from the quill of a blue crane [great blue heron] shot on the bank of Mill Creek, found me very busily employ’d. My loneliness I had not felt but I was glad it was anticipated, as it gave rise & colour to thoughts & feelings that brought back by-gone hours to the mind in all their vividness & sweetly soothing power.



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Memory is a sweet ingredient in our cup of life's minglings—if not always, yet oft, she brings the pleasing past in all its bright array, and that to our view which in perspective seems ages to give, in retrospect seems but a day . . .

“Methinks time, even with his ‘stealthy tread upon our heels’, does not always deaden our sensibilities to all that is sunny, that gave charm to life in the days of our early youth—happy days of our childhood, of love & innocence pure and unalloyed, how beautiful even in the retrospect! I love to recall thee, unclouded as thou wert, unsullied by a single tear—only those pure, crystal gems that softened pity’s eye at the approach of suffering & distress . . .

“What a singular thing is the human heart—how peculiarly constructed, almost indefinable—touch but a single chord, and how many pulses awake and vibrate to that touch, how many thoughts intrude, how many feelings arise—busy memory is on the alert, she takes wing, soaring flies, nor does she tarry on the way, she travels on the wings of the wind nor pauses till she reaches life’s first remembrances. With your epistle in hand she sweetly smiles and places before me soft visions of the past, how she travels & traverses each hill & dale & flowery plain! why, I can scarce keep pace with her eagle flight! . . .”

In February she addressed four stanzas to Mary Hill of Linden Place: a tribute to her, to her happy home soon to be decked with the flowers of early Spring, and begging her to receive it.

On February 22nd she penned several stanzas headed, “Murder Will Out—Written by Request”, about a cat hung from an apple-tree until it was dead for having nearly killed a pet bird. She was visiting a friend at Pomona Plains, near Cumminsville, when she came upon the “awful sight”; her friend declared that all such predatory cats must perish, whatever the law might say, and made this request of Rebecca:

“See, there she hangs! go, write her story —  
And let it be a category!”

In lines headed “Night Scene”, written in May, she describes Mrs. McLean (who may have been the late James C. Ludlow’s sister, Sarah Bella Ludlow Garrard McLean, who had married John McLean in 1843) and a meeting of the association’s members at Linden Place. At twilight she “sat alone in musing mood, enjoying Nature’s solitude”, and “not a sound fell on the ear except the rill that gurgled near as, gently winding round the hill, it bent its course towards the mill.” The stars came out and the moon “cast her glance in waters clear, for Mill Creek ran meand’ring near.” Then Morpheus “thick around his poppies threw . . . instead of brilliant stars and moon, methought within a large saloon I sat on sopha long and wide with splendid lady by my side . . . and yet I look’d once more, again—the lady was Mistress McLean, and other ladies, too, were there, with pleasing

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

forms and faces fair . . . a letter box I also saw, from which fair hands would often draw a bright epistle, read aloud and thus amuse the list'ning crowd—and beaux were there to hear the fun, to make remarks when they were done . . .”

Rebecca notes that by May 15th, 1845, she had written thirty-one letters to the association.

A member using the pen-name “Amicitia” sent Channing’s clever enigma to Rebecca with the request that she solve it; and Rebecca’s reply, dated May 29, 1845, is no less clever:

“I have seated myself with pen in hand to reply to the short epistle of Amicitia who has given me an enigma to solve. She did not request me to do it in verse—I presume she left that discretionary with myself. I shall now transcribe it and, if after it is written, the Muse favours me with her aid, I will endeavour to reply in numbers; if not, I must attempt it in more sober prose, to anticipate her wishes:

### ENIGMA

There is a word of plural number,  
A foe to peace & human slumber.  
Now, any word you chance to take,  
By adding *s* you plural make;  
But if you add an *s* to this,  
How strange the metamorphosis!—  
Plural is plural then no more,  
And sweet what bitter was before!

“I think, with my correspondent, the enigma is a good one and, to increase its excellence, it is short. Not being possess’d of the powers of mind belonging to Channing, its author, I think it will be impossible for me to clothe my answer in such smooth verse or in so concise a manner, but my effort will be, not to tire:

I’ve sought for words, and not a few  
To solve the riddle sent by you;  
And if all England strove in vain  
To solve and make the puzzle plain  
A length of time, then why should I,  
Whose noddle is so dull, e’en try?  
Attempt I will—a friend’s request  
Must not be treated as a jest.

This word you send “of plural number,  
A foe to peace and human slumber”,  
Is neither stairs, glares, pairs, nor airs,  
But that sad word denoted CARES.  
Sure, *cares* distract and *cares* annoy,  
Our peace of mind do oft destroy,  
And then, to make its pains complete,  
A bitter adds to every sweet.

But if to *cares* you add an *s*,  
You have that pleasing word CARESS.  
Then cares are past and felt no more,  
“And sweet what bitter was before”;  
Plural no longer plural is—  
And this the metamorphosis!



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"If I rightly have solv'd your enigma, you will let me know in your next communication; if not, please explain it for me.

Your friend, R. C. C."

On the same day she recounts how "Mrs. H" singled her out for the gift of a forget-me-not. It was at a meeting of the association: "and the Letter Box came, laden with freight—the 'budget', tho' lengthy, was not of much weight, nor the articles written thought very great." Refreshments were served, "all seem'd in good cheer." The hostess led her guests to a salver heaped with flowers and invited each one to select a bouquet. After Rebecca had picked out a posy, the lady "approach'd, stood a moment in thought, then plac'd in my hand the forget-me-not; the sweet little blossom I took with delight, thank'd the kind lady and bade her good-night—some eyes look'd wistful at my bouquet, but firmly I bore it in triumph away."

At three o'clock in the morning of May 28th she was awakened at Beechwood by passersby, probably on a canal-boat, singing to the accompaniment of a guitar. A few hours later, she made note of her impressions in verse—her final contribution to the Letter Box:

. . . E'en Echo was sleeping, and breeze there was none;  
Morpheus reign'd on his dark, leaden throne . . .  
I sank in deep sleep, my consciousness fled,  
And I slumber'd some hours in repose on my bed—  
Then there came a sweet sound, a soft, thrilling strain.  
So low and so clear I heard it quite plain—  
A lilting lay, like a bird-note from far,  
With masterly stroke on the light guitar . . .  
It seem'd as if harpers were harping on high,  
So unearthly the charm of that minstrelsy.  
Enraptur'd I heark'd to the deep vocal lay  
As it came on the night-breeze and floated away . . .  
I look'd out on the heav'ns, the clouds had all pass'd,  
The moon a soft lustre around her had cast . . .  
Still I heard it afar, still I wish'd it were near—  
The silvery sound that fell on my ear . . .  
I would thank the kind minstrels again and again,  
And invite to our valley their talented choir,  
Invoke them once more to sing the rich strain  
And, oft as they would, to strike the soft lyre.

Beneath these lines, in Joseph's handwriting, is this note: "Prostrated by a severe illness, I have been under the necessity of engaging an amanuensis to transcribe the above lines, which may be the last I shall ever be permitted to transmit to the Correspondence Association. R. C. C., June 12th, 1845."

Joseph has added these words: "Alas! too truly *the last!* Sweet spirit, lovely child of song, it was the last of thy earthly melodies—thou singest now the Song of Moses and of the Lamb and hearest with unutterable delight the sweeter lays of heaven.

J. C. C."

## XXXVII

### REBECCA'S LAST THREE YEARS

THE SIXTH generation of the family in America had about run its course. Of Cornelius III's children, Elizabeth, Peter, Nicholas, Rachel, Andrew, Abraham, and Cornelius were dead. Now John's time had come; he was the eldest son, had lived to the green old age of 82 years, and passed away at The Woodlands on April 2, 1842. Only Edward Nicholas of Greensburg and Francis of The Woodlands were left.

Nicholas had died intestate. On June 30 his son Joseph was appointed as administrator of his estate; Jacob Hoffner, Ephraim Knowlton, and J. F. Lakeman were named as appraisers.

On June 13 Mary (Este) Clopper's sister, Sarah Ann (Este) Mills, died at her home in Morristown, New Jersey.

At Beechwood on January 18, 1842, Rebecca wrote "Lines on the Death of my interesting cousin, Margaret McKnight of Philadelphia, who departed this life in her 21st year." Margaret's sister Susan, age sixteen years, had died a few months before. In February of 1835 Rebecca had seen her cousin "M. McKnight" and daughters in Chambersburg; and again in the following May, on her journey returning from the east, she stopped in Chambersburg and visited her "dear Margaret"—presumably this was her cousin Margaret (Chambers) McKnight whose two daughters had been taken so long before their proper time. Young Margaret was pious and, after her sister's death, gave herself wholly to religious study and activities, saying, "Now I am done with the world." Rebecca describes her death scene in these words: "The day on which she died, while the family and friends were standing around her, having previously distributed many little tokens of love to different persons as mementoes of affection and friendship and taken leave of the family, she straightened herself in bed, gazed on her father who approached and ask'd if he should again unite with her in prayer, she sweetly replied, 'not audibly but I wish you all to join in silent prayer,' first requesting all the shutters of the windows to be clos'd, then closing her eyes and gently placing her hands across her breast, they all knelt in a short, fervent prayer—when they arose, the spirit of that lovely girl had quietly passed away and her happy soul had joined its seraph sister in the skies, and the beloved parents were left childless . . ."

Mrs. Wightman of Matagorda County, Texas, whose sister and husband had been taken from her by death, asked Rebecca



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to compose some lines for her comfort and Rebecca obliged with twenty-four stanzas headed "Afflictions", put on paper at Beechwood in 1842. With firm faith in the teachings of her religion she points out that "True happiness is found above."

Mary (Este) Clopper has recorded that on July 7, 1842, she began teaching in the cottage. This must have been "Rose Cottage" across the creek, then owned by Caroline, for at this time an icehouse occupied the site between Beechwood and the canal where a cottage was built in after years. Who were her pupils she does not tell us—probably children of the neighborhood—nor do we know how long the school lasted, but one suspects it was as short-lived as her husband's venture into this field twelve years before on Seventh St.

Writing at Beechwood on August 30th Rebecca set down in twenty-five stanzas her views on "Music and Beauty". She tells where music is to be found: "in the passing breeze and in the boatman's horn" as well as "in the song of birds and in the ocean's roar", indeed "the mind endow'd with taste finds music everywhere". Beauty too is omnipresent to the seeing eye,

For God has set His seal of love  
Upon the human soul—  
His gifts of grace will shine throughout  
And beautify the whole.

Joseph must have been depressed by some misfortune in the Autumn of 1842, for Rebecca addresses a few stanzas to him in order to remind him of their cherished doctrine:

The Christian, when deep trials come  
And probe his bosom's core,  
Will meekly bow, and kiss the rod,  
And silently adore.

To which admonition Joseph replied on October 16th:

To deck the azure vault of heaven,  
Jehovah gave the stars their birth;  
Then, stooping, flung the glorious flowers  
O'er all the solitudes of earth.

The morning stars together sang  
And still their Maker's praise proclaim,  
And man still meets an incense sweet  
From flowers of every hue and name.

O earth, thou art not all a waste!  
If e'en were blighted all thy flowers,  
Spirits are here—God's ministers—  
To cheer the Christian's darkest hours.

And such art thou, dear friend, to me—  
Forgetting self, thy noble heart  
Has wept o'er others' woes, and well  
Performed in *deed* the Christian's part.

The Angel of the Covenant  
In blessing others, bless thee here—  
If not, he *will* reward in heaven  
For every deed and every tear.

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Rebecca liked to compare one season of the year with another, define their characteristics and, in retrospection, dwell upon their significance. At Beechwood her surroundings in 1842 were so rural that these necessarily impressed themselves daily upon her sensitive nature, as shown by these lines of hers, penned in September:

The Spring reminds of early youth,  
Of joyous pleasures swiftly flown,  
The hours of innocence and truth,  
When bright our morning sun had shown  
And not a cloud the eye could see  
To mar the lovely scenery.

The Summer tells of later hours  
When clouds appear to blot the scene,  
When buds expand to full-blown flow'rs—  
The worm is near, tho' oft unseen—  
We lose our friends, they droop and die,  
And sorrow's tear bedews the eye.

Autumn shows the flight of time—  
The flow'rs are fading fast away.  
In ev'ry land, in ev'ry clime,  
Beauties of nature swift decay—  
They clearly prove and fully show  
There's no unchanging place below.

And Winter—what does winter say? . . .  
That here we cannot always stay—  
He bids us be prepared to die  
And live but for eternity.

On October 28th, at Beechwood, she set down seventeen more stanzas on this subject, dwelling on common preferences for one season or another as Father Time reviews their several charms, and again urging us to "improve the seasons as they pass":

'Tis Spring portrays the youthful mind;  
In Summer riper thoughts we find;  
Autumn, array'd in sober grey,  
Shows man fast hastening to decay;  
While Winter, with his frosted zone,  
Whispers, Thy course is almost run.

Writing at "The Forest", which was likely at Walton in Boone County, Kentucky, on October 23, 1842, Charlotte Clarkson tells Rebecca that she had intended to see her when visiting Ludlow Station but was prevented by circumstances. She is grateful to Rebecca for having attended to the grave of "our dear Charles"—posts and rails had been hauled to the spot for use in enclosing it but Mr. Clarkson waited for Squire Ludlow to shew him the place and so it was left undone. She pleads guilty to the charge of having her affections directed to the comforts of this life. "When worldly business prospers we can complacently thank God for the blessings we enjoy and desire his aid in enduring the ills of life, yet when these meet us in



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the face, when trials and privations really surround, when property is swept off by the besom of political misrule, *then* we find it very hard to say, 'thy will be done', should it interfere with our actual habits and comforts." She mentions her sister Josephine—does she refer to Josephine (Dunlop) Ludlow, James C. Ludlow's widow?

Receipts for homely items often reveal a little of one's manner of life as well as styles and prices of the period. For instance, in October of 1842 Joseph bought twenty-five bushels of Pomeroy coal at nine cents a bushel—one doesn't hear of Pomeroy coal nowadays, nor of any coal at nine cents a bushel! In March of 1845 he paid a tailor \$15 for a coat and \$3.75 for a vest and the cutting of a pair of trousers. On May 1st, 1845 Mary Ann paid eight dollars to Eliza Bridges for a writing desk which she had got in the preceding December. One gathers that in 1843 a man named John Brown rented from Caroline her "Rose Cottage" across the creek and cultivated the ground around it. He paid the rent partly in driblets of cash and partly in vegetables and poultry: sweet corn at six cents a dozen ears, cucumbers and tomatoes at eight cents a dozen, turkeys at seventy-five cents a brace. In the following February Caroline rented the place to Mrs. Catherine Couch at three dollars a month and also employed her to wash clothes.

On January 11, 1843, Joseph gave John McMakin his note for \$12.86 payable the next day—but it was not paid until principal and interest had amounted to \$22.84!

On February 9th Joseph Reynolds of Baltimore and Lucy Ann, daughter of David K. and Lucy (Harrison) Este, were married.

On March 25th Edward E. Este, Mary (Este) Clopper's and Hannah (Este) Burnet's brother, died in Texas. Dr. Ashbel Smith, the Burnet family's physician, declared that he "perished among the victims of Mexia." His wife survived him only a short time. In her album Mary noted, "My brother Edward left me for the south Tuesday, March 4th, 1834—just nine years ago". Edward's will is a brief instrument: "As for my certificate for a head right, also my place on Cedar Bayou and my lot in San Jacinto I wish kept until they will bring something near their value and then sold and the amount paid to my sister Mary Clopper or her children now in Cincinnati, Ohio. My small stock of cattle I wish you to keep all, except the four cows and calves now in the care of Mrs. Proctor which I wish her to have together with my pony. My clothes I wish for your son Christian to have. My bedding, bed &c keep yourself. What is due to me from others collect and keep it as your own: there is my pay from Kirkham for my part of the crop &c. As life is very uncertain I have thought proper to make this my wish and will in case of my death before my return to your house." *Memoranda*—A note due Adam Smith \$363.40 payable 15 months after date in Texas money which when due amounted to \$68 par money—

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Texas money then going six for one. Notes and accounts due Edward in Smith's possession amounting to about \$130—some of them worth nothing, adds Joseph. Adam Smith must have been a relative of Edward's wife—possibly her father or brother.

On April 8th Rebecca borrowed \$200 from David K. Este, giving him her note for this sum payable in three years with interest and secured by a mortgage on three acres and seventeen square poles between Mill Creek and the canal. Joseph paid the \$200 to Este on June 21, 1845, whereupon the note was returned and the mortgage cancelled.

During the Spring of 1843 Clopper's mill continued active, sawing lumber for several parties, Rebecca among them. In December of 1844 Rebecca is debited with 5,951 feet of lumber—she had probably had timber felled on her land, seasoned, and sawn into lumber to be sold. On February 18, 1845, Joseph and J. B. Wertz, under the firm name of Clopper & Wertz, began operating the saw-mill jointly, turning out joists, rafters, sills, boards, planks, sheeting, posts, palings, and fencing, but the business seems to have come to an end on the first of the following September. Was the "crazy old mill" silent from that time on?

It appears that Eliza Stevenson was visiting Rebecca at Beechwood in August of 1843, for in seventeen stanzas Rebecca describes "The Evening Walk" which she and Eliza took at sunset "along the stream", which must have been Mill Creek. The grass before each cottage door was green, forest trees stood majestic, on their right was a wood where water stole down a ravine and flowed round a little mound, in front they had an extensive view of fields and orchards, on one side a wide plain, on the other a high wooded hill. Eliza gathered some mussel-shells from out the sand and admired them, then she picked up pebbles. Farther on they came to "another gurgling rill—a chasm then by waters made, and next a crazy mill, and then a foot-bridge o'er the stream". If they were strolling downstream on the creek's bank, the water stealing down a ravine on their right may have been Ludlow's Run which empties into Mill Creek at Clopper's Ford, the high wooded hill Mt. Storm, the other "gurgling rill" a small brook from Mt. Storm, the chasm by waters made may have been the mill-race, the crazy mill Clopper's saw-mill, and the foot-bridge the means of access to it from Cumminsville or, possibly, the predecessor of the Ludlow Avenue bridge across Mill Creek; if they were strolling upstream—and this is more likely—the wide plain where now is Spring Grove Cemetery was on their left, the high wooded hill was Clifton on their right, the chasm by waters made was the canal's spillway, the crazy mill was another structure of the kind making use of the flow of water from the canal, and the foot-bridge may have been farther east. In December of 1843 at Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Eliza Stevenson wrote to Caroline and Mary Ann, telling them that she had moved to the "big house" and would be pleased to see them there.





**MILL CREEK, NEAR CINCINNATI**

Engraved by W. Wellstood expressly for The Ladies' Repository. Middleton, Wallace & Co., Printers, Cincinnati.



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One wonders whether Eliza fell ill when visiting the parent of a child named Sarah Frances in Maysville, Kentucky, at some time in the year 1845 and had then asked Joseph C. Clopper to write a poem for her which she might present to that parent and child in appreciation of the attention they paid her while she was indisposed, for the following lines are Joseph's, "written for Miss Stephenson, Nov. 14, 1845":

The Summer flowers had passed away,  
The forest scenes looked dark & drear,  
And Winter's blasts did seem to play  
A dirge's wail o'er the buried year.  
Not so the flower of Friendship fades—  
A flower that was not born to die,  
But blooms as fresh in Sorrow's shades  
As under Pleasure's sunny sky;  
To no one spot of earth confined,  
This lovely plant still meets our view  
And sheds an influence on the mind  
Benign as Hermon's heavenly dew.

Thus, when a victim of disease  
In Maysville, prostrate long I lay,  
The force of Friendship's power to please  
Was sweetly felt from day to day.  
And when, dear friend, you came not near  
To cheer my solitary room,  
Your child would in your stead appear  
And gently dissipate its gloom.

Loved one! like winged celestial sent,  
She came—an artless little maid;  
And, if asleep, some condiment  
With noiseless step she near me laid—  
An impress making thus on me  
Beyond the reach of studied art,  
And Sarah Frances's name shall be  
Forever graven on my heart.

Dear little friend! like *you* were those  
The blessed Savior loved so much.  
Then love you *Him* who all things knows  
And says that heaven is formed of such.

At Pittsburgh on October 12, 1843, David B. McKibbin wrote to his cousin Rebecca at Beechwood. He fears that he has been forgotten since he left Beechwood because Caroline and Mary Ann do not write to him, and Mary and Joseph do so only once in a while: "you must not let edy forget me"—by "edy" he meant Edward N. Clopper, then about three years old. Jeremiah McKibbin has been heard from, is in good spirits, was never heartier, and wishes to be remembered to all his cousins at Beechwood. David "was astounded to learn" from Mrs. Lytle that Mrs. Eaton was dead. "We go to school to Joseph McKibbin Esq and we get along better with him than any teacher we ever went to excepting your own dear self." He wishes to visit Beechwood again. He thanks Rebecca "for the pop corn but would rather it had been Beech nuts for I love them dearly . . .



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there is no place like Beechwood." He is sorry that "John May and Ella are gone. Mrs. Lytle says you are very lonesome." He adds a page to his cousin Caroline C. Clopper and relates what Mrs. Lytle had told him about the accidental death of a child on board of the steamboat which had carried her to Pittsburgh—"the father went deranged and the mother almost so". He hopes one or all will come up, "for there is plenty of room in the exchange"—he refers to the Exchange Hotel in Pittsburgh of which McKibbin & Smith were the proprietors.

Margaretta Georgina Little, who often signed herself "Etta" and at times "Etta G. Little", frequently contributed to the Clopper albums in 1843 and occasionally in later years. She spent some time at Beechwood and several of her contributions were written there. In June of 1844 Rebecca bade Georgetta "Adieu" in a number of lines.

In that same month Rebecca also wrote of Linden Farm or Linden Hill where the two Hill sisters resided; and of Gano's residence, The Hills, where she visited Ellen and Maria, sisters, and stood and viewed the Mill Creek valley, the bright stream gliding by, the dam, the mill, and the distant hills.

Shortly before Charlotte Ludlow and Charles A. Jones, a lawyer of New Orleans, were married, Charlotte's sister Sarah Bella Ludlow who was called "Bell" and signed herself so, addressed a note to Rebecca at "Beechwood" saying, "Do not expect a formal invitation to Charlotte's wedding for none are to be sent but we will be most happy to see you all at 5 oclock Tuesday afternoon, be shure and come. Will you be kind enough to mark a couple of handkerchifs, the clean one for Charlotte and the other is mine. Can C - - - 's be marked by Monday and oblige yours ever effectionately, Bell." No doubt Charlotte carried the clean one at her wedding—one wonders whether "Bell" carried the other as it was!

In mid-December of 1843 a temperance convention was held in the village of Mt. Pleasant, as Mt. Healthy in Hamilton County was then called. General John McMakin presided and Joseph C. Clopper invoked God's blessing on the proceedings. Joseph was one of a committee of three appointed to ascertain the number of delegates present; among those attending from the Mill Creek Society were Dr. William Mount and Joseph; from the Mt. Pleasant Society, J. F. Wright, Alanson Grant, David B. Gaston, and Dr. Wilkinson; and from various societies many others. As chairman of the committee on constitution, Joseph submitted the articles of a proposed constitution which were read and adopted, the organisation's name being "The Hamilton County Temperance Union" and its purpose to promote temperance by uniting the efforts of all the societies in the county.

Theodore Frelinghuysen, United States Senator, Mayor of Newark, and President of Rutgers College, was the Whig nominee for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with Henry Clay in 1844. Joseph was a Whig and must needs give vent to his enthusiasm in

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verse, so in October, "during the canvassing for the Presidency", he composed:

### A WHIG SONG

AIR: *The Carrier Pigeon, or Old Rosin the Bow.*

Staunch friends of our tried Constitution,  
Whig spirits, brave hearted and true,  
Come up with the same resolution  
That honored Old Tippecanoe!  
A light gleams above the horizon,  
Bright promise of halcyon days—  
'Tis the star of your own Frelinghuysen  
Reflecting the splendor of Clay's.

Arise and reclaim from the Spoiler  
The fruits of your glorious fight!  
Prostrated forever lies Tyler,  
And Polk's in a terrible fright.  
Remember the *Fair* have their eyes on  
The part you are destined to play,  
And know 'tis their will Frelinghuysen  
Shall rank next in honor to Clay.

Your country in darkness enshrouded,  
Descendants of "Seventy Six",  
Looks forward to glory unclouded—  
To you the glad period to fix.  
The "*Lokies*", all sick of *Polk-pison*,  
Grow pale as approaches the day  
When the nation shall shout: Frelinghuysen!  
And exult in the triumph of Clay.

In a letter to Rachel Ruhamah, written probably in November of 1844, Rebecca asks, "What do you think of Polk's election? The Whigs were much disappointed—the others the reverse, of course."

Little suspecting that it would be her last anniversary among family and friends, Joseph wrote a dozen stanzas on December 15, 1844,

### TO MY SISTER R. C. C., ON HER BIRTHDAY

"In after years, when Sorrow's plough  
Has left its furrows on the brow,  
And errors cloud our way,  
Sweet as the dew to flowers that die  
Comes o'er the soul the memory  
Of Childhood's happy day."

Thus like the Aeolian, zephyr strung,  
The poet struck his harp and sung;  
And thus I too would sing  
Of hallowed reminiscences  
That mute, in lone forgetfulness,  
Have long been slumbering.

For O, how like the varied flowers  
That tint the meadows after showers  
In warm and sunny May,  
Spring up, in fresh and vivid light,  
Remembrances long steeped in night  
Upon our natal day!



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.....

Ah! think again—what gives the zest  
To things of earth we love the best?—  
*Their temporary loss.*  
And would the ransomed now in heaven  
As much have prized the crowns were given,  
Had they not borne the cross?

.....

Thus, Sister, in *thy* backward look  
Over thy life's adventurous book  
Each coming natal day,  
Thou too wilt own, tho' often tried,  
Prevailing grace through Him that died  
And who will be thy stay.

On the 8th of the following month Rebecca returned the compliment and composed a dozen stanzas to her brother on his birthday.

On April 3rd at Beechwood Rebecca wrote lines on "The first sweet-scented violet" and addressed them to her sister Caroline.

Writing at Beechwood on April 4, 1845, to Rachel Ruhamah who was at Mrs. Charles Oxley's in Louisiana, Rebecca tells her the local news: Bob and Jerome (probably two boys who had been at Beechwood) will be interested to know that two cows have had calves and one is being raised; the dog Tiger is well but Rolla was killed because two dogs were not wanted; Pussy Harrison, a kitten from North Bend, catches mice and Tom catches rats. Mr. Wertz and family occupy the cottage and their two children torment our chickens. Dr. Thornton married Eliza Carpenter. Mrs. Van Horne, Mrs. Jane Keys, William McKibbin, Mrs. James, and Miss Croft visited or called here. Caroline asks whether her beau, the Major, has called on Ruhamah yet? "We have had delightful preaching—and Araminta Mount has been under deep conviction for some time." Mrs. Ainsworth and Martha were pleased to get Ruhamah's letter. The Letter Association met at Rose Mount last evening, forty-odd there, some very good letters. The Missionary Society was pleased with Rachel Ruhamah's document, twelve to fifteen attend now, a quilt was sold for four dollars, the annual meeting will likely be held at Beechwood when we hope to have a larger sum to hand in than in the past two years, Eliza Hill is secretary, Mrs. Mount, Mrs. Langland, Mrs. Clopper readers, Margaret Langland treasurer, next meeting at Miss Kirby's. Mrs. Kenner (Charlotte Riske Jones Kenner, residing now at Ludlow, Kentucky?) has been out but once to Beechwood. The fire in Madison, Indiana, burned the first church, caused loss of \$15,000 to Victor King, \$2,000 or \$3,000 to Mrs. McKee, and Mr. McMillen had just sold his store before the fire; they will be up soon. Caroline says Mr. Moore is here and talks of visiting his brother in Illinois; preparations are being made on his farm for the cemetery (Spring Grove?). Rachel Ruhamah's failure to send money, if only fifty dollars, frustrated Rebecca's plans and she has been

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sewing constantly for three weeks in order to make up a little sum. Joseph's health is bad and he thinks of travelling; he will decide to-morrow when we go into the city to church whether he will go to Pittsburgh or not; if he goes Rebecca will accompany him. Dr. Mount talks of going, too, but not until Thursday and we wish to start on Monday. We sent out invitations for a rag-carpet sewing here but only two ladies and one gentleman came. Mary Curry died. Ludlow Station folks well—Isaac left us three weeks, the trio are still Stationary. Rebecca fears the Summer in Louisiana would be sickly for Rachel Ruhamah. She wishes to be remembered to Mrs. Oxley, Fanny, Ella, and the little boys, Mr. Oxley, Mrs. Kenner (probably Ruhamah Riske Kenner, wife of William Butler Kenner), and Miss Smith, another governess.

To this letter Mary Ann added a few lines, hoping Rachel Ruhamah will be up in July and asking her to get a pretty, genteel shawl; she has had no rent since Rachel Ruhamah left but has a new tenant and hopes to get some; Mrs. Kemper will ask Rachel Ruhamah to get her a shawl and a silk dress. Caroline adds that she has lost the prospect of getting a school this Summer—a little Yankee got it—and she is in a great hurry to eat her breakfast and attend to business.

Rebecca and Joseph left Cincinnati on April 7th on board of the steamboat "U. S. Clipper" and arrived in Pittsburgh three days later, just two hours before the great fire broke out there. The following week-end they spent with relatives in Greensburg; then, returning to Pittsburgh, they left there on the 15th on board of the steamboat "Hibernian", bound for Cincinnati where they arrived on the eleventh day of their outing.

In a letter to Rachel Ruhamah, written at Beechwood on April 23, Rebecca describes their trip: In the fire at Pittsburgh Cousin Elizabeth Washington's house was burned, her husband saved his law books, and they came to Cousin Chambers McKibbin's and stayed. The Misses Hetick also were burned out. The Exchange Hotel was crowded. They rode to Greensburg in a buggy and saw their uncle, Edward N. Clopper, and his family—the girls, Frank, John—then returned to Pittsburgh. They took tea with Mrs. Little who has two boarders. After having returned to Cincinnati they attended the Letter Association's meeting at Mr. Kirby's; and the next evening the Missionary Society's meeting at Joseph's where Rebecca presided, as usual, and Rachel Ruhamah's journal was read. On Sunday Molly (Mary Ann) and Rebecca walked from Beechwood to the city and heard two sermons; a collection was taken for the relief of the distressed in Pittsburgh—Cincinnati wishes to raise \$10,000 for the purpose. Rebecca spent the night on Mt. Auburn with Mrs. Coit, formerly Mrs. Cogswell, and came home in her carriage. Joseph is thin and debilitated; he caught cold on the steamboat and is unable to work. Eliza Wertz lives in the cottage with two children. Martha Derby left Cincinnati without letting us



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know. Mr. and Mrs. McMillen paid their farewell visit to Beechwood. Mrs. James's cough is little better. Mr. Kemper awaits Rachel Ruhamah's letter. Will Harrison (Maria Louisa's brother) is to be married to May S-----. A letter came from Maria Mintzer. J. B. M. took tea with us; he has given up the deed to his place. Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Honeywell Greenwood, Mrs. Ludlow, Rebecca and Mary Ann all took tea at Mary (Este) Clopper's. All at Ludlow Station are well, their sale will be next month. Julia Hans, daughter of the Major, married Joseph Peirce of Pittsburgh who intends to enter partnership with a merchant in Wooster, Ohio. Mrs. Ainsworth will leave to-morrow. Old John sends love. Albert has been visiting at Rural Retreat, the Langland home; the ladies there are pleased with their letters. The anniversary meeting of the Missionary Society will be held at Beechwood. Rebecca hesitates to advise Rachel Ruhamah to come north for the Summer, for if she did so the children there would be without a teacher, nevertheless she believes that Rachel Ruhamah will come in July; and she hopes that postage will soon cost less so that letters can be sent oftener.

Mary (Este) Clopper sent Rebecca a note on May 26th, stating that she would like to go to the city and pay her respects to Mrs. Harrison and asking whether Rebecca would accompany her. Rebecca replied on the back of the note that she would do so and if Joseph did not wish to go they could do the driving themselves. At the bottom of the paper, Mary wrote: "Rebecca's last note; May 27th, Tuesday, we went in the city; she died June 17th."

On June 13th, lying ill at Beechwood, Rebecca made her will. To Caroline, Mary Ann, and Rachel Ruhamah she gave her place of residence, Beechwood; to Edward N. Clopper three acres off the west end bought of James Richardson (who had purchased four acres at administrator's sale of Ludlow estate) in 1844, together with frame building about to be put up there. Her interest in her father's estate in Texas she bequeathed as follows: the interest of \$300 to be paid yearly to the Foreign and Domestic Missionary Society of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church; \$300 on permanent loan for the benefit of worthy and indigent young men at the discretion of the Rev. Samuel R. Wilson and her brother Joseph; equal amounts (not specified) each to the Bible and Education Societies under the care of the said General Assembly; and the balance to such charitable uses as my agents above named may think best; to Hadassa Ludlow and Israel Ludlow, children of J. C. Ludlow, deceased, \$100 each out of the aforesaid Texas property; and to Charles Wertz, son of J. B. Wertz, \$50 out of the same. Witnesses: J. B. Wertz and Eliza Mount.

Four days later she passed away. Joseph wrote her obituary: "Instructed by a pious mother, she was, from early childhood, imbued with a devout reverence towards God and a strict con-



scientiousness in the discharge of duty. At an early age that dying mother committed to her charge her four youngest children; her mind fully appreciated the responsibility and immediately her heart, as the heart of a mother, went out towards those little ones. Soon after she professed her faith and was admitted a member of the Presbyterian Church. Ever since, throughout her eventful life, checkered as it was with 'lights and shadows' of more than ordinary occurrence, she has, with a consistency strikingly beautiful, through evil as well as good report, humbly and devotedly followed her Lord; and faithfully, in His nurture and admonition, did she train up, educate, and provide for the children entrusted to her care, evincing intellectual abilities and energies equal to any emergency, and an affection and devotedness bespeaking the 'mother in the heart'.

"Naturally cheerful and buoyant of mind she enjoyed social intercourse with great zeal, freely and agreeably communicating the richness of her own thoughts, and so blending her uniform suavity of manner with a decision in action and firm adherence to principle under all circumstances, as to win the abiding esteem of all her acquaintances. To a judgment rarely at fault she united a fine imagination and love of the sublime, and has left ample evidence that her poetical talents were of a high order. Although comparatively she published but little, yet few, perhaps, of the female writers of this country have written more or manifested in sweeter strains the true genius of poesy than she has done in many of her manuscript effusions.

"But chiefly as a Christian is it delightful and instructive to contemplate her character. In her Diary, a record of more than twenty years of closet-communion with her God, is developed in a most interesting manner the secret of her extraordinary influences and indefatigable energies with which she prosecuted her works and labors of love; beautiful corroborative evidence does it unfold that the life that she lived in the flesh she lived by the faith of the Son of God; and that faith she kept 'and by it she, being dead, yet speaketh'. In that secret journal she also discovers to us, with thankful acknowledgements to her God, the success of many of her plans to effect the benevolent and pious purposes of her heart, such as the relief of 'patient merit' under pecuniary distress, and the organisation of social and religious societies. On her death-bed, one of these, the Mill Creek Female Missionary Society, was much on her mind and ardently did she express her hope that it would not be suffered to decline. These associations, as well as her family and numerous friends, must long feel that by her death a chasm has been made that may not soon be filled by one so competent as a counsellor in things both temporal and spiritual, in gentleness and attractiveness of manner, in a uniform, cheerful, and deep-toned piety so peculiarly lovely. The end was a beautiful exemplification of her rectitude of life and integrity of heart from the beginning—a sweet composure of spirit, a full assurance of faith, and a



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childlike submission to the will of God. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors: and their works do follow them.'

"I will close with a few lines written by the deceased on the death of a dear friend:"

Sweet Spirit, from thy home on high  
Look gently down, yea, linger nigh,  
And show, in some sweet midnight dream,  
That glorious world as it doth seem  
To angel's view—thy harps of gold  
And all thou may'st of heaven unfold!  
How great thy bliss, loved one! how bless'd  
In heaven, to be thy Savior's guest!  
This world, though beautiful and fair,  
We may not with heaven compare;  
Nor would we call thee from that sphere  
To share the pains that we have here:  
No, let the wheels of time roll on,  
And others go as thou hast gone;  
'Tis thus that friend from friend must part,  
Leaving a vacuum in the heart.  
The dearest—let them pass away,  
The long loved friends of early day—  
'Tis the survivor dies, for they  
Who thus so sweetly pass away  
Do find a rest, a peaceful home,  
Where storms of sorrow never come!

In a letter written at Beechwood on June 18, 1845, Joseph conveyed the sad news to Rachel Ruhamah who was in Louisiana:

"Dear, dear Sister, first cast an upward glance for grace in your time of need, O look to the hills whence only our help cometh, look in faith and you shall be strengthened to read the bereavement, so unexpected, so depressing to us, but so glorious, so triumphant to our departed, ascended sister, our dear, dear Rebecca—our mother! for she reared us and devoted her life, as it were, to us. Blessed Savior, as thou didst sustain that dying saint, O, now put thine everlasting arms of love around my dear Ruhamah and grant the Holy Spirit for her comforter! and, like us, she shall be comforted with the comfort wherewith thou dost comfort thy people—her heart shall not be broken, but she shall more and more be strengthened and built up in the most holy faith, even as was the dear departed one.

"My dear Ruhamah, it is a remarkable Providence that you should be sent away and not suffered to witness the triumphs of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as exhibited in the death-scenes of our Father and of our elder Sister! As in the former case, so also it becomes my duty to communicate this afflicting, I had almost said astounding, blow—but I have trusted to the powers of your mind and to the enlightened apprehensions of your heart in the knowledge of divine things, your sense of duty, not to be grieved beyond measure, great as is your deprivation, your skill to draw living waters from the wells of salvation—I have

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trusted to these and sat down contrary to the general opinion of the friends to inform you of our loss, Rebecca's gain, as far as we may judge from evidences, for eye has not seen nor ear heard the full fruition of our sister's joys; but I must do it very briefly as I hope in a short time we may, face to face, communicate & learn the interesting particulars. She had been exposed to the wet & a hot sun several days before she kept her bed but, as usual with her, complained very little. She, after a day or two's confinement, consented to have the Dr call, who was very attentive (Mount). He pronounced it congestive fever. After near a week's attendance, he told us she could not live till morning. About two o'clock of that night the temporary delirium passed off, I told her the Dr's opinion. She immediately called up all in the room, bid them farewell & requested they would each go out & pray the Lord to grant her just such a reprieve, just so much time as was needful to adjust her temporal affairs. I got the materials & she dictated her will—this was last Thursday night. Never was the prayer of faith more signally answered—she revived & lived, tho' in much bodily pain, till the following tuesday evening (17th), leaving the world for the rest & the bliss of Heaven at half past 6 o'clock. Tho' she said repeatedly during her sickness that no human being could imagine the intensity of her bodily anguish, yet never once did she drop one murmuring or repining word—when asked had she any desire to live longer, she said she had no will but that of her Father in heaven, that she felt submissive as a little child; & yet she said and said it more than once that if it were His will she would be glad to live long enough *once more to see her poor dear Ruhamah*—often she spoke of your sorrows should she be taken before your return—but I cannot dwell! One of her last sayings, & in the manner of devoted ardent prayer, was: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." She spoke of the blessedness of meeting in heaven the dear departed ones—said, "my dear old father will be the first to welcome me," & then such a one & such a one, naming them in order, tho' I cannot remember it. She *has* met them & our blessed Savior—& now while I am writing, now while that redeemed immortal Spirit exults in unutterable glory, the clay tenement wherein it dwelt, the beautiful frame-work of God, lies in the little parlor, no more to be tenanted on earth; over the pallid features & around the mouth rests one of those placid sweet smiles that were always wont to prelude a pleasant or joyous remark. I love to steal into that little quiet room & gaze upon it—that expressive smile! One can scarce avoid imagining the disenthralled Spirit to have worn just such a smile when the everlasting doors were lifted up & amid the burst of celestial glories were recognized at once the lineaments of Him who redeemed it & the glorified spirits of dear departed friends. I would I could tell how admirably your Sisters deport themselves under this heaviest of afflictions—it is by the grace of God we are what we are, look you also to Him, dear Sister, in



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faith & humble trust & you shall find rest, sweet submissive rest. May the Lord grant you grace to bear this & every event of His will as becomes a Christian, and may He speedily restore you to our arms prays your affectionate brother, J. C. Clopper."

Anna Tuthill (Harrison) Taylor, daughter of the late President William Henry Harrison and wife of Colonel William Henry Harrison Taylor of Berkeley, the Virginia homestead of the Harrisons, who had come to Cincinnati to relieve his father-in-law of the duties in the office of Clerk of the Court, composed the following:

Lines addressed to Caroline, on the death of her Sister

REBECCA C. CLOPPER

Who died at Beech-grove (sic) June 17th, 1845

Grieve not! her spirit dwells above,  
Free from all care and pain;  
There in the realms of light and love  
You yet may meet again.

Meet where no sorrow e'er shall come,  
Where partings are no more!  
*She is not dead!* to that bright home  
She has but gone before!

Then grieve not, tho' the summer flowers  
She lov'd are blooming round,  
Tho' birds sing in her garden bowers  
While *she* sleeps 'neath the ground.

Now with the flowers that *never fade*  
Your Sister dwells above,  
No sorrow there her brow will shade,  
For all is peace and love.

Cincinnati, July 13th, 1845.

Anna T. H. Taylor

On the first anniversary of Rebecca's going upon the great adventure, Joseph wrote these ten stanzas which he dedicated to Caroline, the last one referring to the death of Joshua L. Wilson, minister of the First Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, although this did not occur until August 14th:

'Twas June, sweet month, when roses fling  
Their odors far, and birdies sing  
Their joys in bower and grove;  
'Twas June, twelve months ago, *she* died  
In whom our wont was to confide  
With childhood's faith and love.

Rebecca! dear Rebecca! who  
With gifted mind and heart so true,  
Sweet counsel would bestow.  
And where shall we behold the face  
So fraught with smiles of hallowing grace  
As thine was wont to show?

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Who now at morn and evening hours  
Will cultivate and view the flowers  
With zest to equal thine?  
Thy 'weeping Mary' I have seen  
Admiring them with thoughtful mien,  
And thou, too, Caroline.

And who but might divine the thought  
Those flowers of her own planting brought  
At such a time to mind?  
Ah, well I knew, as though each word  
Unspoken, had been plainly heard  
Or by thyself defined.

And thus thy Muse: Rebecca dear,  
Although thou now hast been a year  
A shining one in heaven,  
Yet seemeth it that here a free,  
A nearer intercourse with thee  
Among these flowers is given!

For there, beneath that wild saline  
Or yonder bower of eglantine,  
I've seen thee sit and muse  
Of joys departed or in store,  
Until thy locks were spangled o'er  
With twilight's glittering dews.

O sweet, at this inspiring hour,  
To yield the present to the power  
Of the remembered past;  
But far more precious to descry  
By faith the things reserved on high  
That shall forever last.

But in my thoughts, loved one, of thee,  
Let past and future mingled be,  
So shall examples rise  
Of works on earth that follow those  
Who die in Christ, and find repose  
With Him in Paradise.

O there, what greetings have been thine:—  
The smiles of Jesus! bliss divine!  
A father's, mother's smile  
Fonder than e'er on earth was given;  
A sister's, since gone up to heaven,  
And brothers' freed from guile!

And now that man of God has come—  
How didst thou shout him *welcome home*—  
Thy pastor here below!  
Dear Savior, let my faith prevail  
Like theirs, when flesh and heart shall fail,  
And I am called to go!

J. C. CLOPPER



## XXXVIII

### A GOVERNESS ON LOUISIANA PLANTATIONS

RACHEL Ruhamah grew introspective one day and made notes on a sheet of paper concerning her disposition, intending, apparently, to copy them in a letter to a friend:

"I am a singular being, habitually reserved & cautious about forming friendships, generally confide my joys & sorrows in my own bosom. I sometimes imagine that my heart is not formed for friendship, or I expect more from friends than is ever found. When I do vow a friendship I am sincere, but oh! I have been so frequently deceived in friends that I am sometimes led to believe there is no such thing in existence, but upon reflection, come to the conclusion that the fault lies with me. I do not possess qualities that will permit of such sweet bonds of affection or attachment. I do not take sufficient pains to render myself interesting or endearing but, my friend, I have flattered myself that the friendship existing between you and me is not an imaginary link but is connected by the true & sure bonds of mutual esteem. I often think of the pleasant hours we have spent together.

"I feel a vacuum since you are gone which cannot easily be filled. I shall miss my only intimate friend, the companion of my walks, & I shall return in a great measure to my old solitary habits, lonely walks—there is no one here that has a place in my affections and only a little of my esteem excepting those with whom I reside. I hope you will sometimes think of me and let your far distant Ruhamah have a place in your remembrance.

"Many passages in my life have been romantic; and many, too, colored by the affections; but one short pause of my existence is divided from the rest—it seems to have no connexion with all else that I have felt and acted, it appears strange & visionary. I live in a world of recollections; strange memories come over me sometimes, some painful reminiscence. I was always of a melancholy & despondent temper, and . . ." Here the notes end. We are left wondering who was the friend she was addressing, what the nature of the "short pause" so set off from the rest of her life, who shared in her romantic passages. Poor Rachel Ruhamah! Thwarted and repressed, life was not kind to her.

It will be remembered that the two Riske sisters married Kenner brothers. Charlotte (Riske) Jones was a widow with

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two young daughters when she became the wife of George Rapillé Kenner, and in the Summer of 1841 Rachel Ruhamah was engaged to teach these girls, their step-father paying her \$200 in advance for the tuition. For the next four years Rachel Ruhamah's life was bound up with that of several members of the Kenner family.

William and Mary (Minor) Kenner of New Orleans had six children: Martha, born in 1804; Frances Ann, born in 1806; Minor, born in 1808; William Butler, born in 1810; George Rappillé, born in 1812; and Duncan Farrar born in 1813. These children became sugar-cane planters in Louisiana. Martha's first husband was John B. Humphreys of "Roseland" plantation in St. Charles Parish, Louisiana; her second was - - - - Bruce; and her third, Charles Oxley, a merchant of New Orleans and Liverpool; she had several children, and died in 1873. Frances Ann's first husband was John Dick, a lawyer of New Orleans; and her second, George Currie Duncan, a banker of New Orleans; she died without issue in 1875. Minor married Eliza Davis, lived at "Belle Grove" plantation in Jefferson Parish, Louisiana, and died in 1862, leaving his widow and two children. William Butler married Ruhamah Riske of Cincinnati in 1832, lived at "Oakland" plantation in Jefferson Parish, and died in 1853 of yellow fever, five children surviving. George Rappillé married Mrs. Charlotte (Riske) Jones of Cincinnati who had two daughters; his Louisiana home was "Ashland" plantation in Ascension Parish which he cultivated in partnership with his brother Duncan, later selling his interest to his brother and buying Elmwood Hall, Ludlow, Kentucky, from his wife's half-brother, Israel Ludlow; later he lived on his plantation in Matagorda County, Texas, and died without issue in 1853.

Concerning Duncan Farrar Kenner the *Dictionary of American Biography* tells us that his father, who had come from Virginia, was a merchant in New Orleans and that his mother's father was Major Stephen Minor, commandant at Natchez, Mississippi, during the Spanish regime in Louisiana. He was graduated from Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, in 1831; traveled for four years in Europe, read law for a time; then settled upon "Ashland" plantation in Ascension Parish, Louisiana, where he became a sugar-cane planter and horse breeder, his thoroughbreds winning consistently at New Orleans, Saratoga, and other tracks. In 1839 he married Anne G. N. Bringier of a French family in Louisiana. He was active in politics, serving several terms in the state legislature from 1836, being president of the state constitutional convention in 1852, a Louisiana delegate to the Congress of the Confederacy at Montgomery, Alabama, in 1861, and continuing to represent his state in the Confederate House of Representatives after the Southern capital had been removed to Richmond. In the Civil War he and Judah P. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of State, persuaded President Jefferson Davis that Confederate success was impossible without recognition by European states, and that slavery stood in the



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way of such recognition; hence Davis appointed Kenner as the Confederacy's sole envoy to England and France and authorised him to offer the abolition of slavery in return for their recognition; in disguise, Kenner traveled to New York and sailed from there on February 11, 1865, arriving safe in Europe, but Sherman's campaign had destroyed all confidence there in the chances for Confederate success, so his mission was a failure. "Ashland" had been raided by Union troops in 1862 and, although the house had not been burned, the horses had been seized, the overseers captured, the slaves freed, and the plantation left in ruins; at the age of 52 years he set to work again and gradually built up an estate which was larger and more valuable at the time of his death than it had been before the Civil War. He continued to be active in politics, representing Ascension Parish in the state legislature in 1866-7 and being elected to that body ten years later from New Orleans where he then resided; in 1882 President Arthur appointed him as a member of the United States Tariff Commission. He died in New Orleans in 1887.

"Ashland" in Ascension Parish was about seventy-five miles above New Orleans on the left bank of the Mississippi River. Farther down the river was "Roseland" in St. Charles Parish which adjoins Jefferson Parish. Several of the Kenner plantations were in Jefferson Parish which lies on both sides of the river a short distance upstream from New Orleans; when the railway came through "Belle Grove" Minor subdivided it and lots were sold to settlers, thus building the town named Kenner on the left or northern bank of the Mississippi a few miles above New Orleans. "Oakland" plantation, owned by William Butler Kenner, was in this parish, on the left or northern bank of the river. Those called "Belle Grove" and "Pasture", belonging to Minor Kenner, also were in this parish. Harnett T. Kane's book, "Plantation Parade," 1945, contains an account of "Ashland" and of Duncan's mission to France and England.

To return now to Rachel Ruhamah Clopper who has been engaged as governess to Kenner children, we find her in November of 1841 on board of the steamboat "Belle of the West" bound for "Ashland" plantation. She is in a party headed by Martha (Kenner) Humphreys Bruce and including "Miss Humphries" whose first name seems to have been Fanny and who was likely Martha's eldest child (other children of hers had been left at Beechwood with Rebecca), and a Miss Smith who also had been retained by the Kenners either as a companion or governess. On November 6th the steamboat was nearing Vicksburg and Rachel Ruhamah writes to her sisters: "We had abundance of tracts, religious works &c which we distributed among the passengers, temperance papers &c." She took a fancy to a pious gentleman on board and he appeared to take an interest in her, "but imagine my feelings when I found out he was a widower in search of a wife!" The other passengers teased her about it and one of them had advised this seeker after matrimonial



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bliss to choose a wife out of Mrs. Bruce's company although "he said Miss Humphries was too young, Miss Smith too wild, and Miss Clopper he understood was engaged . . . Mr. Fossier, Laura Stewart's discarded beau, is a very pleasant young man, we have a great deal of amusement with him in teaching him English, he does not speak the language very correctly. Robert McAlpine is on the boat, but he does not make himself known, perhaps he waits for me to speak first, but I do not choose to do so . . . I have felt sad most of the time in spite of all the merriment, whenever I think of my dear Father whom I left so sick . . . tell brother J. the tooth-brush he bought fell to pieces the second time I used it, and I am in a bad fix . . . have worn my sackson all the time, notwithstanding the ladies dress very gay, change sometimes twice a day. I have worn out my shoes and stockings almost completely, gallopading on deck for exercise, we frequently go on shore when they stop for wood, and amuse ourselves walking about &c . . ." She promises to write again after she has reached Ashland, and is anxious about her father, and wishes to know how her sisters get along with the children. "Mrs. Bruce sends her love to you and the children, hopes they will be good." Miss Smith is wild but likeable although sarcastic, and says she will sober down when she gets to Oakland (the plantation of William Butler Kenner who had married Ruhamah Riske). "Tell Caro when I get Dr. Kilburn she shall have a new set of teeth—he is a dentist. I wish she could see him, I think she would do better than Mr. McClure, he is a very pious presbyterian, about 40 years old I presume; has but one son, I would not object to have him for a brother, notwithstanding he has some peculiarities." On Sabbath eve she was within a few miles of Ashland, her destination; there had been many stops and heavy fogs "or we would have been at Orleans some time before this . . . I must stop and get my things ready to get off, so you must conclude I am safe at Ashland, I am so near there now . . ."

On November 13th at Ashland, Rachel Ruhamah wrote to Rebecca: "I arrived at Ashland to breakfast last Monday morning, the Capt. . . . told me whenever I became homesick to hang up a white flag and he would stop and take me home. Mrs. Bruce, Fanny, & some of the gentlemen escorted me up to the house, when the boat stopped, the Capt had the bell rung, and the first person seen was Dick running down the bank, and in a few minutes more the two Mr. Kenners were also visible, so you may imagine I had a welcome reception. Mrs. Kenner got up and dressed herself and got as far as the porch, the first time she had left her room for a long time, the children [Emma and Georgine Jones] when they heard the boat stop hurried on their clothes and came running to meet me, and even black Lucy followed their example . . . they had been looking for us in every boat. [The two Mr. Kenners were, of course, George Rappillé and Duncan Farrar; the children who ran to meet her



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were Charlotte (Riske) Jones Kenner's by her first husband; Duncan Farrar Kenner had been married only two years and had recently become a father; the Mrs. Kenner to whom Rachel Ruhamah often refers in her letter was Charlotte (Riske) Jones Kenner whose children she had come to teach.] I asked Mrs. K. if she expected me, she said yes, indeed, she told Mr. K. she knew if I did not come it would be because I did not like to leave Father; she appeared very sorry to hear of his illness and says she wishes she was in her new house, that she might have a comfortable room and invite him down to spend some time with us. I had not been here but a short time before the carriage was ordered to take us to the sugar house, it is quite a curiosity to go through one and see the different operations—one large room filled with hogsheads of sugar and underneath the hogsheads were cisterns of molasses which ran out of the sugar . . ." The new house being built is of brick, with galleries all around above and below, and tall brick columns, and will be ready in March. "On Thursday we took a ride and called on one of the neighbors about a mile distant, Capt. Minor, a nephew of old Major Minor's, he is the largest man I have seen for a long time, they live in a very beautiful house and have a great many flowers in bloom and trees hanging full of oranges. I felt like I had got into a little paradise, every thing was so green and lovely, and there was the forbidden fruit hanging in all its richness tempting me to pull, I thought of Mother Eve. I tasted although I was told they were not good, but I found them very palatable. I saw one to-day that weighed a pound and a half, they look like oranges, only three or four times as large as a large orange, they taste like them excepting they have rather a sour bitter taste. To-day we had an early dinner and went in company with Capt Minor & lady to call on a neighbor about ten miles distant, sat two or three hours & then returned home, which was only 20 miles ride, the roads are so perfectly level that it takes but a short time to go that distance. We intended stopping at the clergyman's but it was too late, Mrs. K. wishes me to become acquainted with them, that I may have some place to ride to; we passed by the church, it is a very beautiful neat building for a country church . . . Whenever I eat oranges, persimmons, pindars, pecans, molasses candy, and all the good things of this life (which are abundant here), I wish you all could enjoy them with me. I have become quite an oyster eater already, Mr. K. had a barrel of fresh ones brought up two or three days ago and now they are all gone; Mrs. K., Em & I eat some for you every night—when we had enough for ourselves we would say, now we will eat some for Rebecca . . . I would have written before, but Mr. K. only sends twice a week to the office, and I did not want to trouble him to have this sent as the hands are all so busy making sugar. When you write direct your letter to R. R. Clopper, in care of Mr. George Kenner, New River Post Office, Louisiana. Mrs. Kenner leaves here in the morning



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for Oakland to be with Ruhamah [her sister, wife of William Butler Kenner] during her sickness which is expected every day, she will be absent about two weeks. Mr. Duncan Kenner lives here, his wife is a perfect pattern of every thing that is ladylike, very quiet, amiable, intelligent, neat & industrious, very seldom speaks but in French. Emma says French lessons to her every day and is much fonder of that language than the English . . . Georgine is quite fond of her books and reads very well but their mother is too indulgent to them for their good. Jud [nickname for Georgine?] has grown very much and is as fat as a pig, Em also looks very well. Mr. K. has not determined what they will do in the Spring, & expect they will go to New York; Mr. K. asked me the first thing if I would go instead of going home; if they go they will go by sea; then again he says they will go to Europe and take *me* along to write a journal and publish a book of our travels, then he says they will go to Elmwood [in Ludlow, Kentucky], and then last of all thinks he will remain at home, so nobody knows what will be done till Spring arrives. Mrs. K's health is very bad; she looks miserable, has been sick ever since she left Elmwood, but not with her old complaint; she had some kind of fever at Ruhamah's which left her very weak & miserable, this week she has had symptoms of her old complaint, will be very sick & in great pain for a few hours and then feel tolerable well again." On Sabbath morning Rachel Ruhamah, with Emma and Jud [who was probably Georgine], went to the church but there was no service, so she asked Emma to introduce her to Mrs. Warren, the clergyman's wife, which Emma did very politely; the Warrens live above the church, have several pleasant rooms, and a number of little girls board with them, Mrs. Warren's sister teaches school in the church; they invited the callers to spend the day and Em and Jud were eager to stay "but I did not like to be quite so familiar as to spend the day the first time I entered their house. Mrs. Kenner left for Oakland about 4 o'clock this (Sabbath) morning. We are all going down in about two weeks, even to the horse races, and I do not know how long we will be absent. I would much prefer remaining at home but the Mr. Kenners are going to the city to attend the races and when they both leave we have to go too. This visiting about I fear will not do the children much good and it is greatly against my inclination & wishes. The weather has been quite warm ever since I have been here, I have to wear my two thin dresses all the time when I go out; I wish I had got all my dresses thin and light for I do not think I shall need any other kind; they dress up in their very best just to call & see the nearest neighbor . . . I wish Mary Ann was here to roam about with me in the evenings or, indeed, any of you. Tell Caro I wish she would marry Dr. - - - - - and settle in Woodville, it is not more than 30 miles from here and is said to be a beautiful place; I would go and spend some time with her then . . . Mrs. Duncan Kenner has a



little babe which always makes me think of little Edward, but he is not so interesting to me; you would not know there was a babe in the house if you did not happen to see it. Mrs. Kenner is quite pleased with the idea of Charlotte Ludlow's coming down. I must now stop writing, it is quite late. Give my love to Papa, Caro, Mary Ann, Joseph & Mary, babe, and also Mary Minor & John, [Humphreys children? but William Butler Kenner had a daughter named Mary Minor] not forgetting Martha Jane, tell her I hope she is a good girl. Write me immediately and tell all the news from the garret to the cellar, as I have done, tell every thing that has happened since I left, how the children behave &c &c Excuse this letter and believe me as ever your most affectionate and much attached sister, R. R. C."

Rachel Ruhamah's next letter was written at "Oakland" plantation on January 1st, 1842, and was addressed to her brother Joseph. She had received together his letter of December 5th and Rebecca's of a few days before that: "You can well imagine, my dear brother, with what trembling hands and agitated feelings I broke the seals; evil forebodings and gloomy anticipations had possessed my mind for a considerable time. I was in a measure prepared to hear the unwelcome tidings . . . when they were handed me I went to my room, locked myself in, read Rebecca's first, and it was a long time before I commanded my feelings enough to break your seal and read the melancholy truth—the sad news of the death of my dearly beloved Father . . . my grief has been almost uncontrollable, I have not left my room this week excepting to go to my meals. I am conscious that it is wrong to indulge much in sorrow, but I cannot help it; if I only had a friend to converse with, to talk with me about him, it would be a great relief; if it were not for teaching I do not know what would become of me, I am always sorry when school is out, in school my mind is continually engaged, even with two scholars I find plenty to do. My dear little Georgine is the most sympathising friend I have, an hour or two after I received your letters, she came in my room, saw me lying on the bed weeping, she walked round the bed two or three times looking very sorrowfully at me, at last she got very quietly in the bed, threw her arms around my neck and kissed me, picked up the bible and asked if she might read to me, she read a psalm, the dear little child. I felt that she was indeed a young comforter. I could hardly persuade her to go and play with the rest of the children, she said she did not like to leave me alone, if I would go she would. The next evening she saw me sitting leaning my head on the chair, she came and laid hers in my lap, the children all called her to come and play with them, she said no, I am going to stay and comfort Miss Clopper. I was utterly astonished at her sage reply, she remained with me all the evening. Emma has been in the city two weeks with her Mother, I do not know when she will get back, the roads are so miserable and it is raining all the time;



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it will do her more harm than good to be so long away from her books. Mrs. Kenner is very kind indeed, as are all the family, but they all seem to look upon death as a common occurrence & the sooner you forget it the better; to enjoy life and forget its sorrows appears to be the motto of all the Southerners. Mrs. Kenner, Miss Smith and I had a long conversation on death the evening before I received your letter, she did not believe any person could die without fear and a dread of death, a horror of the tomb. I sent her your letter, that she might see there was such a thing as a triumphant death, she was pleased to read it and said she was confirmed or convinced now that the sting could be removed, such a death should reconcile us to our loss and, I repeat, it should; it is a great consolation to know that he was so willing and prepared to go . . . Why should we mourn? I ask myself this question very frequently; but did I possess the firm hope, faith, & sure confidence that he did, I would not mourn, no, I would be sure of meeting him again in a better world; but it is my prayer that my hope may be strengthened, that I may not go mourning all my days. I trust you all remember me at a throne of grace, and do not forget your distant sister who is now (it may be said) in a heathen country; the sound of the church-going bell is never heard and the sabbath scarcely known; they have company here to dine almost every sabbath, which keeps you at the table from three till dark generally. I presume I am located here for the remainder of the Winter, as the Dr says Mrs. Kenner's cure will be slow and tedious; she has been in the city a month and I expect will be there some weeks longer, she is, however, gaining strength rapidly. I received a long letter from her at the same time yours arrived, it was very affectionate, regretted that she was obliged to desert me, said I could not imagine what a satisfaction it is to her in her sickness to know that I have charge of her dear children, and if I became homesick, just to think what a benefit I am conferring on my sick friend & perhaps I will be reconciled to be deprived of the society of my friends. I am as contented and happy here as I could be anywhere, have every thing to make me comfortable, books of every description, and children enough to make the house lively, and Miss Smith always laughing & dancing & talking—I often send her out of my room & tell her I would rather be alone; she says it is strange that two such uncongenial spirits should be so fond of each other; I tell her she only loves me because she has no one else to love. Mrs. George Kenner says, tell Re [Rebecca] she intended writing to her long before this but she knows the state of her health and must make allowances . . . I hope to see you all early in the Spring . . . I am pleased that Kezia and Coz Chambers were at Beechwood, they thought so much of Papa and it will be a satisfaction to them to think they saw him once more. Would I could have been present to witness his last moments, but it is all for the best. "Whatever



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is, is right." I feel that I am doing my duty in being usefully employed, while I am teaching others am learning myself . . . Last Monday night they finished grinding cane & making sugar, it was a joyful time for the poor blacks, two or three of them sung all night, it sounded very mournful, particularly to me, it accorded with my sadness for sleep had forsaken my pillow and I sat up by the fire most of the night. The next morning they all went to work, cleaned out the sugar-house and commenced making preparations for a great dinner and dance in the evening; they always have six or eight days holiday after they get through with their laborious task; eight or nine weeks have they been grinding, night and day, without a moment's cessation. Yesterday they all dressed themselves up in their best, hoisted their flag, marched round the house two or three times singing their mournful ditty or rather it sounded so to me, we could not distinguish the words, only a few complimenting their Master & Mistress; the hall doors were thrown open and they all marched in, singing with all their might—it was the most thrilling scene I have witnessed for a long time; after singing a while they marched round the house again and, as they returned to the hall door, apples &c were handed to them and every one had a dram; they then put on their hats and marched to their dinner, the Capt held a newspaper before him singing the words, but I believe they made them up as they went; they had a grand dinner—two or three sheep, hogs, and a beef were slaughtered for the occasion; they danced all night. Some of the neighboring negroes were invited to meet with them and join in their merriment, but amidst their seeming hilarity you could perceive they were not happy, their very countenances tell there is something wanting: the sweet flower of Liberty. They sometimes pick up their masters and carry them about; Mr. K. seemed to keep out of their sight, I do not think any of them could lift him. Mr. Minor Kenner's blacks have their dinner & party to-day.

"This is New Year's—what change may befall us ere its close, who next will be called to bid adieu to time, and who is prepared? would that I could say I am! how willingly would I go; yes, there is nothing to bind me to this earth, it has lost all pleasures for me . . . I believe little [Edward] Nicholas is a year old this week. Give him a kiss for me, I expect he will be able to say Aunty against I come back and a great many words. Remember me to James, I hope he is a good boy and takes good care of the babe . . .

"Sabbath morn; one fleeting week has passed, and a sorrowful week has it been to me; this morning I feel more cheerful and resigned than I have done yet; wish there was a church to go to but there is none nearer than New Orleans, excepting a Catholic about twelve miles off. Mrs. Kenner told me she was a Campbellite in belief. I have not seen Mrs. Bruce since we parted on the boat, she gave a large & grand dinner on



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Christmas and intends giving a ball this week. We had company last Sunday but I did not make my appearance. Yesterday we had gentlemen to dine, they are coming again today. The yellow flower of the Forest appears quite captivated with Miss Smith, we tease her very much, she has not much peace in Mr. Kenner's presence, he is the only single gentleman we have seen since we came down, is the only one in the neighborhood. As for ladies I have not seen one since I have been here, excepting those in the family. Mrs. K. is always so kind and cheerful, and Mr. K. so full of his wit & fun we do not get lonesome . . . Tell Re I have the most beautiful flower Mr. Holiday brought to-day ever she saw. I wish she had it. I never saw anything so perfectly lovely, it is the Camilla Japonica or Japonica Camilla, I do not know which, they had quite a dispute at the table to-day about the name; it looks like wax, very delicate pink & white. We had it set on the table to admire while we were eating . . . Tell Mary I keep my old friend Kirke White on my mantel-piece all the time and fill up my little odd ends of time in reading him; the more I read his works the more I admire them. I wrote to Mrs. James on Christmas eve, suppose she has received it long before this or by this time, the river is so high now the boats can run very rapidly . . . I cannot imagine why your letters were so long coming, were mailed 5 Dec. I did not get them till 26th and it is strange you did not get more of my letters before you wrote—this is the fifth I have written home.

“Give my love to my dear sisters . . . I hope they will try and get some one to live in the house with them, it will be so dreary this winter, just themselves. They can get my large white shawl dyed if they chuse and wear it. Give my love to Mrs. Whytman [Whiteman?] if she is with you, and remember me to all enquirers. Mrs. R. Kenner wishes to be remembered to Fe and wishes her always when she writes to be so kind as to give all the information she can collect about Israel & family [her half-brother, Israel Ludlow of Elmwood, Ludlow, Kentucky], none of them ever write to her, not even the [Ludlow] Station girls, it is a shame they never write to their Aunts, for they are two lovely women. We heard Israel's children were all very ill, presume that put a stop to his going to Texas. Good night, dear brother and sisters, it is now near twelve and I must try and get some sleep. Yours, Ruhamah.”

The above long and interesting letter was written at “Oakland” plantation which was in Jefferson Parish, not far from New Orleans, and was the residence of William Butler and Ruhamah (Riske) Kenner. Miss Smith had come to be governess to their children. Apparently Charlotte (Riske) Jones Kenner had brought her own children there in order to have them nearer her during her illness in the city, and Rachel Ruhamah had, of course, come with them.



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On April 5th at Oakland, Ruhamah Kenner copied some lines of Bulwer's in Rachel Ruhamah's album. A few weeks later, as she had expected to do, Rachel Ruhamah came north to Beechwood and the children probably came with her, to spend the Summer. Somewhere in the neighborhood, Rachel Ruhamah owned a house and it was then occupied by a Mrs. Campbell who paid her rent a little at a time: \$1.50 on July 1st; 37½ cents in September; \$1 on October 24th; \$1 on January 8th, 1843; \$1.28 on September 1st, 1843, as well as \$1 on April 15 and \$1.50 on August 2nd.

At about this time the eldest of the Kenners, Martha (Kenner) Humphreys Bruce, took unto herself her third husband, Charles Oxley, a merchant of New Orleans, and engaged Rachel Ruhamah to be governess to her children. The children she had by her first husband, James Humphreys and Fanny at any rate, were fairly well grown up but there were others who were of an age for instruction by a governess. The family lived in New Orleans and also at "Roseland" and "Oakland" plantations.

The next letter of Rachel Ruhamah's which has been preserved bears neither date nor place name, but was probably written at the Oxley residence in New Orleans in January of 1843. It is addressed to her sister Caroline at "Rose Cottage" and was carried by James B. Humphreys, Mrs. Oxley's son or, possibly, step-son. It reads:

"... first let me tell you there is a Mr. Tweed, something like the *Reed* that grew on Susquehanna's banks, the same noble height, but he is not a widower because I heard him say he expected his wife down on the "Champion" to-morrow; he is a shrewd, witty fellow, I like to talk to him because he is from Cincinnati. The family all thought I was acquainted with him before because he was so attentive to me, and I gabbed to him, I presume. Learner Harrison, mean fellow, never even enquired after me, although he staid all night at Butler Kenner's. Miss Smith said he did not appear to recognise her, or at least he did not speak as if he did. Martha [Harrison] wrote me word the report was that William [Harrison] and Mary Torrence were to be married when he returned from the East, but said she did not know whether it was true or not; her letter came private, presume Learner brought it.

"We had some ladies & gentlemen here two or three weeks ago from town, they staid two or three days. Mr. Elred, a handsome, dignified gentleman from Maryland, were he two or three years older or I that much younger, verily believe I would have lost my heart; the moment he entered the room I recollected having seen him at Mrs. Duncan's [Mrs. Duncan Farrar Kenner's] party last Winter when I was down but did not know who he was. His appearance pleased me more than any one in the room, he is quite tall and has the same sweet expression of countenance that James McK, you know who, had, only Mr. Elred is much handsomer. Soon after his introduction he said, Miss Clopper,

have I not had the pleasure of meeting with you before, your countenance is very familiar, were you not in New Orleans last Winter? I told where we had met, he said he recollected. Mrs. Oxley says he is almost the only young man worth having that she knows now, at least he is the most moral & pious one. He is much pleased with Miss Chotard of Natchez, Mrs. Oxley's cousin; she was here at the same time the gentlemen were, they were invited on her account; she is as taciturn as Mr. Elred, I think it quite probable they will make a match, they are both very interesting. There was a Spanish gentleman here at the same time from South America, he was very loquacious, the other gentlemen did not get much chance of conversing; although he is said to be the most talented & learned young man in New Orleans, yet he is very amusing and excentric. One day he went in his room, sent and got a clean blouse from one of the house servants, Eliza the seamstress's night-cap, my sun-bonnet, and dressed himself up, put on a comfort for a bustle, and went in the parlor, took his seat at the piano and sent one of the servants to tell Mrs. Oxley that Madam Love was in the parlor and wished to see her. Mrs. O fixed up a little and went in—such a roar of laughter as was heard! We made him read & talk Spanish to us, he read it beautifully . . . Well, be it known but not proclaimed that my reputation is so high that I am in great demand, two or three families have hinted that they would like to steal me from Mrs. O—one at Natchez, but most particularly my friend, Mr. Minor Kenner, as he always says my friend Miss Clopper. They never said any thing to me about it but I have heard from others how anxious he was, also his wife; they would be delighted if I would stay here. I had serious thoughts one time of making some excuse and going home, and then while there they could give me a call, but I never would have heard the end of it here; they are now all so exceedingly kind and attentive that I will not make any change. I believe they have some fears and think perhaps I may be persuaded off. . . . Mr. Minor K, from one or two remarks I once made, thinks I am quite *learned*, and I am afraid to go there for fear he will discover what an ignoramus I am. I now am afraid to speak before him for fear he will think me a simpleton. He said New Year's Night when the dinner company was there, that I was *Minerva*, and were an aperture made in my head, that *wisdom* would flow out in such profusion that the room could not contain it—was not that a grand compliment for poor me to receive! I might have appreciated it but knew that he had, together with some of the other gentlemen that were there, taken a drop or two more wine than they ought. I never spent a more merry evening, there were nine gentlemen and only five ladies, Miss Smith & I were the only single ones. Mr. K made up his mind to dance with me, pulled me on the floor by force and you never saw such carryings on. Miss Smith was in ecstasies; she was the Belle as there was no one else to belle there . . . Friday morn:



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Mr. Oxley has just returned from Oakland, while there he saw Learner H - - - - who had come up again to see his sugar delivered and sent up the river. Mrs. O says he sent his kind regards to me and said if I had any thing to send up he would take it with great pleasure, so he is not quite so mean as I thought when I abused him so last night while writing to you. If I have time, think I will scribble a few lines to Maria [Maria Louisa Harrison] although she does not deserve it, but she told me the reason she did not write last Summer. Learner is going up on the same boat that James [Humphreys] is, the "Champion"—I will give Maria's letter to James and he can give it to Learn, it will be a kind of introduction, as James is anxious to be acquainted with some one going up besides the Capt. . . . Ever your attached  
Ruhamah."

In the foregoing letter Rachel Ruhamah mentions several members of the Edmund Harrison family. The Cincinnati Directory for 1819 and also that for 1825 inform us that Edmund Harrison was a teacher in the Lancaster Seminary, later named Cincinnati College. By June of 1828 he and his wife and some of their children had gone to Dayton and made their home there. The Cincinnati Directory for 1829 does not contain Edmund Harrison's name but tells us that George W. Harrison was an attorney, and that for 1831 states that John P. Harrison who, presumably, was "Pitts", was a clerk in Allen & Co.'s drug store on Fifth Street near Main Street; in 1828 Maria Louisa Harrison had sent letters to the Clopper sisters in care of J. P. Harrison at Stall's drug store on Main Street and Third. In response to an inquiry concerning the identity of "Learner H", the late Miss Ruth Harrison of Grandin Road, Cincinnati, wrote on February 22, 1939: "Learner H was my father, Learner Blackman Harrison, born 1815, died 1902. His sisters & brothers were Edmund, George, James, Maria, Pitts, Martha, William, Charles, & Agnes. My father was in the wholesale grocery business—went south every Winter by boat, stopping at the plantations to order supplies. Father's father was Edmund Harrison & his grandfather was William Harrison. All I know is that they came from the Brandon side of the James River. In a life of L. B. Harrison written by my mother, she says that William Harrison was said to be the brother of the signer of the Declaration of Independence." In 1815 a Methodist minister by the name of Learner Blackman was drowned in the Ohio River off Cincinnati; he had been staying with the Harrisons and they gave his name to their baby born that year.

After having spent the winter of 1843-4 and the Spring of 1844 in New Orleans at the Oxleys' in charge of the four Humphreys children: Ella, Mary, and the two boys (their sister Fanny being now too old to have a governess) while the two Jones girls were with their mother, Charlotte, wife of George Kenner, Rachel Ruhamah must have found it an undertaking in itself to keep the relationships straight in this much-mixed-up



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family. On May 20, 1844, she was at "Oakland" plantation and wrote to her brother Joseph:

"I took my final leave of New Orleans yesterday, at least for the Summer . . . What could have possessed James to frighten Edward in such a manner? I expect he will always be afraid of snakes now . . . but he has been spared to you, if the other dear little babe [Mary, born February 22nd and buried next day] was taken . . . Tell Re the package of letters written in January did not arrive till two weeks ago, the children were delighted with theirs, Ella jumped with joy, Fanny was much pleased with her poetry; Albert's epistle or address [Albert was a pet bird] to his absent Mistress was very pretty and gratefully received but it was so long arriving I shall not be able to answer it, but will do it verbally in three or four weeks perhaps. When I received the letters we were all at Roseland [plantation of John B. Humphreys, Martha Kenner's first husband, in St. Charles Parish] spending a week, went up to *rusticate* and get a little fresh country air; we then went back to the city and remained two weeks. I am now on my way to Roseland again with my four children, shall leave here tomorrow morning early in order to commence my Monday avocations, as it is generally my most tiresome and troublesome day of the week as the children get wild in one day's holiday. Mrs. Oxley comes up in a week, also Fanny. I shall have the whole house to myself, surrounded by 130 negroes, but the overseer & his wife live close by: do you not think I am becoming brave & courageous? Mr. & Mrs. Kenner have been trying to persuade me to remain here till the family come up but our clothes have all gone & we will follow. Mr. Oxley said he would try and get up on Wednesday. We calculate leaving the South about the middle of June, but it is I think uncertain, you need not look for me till you see me. I will enter upon you unawares some day. I expect my still warm friend Smith will accompany us. Mr. Jones [probably Charles A. Jones of New Orleans who had married Charlotte Ludlow; and the child referred to was likely the one who, in after years, took the name of Ludlow Apjones] informed us the other day of the arrival of his little son. I have not any news to communicate, only we had quite a conflagration in the city yesterday on Canal Street two or three squares below us, the fire commenced about 11 o'clock in the morning and was not extinguished when I left at five in the evening; we met a gentleman on our way to the cars [railway train], who told Mr. Oxley three or four hundred houses were burned down, but most of them were small frames with some handsome brick dwellings; the timber of the houses was so perfectly dry and heated by the sun and water being scarce, not having had rain for more than a month, was the cause of the fire advancing so rapidly. Every thing is suffering for want of rain, the Planters make great complaints, are afraid their crops will fail, the ground is so baked and hard it cannot



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be cultivated. About a month ago I took a very bad cold, cannot imagine how, the weather was exceedingly mild and pleasant, Mr. Oxley & Mrs. Oxley and I were riding out and were speaking about colds, I said I never had a cold while at the South, and I bragged a great deal, the next day commenced coughing and have done nothing but cough since, it appears my interiors are a mass of corruption for 4 weeks I have been continually ejecting phlegm; it comes from my nose & throat at the same time and almost chokes me, I think it is the bronchitis of asthma or something of the kind, it is by no means a common cold, I never had any like it before, my friends were quite uneasy about it continuing so long, last week I took cough mixtures, drops, pills &c but the phlegm does not diminish much, have no appetite, but it is much better now and I am in hopes in a short time to get rid of it entirely, so instead of coming home with the tinge of the beautiful southern rose it will be that of the yellow lilly with haggard looks, as I am worn very thin with coughing, but do not be at all alarmed, I am not getting the consumption as Mrs. K thinks I will if I do not get better soon, every day I am getting better and hope to get fat while on the coast before I go up . . . I am sure you cannot call this an interesting letter by any means but my friend Miss Smith keeps talking to me is my only apology . . . her return South is doubtful. Give my love to the Beechwooders . . . Kiss Eddy for me, tell him to be a good boy and Aunty will bring him some sugar plums. This letter is to go by the "Champion". Mrs. K is writing to Mrs. McClane [her half-sister, Mrs. Sarah Bella (Ludlow) Garrard McLean] and told me to write and she would send it with hers. Mary, you know you two are one so take this letter to yourself as well as to your better half. I hope you have recovered from your lameness . . ."

Being governess to children seems to have covered a multitude of duties in Rachel Ruhamah's case and one gathers that Ella needed more attention than the others. It appears that there were four children besides Fanny and James Humphreys—two little boys, probably named Bob and Jerome, and two girls. Rachel Ruhamah took them south again on a steamboat in October of 1844 and shortly afterwards Rebecca, at Beechwood, wrote to her in care of Mr. Charles Oxley at Roseland. Charlotte (Ludlow) Jones carried the letter; unfortunately all but a few lines of it have been torn off, but eight stanzas which Rebecca had composed, are intact—they are headed "The Parting Hour" and are addressed to Ruhamah who is going down the broad Ohio's stream to southern climes where the Mississippi's waters flow; the steamboat glides on through the night but Rachel Ruhamah cannot sleep because her thoughts turn back to her home; the morn appears and roguish Fanny comes and beguiles the hours that else would lag away—

Then come two bright-ey'd little boys  
Whose glossy ringlets kiss the air;  
There Ella too—oh! what a noise!

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And Em and Georgine too are there;  
See how they skip in sportive play—  
Ah, lady, throw your book away!

You cannot read while they are near—  
Then join the children in their glee.  
But hark! what sound is that you hear?  
The Captain calls—come, come and see!  
All run, a smile on ev'ry face—  
And safe arrive at Roseland place.

Beechwood, Oct. 26th, 1844.

R. C. C.

Sarah Russell, who had visited Beechwood, wrote in Liberty, Mississippi, on November 28, 1844, to Rachel Ruhamah, addressing her "near Cincinnati", not knowing that she was then in Louisiana. Sarah has been in Liberty a full year, having gone there to establish a Female Academy; her cousin, Miss S. A. Russell, is with her and they have twenty-five pupils. She mentions Mrs. Snodgrass. In September she had visited Yazoo City where Mr. McInnis is settled and where his wife, Mary Ann, had her fourth child a week ago; her eldest is named Russell for the grandfather. Brother Joshua is preaching in Attalla County. Brother Daniel is preaching at Franklin in Holmes County and, as his wife is dead and he has two children, she suggests that "some of you girls" take pity on him and become her sister! Elijah and his wife live "with their father, so you see brother has quite a large family to provide for." Joshua has been reading law and his father wishes him to go to Princeton and study theology. George practises medicine thirty miles from where his sister lives and may marry one of his father's cousins who is older than he—this elderly sweetheart seems to have been the Miss S. A. Russell who was helping in the Female Academy at Liberty. The Russell family enjoyed mixed-up relationships as much as the Kenners! Two of the *Original Sermons by Presbyterian Ministers of the Mississippi Valley*, published by McMillan & Clopper in 1833, are by Rev. Joshua T. Russell.

Maria Louisa Harrison at Cincinnati wrote in May of 1845 to Rachel Ruhamah, addressing her in care of Mr. Oxley & George Lee Esq. Canal Street, New Orleans. The Presbyterian General Assembly of Ohio is in session at Cincinnati; there is excitement on the slavery question and also on the lawfulness of a person's marrying the brother or sister of a deceased husband or wife—the decision is not to intermeddle with the slavery question ecclesiastically but to leave it to the conscience of individuals, and the decision in the other matter will likely be that brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law may not marry. Rebecca has been staying with her a few days and is interested in the proceedings. Joseph complains of pain in his breast. The observatory is now in full operation and, being a shareholder, she visits it frequently; she describes a transit of Mercury on May 8 and the appearance of the stars. Will and Mary are to be married probably in July. Mr. Frazer married Rosina Fletcher.



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Mr. Rice's church is flourishing; she attended the great debate between Pingree and him on universal salvation and was often amused if not edified. (A volume containing this debate is in the library at Beechwood.) Apparently Rachel Ruhamah has resented some commission or omission of Maria Louisa's; and Maria Louisa declares that she has been misunderstood and hopes that Rachel Ruhamah will at length lay the blame where alone it is due.

At the "Pasture" residence of Minor Kenner in Jefferson Parish, Louisiana, on January 5, 1845, Rachel Ruhamah copied in her album five stanzas on "Death of the Flowers"; they are not Bryant's lines and the author's name is not set down. Their beauty is dwelt upon but, for the author, their chief attraction is their happy way of dying—"No pain have they in dying, no shrinking from decay, Oh! could we but return to earth as easily as they!"

Rachel Ruhamah's last letter was written at Roseland Plantation in June of 1845 and was addressed to Rebecca at Beechwood, being carried by William Butler Kenner:

". . . I am half asleep so you must make allowances for all mistakes. George goes down to-morrow and this is my only chance of sending my letter, so will have to wade through this blank sheet with my eyes half open & an occasional nod. The fact is that I have gone to bed so late and risen so early the last two or three weeks that I do not get half sleep enough to satisfy what nature demands; it is often half past twelve when I go to bed & get up at quarter before five. We have all been so busy sewing latterly that there is not a moment to be lost. They did not expect to go away and did not get suitable clothing and now have to make every thing new for all. Mrs. Oxley has her seamstress & two or three black women sewing constantly besides herself & Fanny. I have finished my little jobs and now am helping them to alter their loads of finery that are lying in the drawers, out of fashion &c. I shall be delighted when we get through. I would have written this this afternoon but just as I seated myself at my desk with my writing materials, the coachman announced that the carriage was ready to take me a-riding, so off I jumped, very much against my inclination, and took a ride five or six miles down the coast with my three children who were as unwilling to go as myself, but Mr. Oxley ordered the carriage to be got for me every evening during his absence. I feel it my duty to obey, so I picked up a book and off we went, not for our pleasure but for the sake of exercising the horses. I am housekeeper again for a few days, all the big folks have gone to Ashland & Duncan Kenner to attend a great ball he intends giving in two or three days. He is a great politician and a member of legislature, and has been declaiming & speechifying at a great rate in New Orleans. The legislature met in February and did not close till 1st of June. His ball, I suspect, is a political affair to bring him into

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notice and repute. He & his wife expect to go up the river with us, if we ever get to go, the river is so low that it is thought the smallest boats cannot get up next month. I shall be terribly disappointed if we cannot get up. Minor & Butler begged me to take the children and go up with them and not wait for the Oxleys in July; Minor offered me the use of one of his servant women to take charge of the children, as he intends taking two or three servants with him. I thought quite seriously of it for a while, but came to the conclusion to wait and risk my chance. Butler K urged me very much, said he would take good care of us; I left Mrs. Oxley to decide—she thought as the children were not ready, we'd better wait. I hope you have succeeded in getting a little girl of some description that can help to take charge of them or do little jobs; Mrs. Oxley offered me Violet and she is crazy almost to go, but Mr. Oxley will not let her go, he is afraid she will be kidnapped or lost in some way—will not trust her. Mary is going to stay in a French family till fall, near Ashland, Mrs. Duncan Kenner's mother. I shall write to Andrew just before I leave the South. I hope you received my letters safely with the money, I put it in Miss Smith's charge and told her if she gave it to Charlotte Jones, to give her a hundred charges about it & see her put it safely in her trunk just before she left the boat. They had a tedious time going up, I expect. I do not believe the "Champion" can get down, consequently we will have to take some other boat, perhaps the "Uncle Sam" or the "Elder Vader" of which one of the Stones is Capt. Give my love to Caro & Moll, also Joseph and Mary and dear little Eddy. I am becoming quite impatient as the time draws near to start, but I do not feel as if we would get up, but shall hope on as long as there is water enough in the river to bear the smallest craft that can plough the wave. Good bye, dear sister, excuse this miserably written letter, it is just a forerunner of myself I hope. The children send a great deal of love and messages that I have forgotten. You ought to have answered Mrs. Oxley's letters . . . I have made myself one barage (?) dress, but it is rather a thin, common thing; if Mrs. Oxley should go to town I would get Molly one, but I expect or know she will not, as she has done all her shopping. Adieu, ever yours, Rue."

She came north with the children early in July. Her brother Joseph has inscribed in one of the albums for their sister Caroline an account of the

Last Sickness and Death of my youngest sister

RACHEL RUHAMAH CLOPPER

"On the 13th of July, 1845, she arrived at home with three of Mrs. Oxley's children, greatly reduced in flesh and depressed in spirit, with inward fever tho' she endeavored to appear composed and submissive, giving her attention to the children and assisting her sisters for nearly a week when Dr. Mount enjoined upon her



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to give up all those cares and attend to her health. He pronounced her disease to be the same with that of Rebecca tho' not so inflammatory—congestive bilious fever. As she grew worse from day to day, she became the more reconciled to the will of God tho' she frequently expressed herself unprepared to die—said that she always had been subject to doubts & fears of her regeneration & justification—that if she only felt prepared as she knew her dear Rebecca to have been, she would not wish to live another hour. I at one time suggested to her the impropriety of having written to her of the death of her sister, fearing that it had prematurely brought disease upon her. She replied that I did right—that she was glad of it. Said that soon as she read that letter she told Mrs. Oxley that she would be the next; that she could not live since Rebecca was gone—this she also repeated to us on her sick bed, telling us she could not get well, but we all along thought otherwise until within a day or so before she left us, so quietly & unrepiningly did she endure her pains. & so almost imperceptible was the progress of her malady. She seemed to be much in prayer & often requested me to pray with her, which was done, and would say after this exercise that she felt better. She remembered her absent brother Andrew, enjoining upon us to tell him to care for his soul.

"Her interest in the Beechwood property she left to her sisters & divided among them her personal effects, giving to me the notes she held against me.

"I conversed with her on the love of God—the alone merits & righteousness of the Savior. She felt & appreciated it, and declared her love for Jesus & trust in Him only. Her last audible prayer an hour or two before she expired was: 'Lord forgive my fears, dispel all my doubts & have mercy on my soul.' After this she sunk into a sleep. The Dr at this time entered the room and aroused her—she replied to his questions, looked upon us all & after some minutes looking steadfastly she exclaimed with the utmost distinctness & with a cadence so soft & sweet that we felt indescribably moved as participants in that blissful solemnity readily imagined could we actually witness a newly emancipated soul in its first recognition of a Sister Spirit commissioned from the skies to bear her to the Paradise of God:—'*Dear Rebecca! dear Rebecca! there she is! there she is!*' Such were the last words of that pure & guileless spirit, that meek & gentle sister, but a few minutes before she ascended to her God & Father, her Redeemer & Elder Brother, on the morning of the 30th July at one o'clock.

"The funeral sermon was preached by Rev<sup>d</sup> Sam<sup>l</sup> R. Wilson from Rom. xv, 4: 'For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning that we through patience & comfort of the Scriptures might have hope.' A very large concourse of friends & neighbors attended. The 'things written' were presented in a masterly manner & the mourners were comforted in the hope of the Scriptures—'Let me die the death of the righteous & let *my* last end be like *theirs*.'

"The beautiful framework of the departed we laid in the same grave with that of her 'dear Rebecca' in the Ludlow graveyard & by the side of the dust of our aged Father—the spot selected by our elder sister.

"The following was written shortly after her decease:

### MEETING OF THE SISTER SPIRITS

Ruhamah! is it thou?  
Ah! when in yonder world with burning brow  
I met the dreadful strife  
That was to separate the tie of life  
That held me pris'ner there,

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While other loved ones dear as thou were near,  
And thou wast far away,  
I thought that not, perchance, till after they  
Had left the earth & come,  
Was I to meet & guide *thy* spirit home.

Rebecca! Sister dear,  
I see thee near! How white thy robes appear!  
I too have left my own  
And in its stead have round my spirit thrown  
The robe of righteousness  
Which Jesus wrought—the blessed Prince of Peace!  
Yes, I have come, have left  
Those loved ones, sadly as they feel bereft  
In yonder world; but they,  
Dear Sister, they are also on the way,  
For whom we both will come  
As thou hast done, & guide their spirits home!

J. C. C."

Written for my Sister Mary Ann  
Beechwood, August 10, 1845:

"I thought, when she left us who was both Sister & Mother, of addressing some consolatory thoughts to my own dear, gentle, meek, & tender hearted Sister, Mary Ann; to that same quiet but susceptible spirit whom, when about to finish her course, the departed loved one designated as her "weeping Mary"—not that she regarded those tears as a mark of weakness, but rather as the necessary overflowings of a full fountain, an irrepressible gush from a pure heart, a tearful tribute of affection, very nearly assimilated to those which comforted the stricken sisters of dead Lazarus: I mean the tears which 'Jesus wept'—a trait of amiability evinced in all its loveliness only when sorrow for the time has obtained the mastery over suffering humanity. And now *another has left us*, the youngest, the sweet one who so nearly resembled the sister-mother in heaven, one who from infancy grew up with you, as it were, a twin in loveliness! Yes, Ruhamah too has '*gone to God!*'

"And now with a heart steeped in sorrow would I embody those thoughts I purposed for your comfort; but dear Sister, how shall I do it? Let me first humble myself before God and your own sweet forgiving nature, for too sensibly I feel my delinquency as His professed follower & as an only near resident brother of the dear departed & the afflicted survivors of this smitten family! Ah no! I never before knew the worth of my sweet, retiring, all-enduring sister Mary Ann! I never, as I should have done, manifested toward her all the *brother in the heart*; and yet there is a something within, like a timely Comforter, whispering that though in all things I have come short of duty toward my God & Savior, yet toward you, my Sister, I have not been *altogether* remiss; that I have ever loved you; that if now you also should find this earth too mean a place for your abode & should leave us for that better land where the weary are at rest in the provided mansions of their blessed Lord—leave us to participate with father, mother, brothers & sisters in the joys of heaven—then the grace of God alone could preserve this heart unbroken! But what am I saying? This is a weakness unbecoming a child of God, & by no means characteristic of one that is called to endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ—of one too that is the husband of a dearly beloved bosom companion & the father of an only child, both of whom it should be his chief happiness, of all



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earthly objects, to love & for whom it should be, as far as is justifiable, his greatest pride to live—but we are not always ourselves.

“Dear Rebecca! dear Ruhamah! mother! child! sister-participants in the bliss of heaven! shall we for a moment indulge the wish that still your ransomed disenthralled spirits were occupants of the beautiful framework we so lately deposited in the cold & silent grave? O no, no! *I* wish it not; your ‘weeping Mary’ would not it were so! It is enough for us to know that as God is true; that as Jesus rose from the dead; that as the Penitent who suffered & died with Him, with Him also ascended to Paradise; so true is it that, as ye too were believers & followers of Him, so do ye now also dwell with Him in all the ineffable blessedness of the purchased possession—and that for us who remain & are cast down but not destroyed, the grace of God which is in Christ Jesus shall alike all-sufficient prove. And although we would not that ye should be present with us in the body, and though we believe that your *home* is with the ‘Just made perfect’ in ‘the dwelling place of God’, yet would we, in consistency as we think with the holy oracles, indulge the delightful thought that, as a condescending God in compassion to the infirmities of his sorrowing creatures has made known that ‘his angels are all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation’, so may He already have sent you forth, & more than once, dear departed ones, angelic as ye are, to minister to those you so fondly loved—yes, Mary Ann, unto you &, it may be, even unto me! O remember you not, dear sister, what she said when our hearts were troubled in view of her departure:—‘Do not weep! I will be with you, I will be with you’—Rebecca! blessed Spirit! and is it so! Why then should our hearts be troubled? Why should they not exult, rather, in the conviction of the grace of God manifested in a manner so congenial to the best affections of our nature? And again, how impossible ever to forget those dying words uttered so distinctly and with a cadence so soft and sweet as almost to persuade us we were the privileged auditors of the first rapturous exclamation of an emancipated spirit on recognising a sister spirit commissioned to bear her to the skies:—‘Dear Rebecca! dear Rebecca! there she is! there she is!’ And were you then so near! And was it through the ministering of thy gentle spirit that our dear Ruhamah leaned her head on Jesus’ breast & breathed her life out sweetly there! ‘I will be with you’ blessed words—how like the last comforting words of the dear Redeemer in the ears of His sorrowing disciples: ‘lo, I am with you always.’ How great has been our privilege, how distinguishing the loving kindness of our God in permitting us to witness two such dying scenes! He took them from the evil to come, & He did it in our presence, not only that we might have a full assurance of their acceptance & everlasting rest, but that we might be directed anew & continually to the ‘things which were written aforetime for our learning that we through patience & comfort of the Scriptures might have hope’ also, of a glorious immortality.

J. C. C.”

It was customary in those days to keep a lock of hair cut from the head of a loved one who had passed on; sometimes it was shut up in a locket, and sometimes braided and worn around the wrist. A lock of Rachel Ruhamah’s hair had been cut and given to Araminta Mount to be braided. Araminta complied and returned it to Mary Ann with these words: “I could

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not possibly make the braid longer, and had some difficulty in getting it as long as it is, you can get a locket and I think it will be long enough to wear on your wrist. I hope you will be pleased with it." The hair is dark brown in color.

There is nothing in this world so precious and so delicate as the devotion of an innocent child, and there is nothing so touching as that devotion when memory is all it can cling to. The following letter was written at Roseland on April 29, 1846, to Mary Ann Clopper at Beechwood by Ella Humphreys, one of Rachel Ruhamah's pupils, who had been at Beechwood with the other children in the Summer time and knew the whole family:

"DEAR MISS MARY ANN

"Your letter was dated March the 20th and a month has past without my answering it, but you must excuse me, you know I have to get a good many lessons now and have not much time to write except it is on Saturday's and Sunday's.

"I want to learn Botany, but Mother thinks I had better not for two or three months yet, I read it aloud to Miss Thomas (our teacher) every day, I know a good deal about a Lily and a Pink.

"Our garden is full of flowers and vegetables, I do not think it is in very good order now, for it has been raining all the past week.

"Miss Ruhamah's garden is all fixed and the same kinds of flowers are in it, and in the same places, only there are some Violets; one of Mother's little flower beds was getting full of weeds after a rain, and as Merlinder opened the window one day she said 'if Miss Ruhamah was here she would have had the bed cleaned before this'. The same little hoe and rake that she had, I have.

"Will you please ask Miss Caroline if she remembers the day we were in Miss Rebecca's room, and if she has forgotten that I said I would like to put half a dollar in the Missionary box for the heathens, and as Aunt Ruhamah [Ruhamah (Riske) Kenner, wife of William Butler Kenner] is going up the river, I shall enclose my half dollar in this letter, will you please to put it in for me.

"I am glad that Edward liked his presents. St. Nicholas was indeed very kind, he gave the boys a box of tools, Chinese poppies, a book, and other things, he gave me a little work box, Ma also presented me with a desk with materials for writing.

"Tell Edward I have subscribed to a little news-paper for him it is called the 'Youths Penny Gazette', I have it for myself and it is very interesting. [published by American Sunday School Union; copies for 1845-6 are at Beechwood.]

"One of our old men named John, went up the Coast on horse-back, to get some money a man owed him, as he was going he stoped at a plantation and got whiskey, he drank too much, as he was mounting his horse it took fright and kicked him very badly, he was brought home, the doctor was sent for, he examined him and found his arm, collar bone, ribs, and part of his back, broken, he died a few days after; Mother feels his loss very much for he was a mason and a sugar maker.

"We made a tolerable good crop 327 hogsheads. I have not time to write any more, as Uncle Butler is up here and is going directly after dinner. We all send our love to your family. Write soon. Your letter did not reach me till April I suppose it was



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owing to it being directed Canal street instead of 15 Bank Place,  
we have moved our office.

Your affectionate

ELLA."

At Beechwood in May of 1847 Joseph wrote the following  
lines for his sister Mary Ann:

### ON THE DEATH OF MY YOUNGEST SISTER, RUHAMAH

Short was thy pilgrimage, and few  
The circles of thy years—they flew  
As shadows o'er the sun-lit plain,  
Gone, never to return again:  
But as the clouds that cast them rise  
And vanish in the upper skies,  
Sweet spirit, so didst thou ascend  
To God, thy Savior and thy Friend;  
And it is bliss e'en here to dwell  
In thought on one we loved so well—  
A melancholy joy to go  
When ev'ning zephyrs softly blow,  
With mem'ry's fond impressions bless'd,  
To Spring Grove where thy ashes rest,  
And with affection's tear-drops lave  
The flowers that deck thy early grave.

1847.

J. C. CLOPPER

*The Presbyterian of the West* published in 1848 Joseph's  
"Monody on the Anniversary of the Deaths of R - - - - and R - - - -,  
Sisters":

Pure spirits that in sphere celestial move  
With just made perfect and angelic hosts!  
With what delight, on this enchanting spot,  
I marked their buoyant step in years now gone!  
. . . But never more beneath the beechen tree  
Or summer-house embower'd with mingling vines,  
Mine ear shall list the music that I loved—  
The soft, the sister, voice addressed to me!  
Then, on this summer anniversary  
So fraught with reminiscences,  
. . . My soul mounts up on wings as eagles soar,  
. . . and thus . . . by faith  
Has evidence of things not seen, a glimpse,  
Tho' faint it be, of New Jerusalem; . . .  
But O! th' exceeding and eternal weight  
Of glory now revealed! The suff'rings here  
How all unworthy a comparison!  
Then patient, here, until my change shall come;  
The days appointed would I meekly wait,  
Remembering the conversation chaste,  
The walk serene with Christ of loved ones gone,  
And how, when nature sank, they on His breast  
Reclined and breathed their lives out sweetly there,  
Triumphant over death, and o'er the grave!

J. C. CLOPPER.

## XXXIX

### TEXAS AFFAIRS AND DEATH OF ANDREW

WRITING at Highland Cottage on May 12, 1842, to his brother Joseph near Cincinnati, Andrew regrets to hear of Joseph's distressing circumstances and wishes he could offer relief — "there is no money to be had, they have now got a new issue call'd exchequer bills & it is now 75 cts on the Dollar, & my opinion is ere long it will be like the promissory notes of the Government, not worth a chew tobacco; & if we have any thing to sell we have to take trade. I know not how taxes are to be paid, there has been a great many people sued for taxes that could not pay & had their land sold. Majr Lawrence call'd on me the same day that I receiv'd your last letter for the payment of his draft on Father for \$150, there is about ten Dollars interest on it & said that he stood in need of it & must have it, & that if I could not settle it he would have to administer on the estate himself. I told him that I was no longer agent, that you were appointed sole executor & that you would certainly be out this fall & we would do all in our power to settle up all just claims; however, I settled \$110 of it and took his receipt, he then said he would wait untill you came for the balance, he acted very gentlemanly. I gave him a fine horse colt about 20 months old for sixty Dollars & 50 Dollars worth of cattle. Lawyer Wynn has a draft on Father for the same amot, I will try & get him to wait, I shall see him on Monday in Houston as I have been summon'd to attend as a Grand Juror. I will also see Mr. Swain whether he has got an answer from Lovell yet & will inform you in my next. I receiv'd a letter from Orleans from William Badger directed to me but written to James [Badger], he wish'd James to answer it immediately & direct his letter to St. Louis as he intended starting for that place next day . . . My prospect of a crop of corn this year is very good, should we get another good rain or two I think we shall make between 2 & 3 hundred Bushels & perhaps 100 Bushels sweet Potatoes or more if seasonable . . . there is none looks finer on the bay but I am getting not able to work, very often afflicted with pains & my eyes are now very sore & pain me a good deal. You must certainly come out this fall, & I wish you would bring Mary & the babe with you, & remain at least a year with me; in case I should be taken sick, it distresses me to think that I am so far from all those I hold so dear, & no one to console me, I am now shedding tears at the thoughts of it. I hope that



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the Lord will be my friend in time of need, & at all times, & keep me in health untill his appointed time, & then take me to himself, & oh! that I may be enabled to meet my Dear Father & Mother in the arms of Jesus, is my fervent prayer. Col. Sherman is going to the army in a few weeks, if he can possibly raise the wind he intends sending Mrs. Sherman to Kentucky, so that there is no hopes of getting assistance from him as he has no money. James Badger came over to day to get his pay for a yoke of Oxen he sold Father for sixty Dollars, he said that Father agreed to pay him in Cows & Calves, if he could not the money, & I have agreed to deliver him six Cows & Calves by the 25th inst. he ask'd me if I knew what Father done with his Certificate that he gave him to locate for him, I could not tell him, perhaps Father has it amongst his papers & you must bring it out with you. James works very hard, I am afraid he has undertaken to much this year, he has 7 or 8 acres in cotton, 6 in Potatoes & about 5 in corn, his face begins to look very slim, tho' he is in good health. I will try & write to some of you by Mrs. Sherman, she thinks she'll get off by the first of June. I have just now understood from Col. Sherman that there is a note in existence that Father made to Rourke on the Island for the land that he sold to Reed on clear creek for five hundred Dollars, there is a possibility of Col. Shermans being able to lift it, he has a trade in view & thinks perhaps he can do it, & he says he will try & lift Wynns also of \$150 with interest. I hope he will be enabled to do it, you cant make a title to Reid untill that note is lifted as he has a lien upon the land. Judge Burnet is living at his place again, I have not seen him yet. remember me to all my dear Sisters & friends—tell Rebecca I am thankful for the clothes & wish they were here for I have no money to purchase any with . . .”

On July 27th the County and Probate Court of Harris County granted to Andrew an injunction restraining William Burgett from cutting more cordwood and timber on the late Nicholas Clopper's tract of 2,000 acres on the north bank of Buffalo Bayou. Nicholas had given Burgett notes for between \$100 and \$130 and, before leaving on a trip to Cincinnati, had authorised him to cut cordwood to the value of these notes and interest, on this land, but Andrew states that he had cut cordwood and timber greatly over the amount; that his father had made a will and named his son Joseph as sole executor; and that Joseph intends coming to Texas soon to settle the estate.

Then on February 13, 1843, W. D. Lee appeared before the Probate Court at Houston and stated that Andrew refused to administer the estate of his father, Nicholas Clopper; that he was “a large creditor of said estate”; and asked that letters of administration be granted to him. Later in that month the court granted letters of administration to this W. D. Lee.

On March 25, 1843, Edward E. Este died in Texas. His wife, Elizabeth Jane (Smith) Este, on December 20, 1841, had



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bought from Meredith Duncan of Liberty County, 200 acres of land on the west bank of Cedar Bayou for \$125. Elizabeth died in 1843. On September 11, 1860, Mary (Este) Clopper gave the deed to this land to Darius Gregg who declared it was worth \$10 an acre because the railroad ran through it, with the request that he sell it for her.

Writing at Highland Cottage on September 16, 1844, to his brother Joseph near Cincinnati, Andrew says he received Joseph's letter of July 10th at Houston on September 11th. He had written to Joseph in June and Charles Lawrence, who was going to Illinois, carried the letter and may have put it "in the office at Orleans." He received the clothing and letter sent by William Badger who returned from Galveston on the boat that had brought him. "The act of Limitation here was pass'd 5th Feby, 1841, the time on a note is 4 yrs, & it will be out next Feby 5th & you state that you know not how to send the note or notes on Sherman. Judge Briscoe told me a way that he never knew to fail, do you get some respectable merchant in Cincinnati of your acquaintance to send them to his correspondent in Orleans, with directions to forward it on to some respectable Merchant at Galveston if he has a correspondent there, (if not) to get a friend of his who has, directing him not to send them to me without a safe opportunity, & do you start them immediately on the receipt of this—I saw Judge Burnet yesterday, & he told me that you had better take a copy of the note or notes with a certificate at the bottom, with some good person to see you enclose the note or notes directed to me, & to see you seal them, & put them into the office, or your friends hands, & he will sign the certificate, perhaps two would be better, perhaps it would be necessary for them to give the certificate under oath, in case the note might be lost, & he thinks that certificate would be good against Sherman for the Balance. State to me the full amount due with the interest,—perhaps Sherman might not be willing to renew the note, so that I could bring suit & recover; if the 4 yrs runs out, I could not get a cent, if he should plead the Limitation act, he could then force me to make him a Deed, so that there is no time to be lost. Mr. Burnet & family are well . . ."

Joseph followed his brother's advice in the matter of sending Sherman's notes, as attested by a certificate of James T. Irwin and S. Langdon, dated December 11, 1844, setting forth that copies of Sidney Sherman's original notes for \$1,000, \$90, and \$60 in favor of Andrew M. Clopper, N. Clopper, and N. Clopper, respectively, are true copies and that they were sent to Thomas Sloo, merchant in New Orleans, from Cincinnati by Joseph C. Clopper. There are also memoranda of interest paid by Col. Sherman.

Rebecca wrote to her brother Andrew about two weeks before she died and told him of the trip which she and Joseph had taken to Pennsylvania in April. It was a long time before



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Andrew heard of her death and, on July 20, 1845, more than a month after it had occurred, he wrote to her from Highland Cottage. He is sorry to hear of Joseph's illness reported in Rebecca's letter of June 2nd, and is glad that he is recovering; he is glad, too, that their "Uncle Edward" in Greensburg and family are well; and that most of their friends in Pittsburgh escaped loss by the dreadful fire there. James Badger received a letter from William urging him to hurry to Orleans as he was lying at the point of death; James went on and told Andrew that he might continue on to Cincinnati. "You charge me of being very remiss in not attending to the property at Harrisburgh, which I think you had no right to do. Swaine promis'd to write me before he would do any thing, & the land was sold before I knew it—Swaine told me it just cover'd the debt, which was about 400 Dollars, perhaps a little more with costs &c. he also told me that Lovell lives in Morriss Town, state of New Jersey, perhaps Joseph thought he still resided in Orleans when he wrote. Swaine also told me that he had sent all the papers on to Lovell & that Lovell would return the land by having the money paid. there was some land adjoining it, with good improvements, sold for  $37\frac{1}{2}$  cts p. acre which was less than it went for. Land wont bring scarcely any thing at present, Cows & Calves can be bought now for 5 Dollars when some yrs. back they were from 10 to 12, times are very hard here, I am in hopes they will soon be better. there is no doubt in my mind but what we will be annex'd [to the United States] shortly, all the Members of Congress were in favour of annexation (save one) & he would not vote. Lawyer Wynnes told me yesterday that he receiv'd a letter from a gentleman in the Convention stating that they have not done any thing as yet, more than being organiz'd. it is thought that they will not set over six weeks, Genl Rusk is President of the Convention. 'tis useless to talk of my assisting you in a pecuniary manner, as it's impossible to get money without a great sacrifice. I think I have done wonders to get the estate [their father's] settled up, & to keep the taxes paid up, which is as much as I am able to do. I have not been able to get me a Barrel of Flour since Caroline left here. if I was able to pay you a visit I would do so with pleasure, but the means is wanting. I thought you were going to send me Father's speck's I should like very much to have them, my Eyesight is failing. Bailey told me a year ago or more that whenever Joseph comes out he will settle up with him fairly & honestly, I think I wrote to Joseph of this before. you wish to know what I done with those notes of Col. Sherman's, I had a Settlement with him & gave him Cr for what he paid & I now hold his note for Six hundred & odd Dollars, I have settled them all in one. Genl Sherman talks of going to the States shortly & he will call & see you, & he wishes to know what has become of the other \$1000, Dollar note & of those three Certificates each \$1000 Dollars Sabine stock, I could give him



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no information of them, as Father took them away with him—tell Caroline that Mrs. Sherman & Mrs. Lee wish very much to see her out here as they think a great deal of her. I do wish that some one of you would come as I am very lonesome. I shall have but a poor crop of corn & potatoes this year, owing to the season. Upon reflection, I have given up the idea of addressing Miss V. M. wholly on account of her age, as I do not think any couple could be happy with so great a difference in their ages; I shall have to look further. Joseph has been a long time getting here, I hope he will be able to finish the trip this fall . . .”

Joseph left Beechwood for Texas on November 26th and arrived back at home on the 26th of the following May.

On December 29, 1845, Texas was admitted to the Union. The Anti-slavery party in the North had been opposed to its annexation because, according to the terms of the Missouri Compromise, it would be a slave-state and strengthen the South's power in Congress; so the question of its admission had stirred up a great political controversy. James Russell Lowell's poem, "The Present Crisis", reflects the Anti-slavery party's feeling in the matter.

David G. Burnet had served as the Texas Republic's first president in 1836 and was elected to the vice-presidency in 1838. Two years later, because of President Lamar's illness, he again served as president. Then, in 1846, he became secretary of state in the new state administration and when its term expired he went back to his farm.

Joseph, writing at Highland Cottage on February 22, 1846, to the "Ladies of the Mill Creek Missionary Society" in Cumminsville, refers to the death of Josephine (Dunlop) Ludlow and to the dispersal of her children—"the old 'Station' deserted!"; also to the deaths of Mary (Bates) Montgomery and of his two sisters; and then continues: ". . . I am now at my Brother's on San Jacinto Bay, six miles below the battle ground which insured the independence of Texas. This is truly a beautiful country and, judging from the astonishing influx of emigration, daily almost from the U. States & Europe, destined ere long to take an elevated rank among the Sister States of the great Republic of the North. Galveston City has a very imposing appearance from the gulph—although there are four churches, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist & R Catholic, & these all pretty well attended, yet there is much recklessness & desecration of the Sabbath. I called on Mr. Henderson, Pastor & founder of the Presb Ch, a talented & agreeable man. He has been seven years on the Island. With him I left a number of tracts on the Missionary enterprise which he received very gladly as their Missionary Soc. was to meet the next week. There is a considerable degree of wealth & fashion in Galveston. Here also I was introduced to several of the prominent citizens of Texas & gleaned much interesting information. I have also visited Houston, the second city of the State of Texas. This is a pretty



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town & seems to be proportionately more under religious & moral influences than Galveston. Here are also several churches. I formed no acquaintance with any of the clergy. The Methodist Conference was in session, presided over by the venerable Bishop Soule. I heard read their report on the state of their ch. in Texas for the last year—It was very favorable, having had an increase of nearly 500—in relation to the division of their Body in the States they were quite unanimous in siding with the 'Methodist Church South'. Houston is at the head of navigation on the Buffalo Bayou, one of the most lovely streams in the world & so narrow for the first fifteen miles below the town that steam boats cannot pass. It empties into the San Jacinto. It was near their junction the celebrated victory was won. Not long since I went about five miles up Buffalo Bayou in a row boat with Ex President Burnet who pointed out to me the cabin in which was discussed & drawn up the first treaty ever made by the Young Republic. It was when Burnet was President & was signed by Santa Anna, one of the parties & then a prisoner on the opposite side of the river—the cabin is one story & about 12 feet square, standing immediately upon the bank & overtopped by a cluster of cedars & pines, having a small clearing around it. I observed to Mr. B---- that he should have a sketch of it taken & published in some standard history of the rise & establishment of the Republic of Texas—the idea pleased him. The view of this cabin, connected with the knowledge of its having been the counsel house of the Cabinet of a nation, conveyed at once to my mind more vividly than any language could depict, not only the extremity to which the young Republic was reduced but the indomitable perseverance of those who instrumentally guided her destinies, & who were themselves sustained by the invincible democracy of the people."

Joseph wrote in January of 1846 "Lines to Darius Gregg on the death of his infant son Benjn Milam Gregg who died on Buffalo Bayou, Texas, aged five weeks".

On May 1st, 1846, Hannah (Este) Burnet was alone, as her husband, David G. Burnet, had gone to Austin and their little son was just leaving for Cincinnati, probably with Joseph, so Joseph sought to ease her maternal concern by addressing several stanzas to her.

Joseph was trying to straighten out some of the complicated real estate matters in Texas. For instance, his father had joined one J. B. Bailey in a dairy and gardening venture at Galveston and, as the joint undertaking had come to an end, a little money was due to Nicholas's estate in settlement; so, on May 15, 1846, at Galveston Bailey paid the balance of \$50 to Joseph who was the estate's administrator. Joseph must have been on the point of leaving Texas for Cincinnati, as he arrived at Beechwood eleven days later.

Edward E. Este's will was filed and recorded at Houston (Record of Deeds, Book K, pp. 283-4) on April 18, 1846; as

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Joseph was there at the time and as Edward had bequeathed his certificate for a head-right, his place on Cedar Bayou, and his lot in San Jacinto to his sister, Mary (Este) Clopper, it was probably Joseph who filed it. In 1847 Governor Henderson of Texas granted to the heirs of Edward Este, deceased, one-third of a league of land situated in Bexar District, known as Survey No. 772 in Section No. 6 on the east bank of the Rio Frio about sixty miles south-west of San Antonio—this must have been in fulfillment of Edward's certificate for a head-right. On July 19, 1854, the western half of this one-third of a league was conveyed to David G. Burnet by Joseph and Mary, as recorded in Book 7, p. 639, Records of Medina County. A quarter of a century later—on July 26, 1879—J. E. Foster of Houston in a letter to Edward N. Clopper, Joseph's son, stated that a man named Perry of Galveston [Preston Perry, administrator of David G. Burnet's estate] was claiming half of Edward E. Este's survey in Medina County.

Nicholas had transferred the south half of his League No. 7 in Matagorda County to James C. Ludlow in 1838 at the time of Ludlow's withdrawal from the joint mercantile and saw-mill business in Cumminsville, Ohio, and upon Ludlow's death in 1841 this half became the property of his heirs. On April 30, 1849, Charles A. Jones, New Orleans lawyer, through his wife, Charlotte (Ludlow) Jones, claimed the half of this league and obtained a tax title to it upon the payment of \$7.49 in taxes and costs, Thomas C. Stewart of Matagorda County acting for Jones. The son of Charles and Charlotte, whom they named Ludlow Jones, had his surname changed to Apjones; a street in Cumminsville, near their home, bears this name to-day. On August 21, 1850, one A. C. Horton got a tax deed for 2,214 acres in the northern half of League No. 7, assessed as the property of Nicholas Clopper, upon the payment of \$6.63 taxes for 1848 and \$1 costs; and on the same day the same party got a tax deed for 300 acres, being part of 2,214 acres in League No. 7 assessed as the property of Andrew M. Clopper, upon the payment of \$1.06 taxes for 1849 and \$1 costs! What a confused state of affairs! However, the Cloppers redeemed this land in 1851.

Nicholas Clopper Jr., who was murdered in Texas by Indians, had been entitled as an early settler to a grant of land and 1,476 acres in Harris County belonged to his estate; this tract had been sold in 1849 for 75 cents taxes due for 1848—and the purchaser was James Morgan; on September 9, 1850, Andrew redeemed it by paying the Harris County tax collector the 75 cents with 100 per cent advance and \$3.50 costs.

In 1846 when Joseph was trying to settle their father's estate, Andrew put in a claim for \$1,106.

Timothy Kirby of Cincinnati had bought in 1844 at public sale of Mahard & Brother, bankrupts, a claim for \$436.42 against the estate of Nicholas Clopper; and on November 4, 1846, he assigned his interest in this claim to Joseph, Andrew, Caroline,



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and Mary Ann for \$200 in the form of a note signed by Joseph and Andrew and endorsed by Caroline and Mary Ann, payable in fifteen months; from time to time during the next few years portions of this sum were paid, until June 1, 1853, when the note was met in full.

At Cincinnati on August 13, 1846, Joseph addressed John Mahard Jr. at Springfield, Illinois, stating that he had recently returned from Texas where he had been looking after his father's estate and that he had been unable to settle with General Sherman because he did not have the note for \$1,000 against Sherman nor the two certificates of Sabine stock for \$1,000 each. In New Orleans he learned that Mahard & Brother had dissolved. He asks where the note and certificates are. "My brother returns to Texas early in the fall & by him I wish to satisfy & make the best possible arrangement with Genl Sherman . . . If it [Sherman's note] is in your possession you can make me a proposition in view of your claim on the estate, stating the amount of your note against the same. *The estate consists solely of lands in Texas, well located but none of which I could sell when there, in consequence of the commotion & generally disordered state of affairs incident to a state just formed out of a bankrupt Republic . . .*" On the same date he wrote also to Joseph Lovell at Morristown, New Jersey, concerning the \$335 in Texas Treasury notes which his father had placed in the hands of Joseph Lovell & Company at New Orleans.

Andrew made but few journeys outside of Texas after he had settled there. He visited the family at Beechwood in 1846 and again in 1851. As he grew older he seems to have felt lonelier and, being a bachelor, his thoughts dwelt more and more fondly on his sisters and brother in their home in the Mill Creek valley. He dreaded a solitary life in old age and made up his mind to dispose of his Lone Star holdings and rejoin the family; so, upon his return south, he took steps towards this end. An agreement between himself and Owen W. Cravey of Harris County, Texas, was entered into in May of 1852 whereby Andrew leased his farm, "Highland Cottage", on the San Jacinto River, to Cravey until January 1, 1853, with one yoke of oxen, one cart, seventeen milch cows with twelve calves, seven two-year-old horses and eight yearlings; also one plough, two log chains, planes, auger, chisels, hammer, oil stone, iron kettle, iron pot, skillet, one pair of steelyards, dog-irons (andirons), old iron, three scythes, wood saw, cross-cut saw, bureau, three tables, bedstead, and one pair of stretcher chains. Cravey agreed to take good care of all this stock and these implements, to brand all the calves with Clopper's brand, and to return all this property to Andrew in good order at the expiration of the lease; also to put new roofs on the main buildings including shed rooms, a new sill to the house, and to cut no living timber except for rails, to use dead wood for fuel, to keep fences in good order, to build two good mud chimneys to the house, and to make a



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good cow pen. At the end of the term, if the parties disagreed, they were to submit the matter in dispute to two disinterested persons who might appoint an umpire if needful, and bound themselves to abide by their decision.

In the following year Andrew made an exchange of property with Melancthon S. Wade of Cincinnati whereby Wade took Highland Cottage and a quarter-league (1,107 acres) on Galveston and San Jacinto Bays with some of the cattle for \$5,000 and, on May 30, gave Andrew deeds to lot 5 in the subdivision of the heirs of David Wade, fronting 25 feet on Central Avenue at David Street in Cincinnati; also to a 32-foot lot on Everett Street between Linn and Jones Streets; and to lots 5, 6, and 38, each with a frontage of 25 feet, in Wade's Subdivision on Harrison Pike.

Andrew must have transacted this business in haste in his eagerness to be with his brother and sisters in Cincinnati, for he did not take the trouble to make sure that all the owners of the Everett Street property signed the deed, and he must not have looked at the lots on Harrison Pike or he would not have become their owner—for they were merely a very steep hillside. Four years after Andrew's death his brother and sisters had to pay \$100 to parties in Shelby County, Indiana, for their interest in the Everett Street property which had a double cottage. This real estate was sold in 1889 by my mother for \$5,500. Year after year the Harrison Pike lots were entered on our tax bill during the lifetime of my parents and were finally disposed of by myself, out of sheer weariness, for their assessed valuation.

Andrew, being in Texas, gave his brother Joseph a power-of-attorney to collect the rents for the Central Avenue and Everett Street houses—and copied some verses which he admired, about dying joyfully, for he seems to have had a premonition of what came to pass only four months afterwards.

When Joseph was in Texas, early in 1854, he sold Andrew's cattle. Part of the herd had been included in the deal with Wade and the rest had been reserved; so, in settlement with Wade, Joseph returned to him on January 22, 1855, the note which he had given to Andrew at the time of the exchange of property.

Although Andrew was shy, wary, meek, and dilatory, nevertheless he was constant in his devotion to the soil of Texas and did not take steps to return north until he had been left alone and was past his prime. His was not a dominating nature and he held back from the making of momentous decisions—he almost got married, but never got beyond the stage of thinking about it. The last letter of his which has been preserved is an unconscious self-portrayal; it was written at his residence, Highland Cottage, on June 14, 1847, and was addressed to his brother Joseph and his two surviving sisters. After mentioning the drought and his inability to plant because of it, he continues: "You say that my speaking of selling out & returning to Ohio



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was the most gratifying news to you of any, yes my dear Brother and Sisters, it is my intention to do so if possible, if I have to sacrifice, as it is too far to ride to Houston to attend church. the day I receiv'd your & Aunt Ann's letters I heard two Sermons in the Presbyterian Church [in Houston] by Mr. Limber which were very good, & one in the Baptist Church at night by Mr. Tryon & there is a Methodist preacher a Mr. Addison who preaches in our neighbourhood once every three weeks, he has preach'd twice at Mr. Brinsons, he does tolerable well. I have not seen Sarah yet, when I was in Houston I did not go there, I scarcely know whether to do so or not. I have not shewn Morgan a copy of the account he gave Father yet, I will follow your directions. Aunt Ann & all the family are well, she advises me to go to Maryland for a wife & to go & live with my Sisters . . . Genl Sherman resides at Harrisburg now, & Mrs. Sherman and the balance of the family have gone to Kentucky, Cornelius also, I suppose he will call & see you. Gregg & his Lady have also gone, I heard her say she would like to call on you, I suppose they will do so, & Mrs. Burnet has gone on . . . I told him [Sherman] your situation, he told me he thought he would be able to pay you before long, I wish to see him also very much—I suppose he will be back [from New Orleans] in the course of two or 3 weeks. Tanner is still with me, he is not able to do any thing like work, he strains the milk & cooks & washes up the Dishes for his board, his lungs had been affected, he does not breathe very well yet, I think he will never get strong & hearty again. Money is so scarce in Texas, I am afraid it will be hard to sell out. Col Washington has purchas'd 50 acres of Land from Mr. White, which is a part of the land I sold Sherman, by his consent I made Washington a deed to it, or rather to his Sister Mary Beasley, she is a widow. this 50 acres contains the buildings. Sherman told me in the presence of Col. Washington that I need not fear of getting the land back, as he intends paying the balance due us as soon as he possibly can. I understand that he & some others have purchas'd Harrisburg & intend making a town of it, by that I think he will be able to pay us, he has purchas'd Judge Briscoe's place in Harrisburg & has made him the first payment as I understand. I hope you will not blame me for making a deed to it [the 50 acres], Col. Washington & his Sister will move up this fall, he is much of a Gentleman. Mr. Miller our Preacher has gone to the General Assembly [of the Presbyterian Church], it is held in Richmond, Virginia, it is thought he will not be back before October. I dont hear any news of our war lately, the last account I heard Genl Scott was within 70 or 80 miles of the City of Mexico . . .”

On January 1, 1849, Andrew leased his plantation on San Jacinto Bay to George E. Long and shortly afterwards the following curious document was signed by H. Washington who, presumably, was the Col. Washington who had bought the fifty

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acres: "I have purchased of George E. Long his interest in a brown mare mule four years old in the Spring of 1849 branded on the shoulder -C-. I claim in this mule no interest other than that given to said Long by his lease from Andrew M. Clopper of his plantation on San Jacinto Bay, which lease includes also this mule & other stock. The exact date of this lease is not now recollected but it commences & goes into operation on the 1st day of January 1849. I agree to deliver said mule if alive, to said Clopper or his heirs or assigns upon the expiration of the interest which I hold in her under the lease aforesaid. Witness my hand this thirteenth day of February 1849 H. Washington."

The user of that mule has told us what device the Cloppers branded on their stock in Texas: a capital C with a bar through it.

When Andrew made the following list of Clopper holdings in Texas he does not say—it was likely at about this time:

### TAX LIST GIVEN IN BY ANDREW M. CLOPPER

1.	1,107 acres Land, J. Hunter's Survey 4/-.....	\$ 553.50
2.	150 head Cattle .....\$3.50.....	525.00
3.	Horses & Mules.....	100.00
4.	1,476 acres Land A. M. Clopper's head right in Fort Bend County @ 12½.....	184.50
		<hr/> 1,363.00

### AS AGENT FOR THE HEIRS OF NICHOLAS CLOPPER DEC'D

5.	1,200 acres John Brown's Survey @ 4/-.....	600.00
6.	450 more or less a Round Point @ 12½.....	110.00
7.	2,214 acres S. S. Austin's Survey in Matagorda County 1/-	276.75
		<hr/> 986.75

### AS AGENT FOR MARY E. CLOPPER

8.	200 acres in Harris County.....	1/-
9.	738 acres in Bexar district known as survey No. 772 in section No. 6 on the east bank of the Rio Frio about 60 miles S. W. from San Antonio, the Patent is No. 404 Edward E. Este's Head right, deceas'd at 1/-.....	\$ 92.25

The value of the eighth item is not calculated, but at the rate given it would be \$25. Many years later Edward N. Clopper Sr. pencilled the word "Sold" opposite items 1, 5, 7, and 8.

After the genial manner of nicknaming people, Andrew was known in Texas by the title of "General" although everyone must have been aware of the fact that his military career had been limited to service as a courier or dispatch-bearer and to capture and escape. A friend of his named C. C. Cox wrote to him from California in 1852, addressing him as "Genl"; and a buyer of cattle "Paid Gen A M Clopper July 1853 \$22"; and when Dr. H. W. Richie at Lynchburg made out his receipt upon being



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paid for professional services, he wrote for "The payment for my attendance to Gen<sup>l</sup> Clopper in his last illness."

He died in Texas on September 16, 1853. In a letter written at Beechwood two months later to his uncle, Edward N. Clopper of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, Joseph refers to a visit from his cousin, Elizabeth (Clopper) Stewart, and then describes Andrew's last days: "She says you all feelingly sympathise with us in the death of Andrew, the *last of my brothers!* & that you desire to have the particulars of his death. We know nothing but what was very briefly communicated by Mrs. Morris, the lady at whose house he died & with whom I was much pleased on a short acquaintance in 1846 when in that country. He had been unwell for more than a month but seemed recruiting & made a visit to Mrs. M's & was caught in a rain, took sick next day but kept about till fourth day—had a physician called, who said there was not much the matter—gave some medicine to check discharge from bowels which was almost immediately effectual, then some pills with orders to take castor oil next morning—the last discharge before the Dr. arrived was nearly pure blood. On the morning of the fifth day, half an hour after taking the oil he was dying and at noon his spirit returned to God who gave it. He had very little pain after the first day, and Mrs. M. says spoke but little, & left no commands or expressed wishes with her—but would often say, 'he hoped God would spare him to reach home & die with his brother & sisters, but if God thought best to take him he hoped he was prepared to go.' Yes! it is our chief joy, our strong consolation, our precious conviction that he was prepared to go! never was there a more scrupulously conscientious man. He was deeply sensible of his own unworthiness in the sight of the infinitely *Holy One* & that without the righteousness of Jesus Christ imputed & received by faith alone he could never appear before Him in peace. Seven years since he openly confessed his Savior before men & for the last year of his life which God in his great goodness to him & to us permitted him to spend with us, he seemed almost dead to the world & more & more alive unto God. We are assured it is well with him! and that in his last illness he had all the attentions which could have been given him away from us. His warfare is ended! his long years of frontier life crowded with privations & perils have closed! . . ."

In his obituary Joseph wrote, "Mr. Clopper was one of the first colonists under the Mexican grant to Stephen F. Austin, and an active participant in many of the trying scenes and eventful struggles which resulted in the independence of his adopted country. In the year 1846, while on a visit to his relatives, he connected himself with the First Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati and, consistently and steadily holding fast his integrity, died in the faith once delivered to the saints."

# XL

## MID-CENTURY MATTERS AT HOME

AS BOTH Rebecca and Rachel Ruhamah had passed away, Joseph and Mary moved from Millview to Beechwood on September 23, 1845, to live with Caroline and Mary Ann, and never again changed their place of residence. On the same day Millview was rented to Dr. J. Cooper at six dollars a month; he paid \$72 for one year in advance, and was still there in 1847, the last entry of a rental payment by him having been made in March of that year. Joseph and Mary had lived at Millview for nine years.

Joseph spent the Winter of 1845-46 in Texas, looking after his father's estate, and arrived home late in May. He had not been back long before he wrote verses about the escape of a pet bird from the hands of his small son:

### ALBERT'S FAREWELL THOUGHTS

For Mary Ann, Beechwood, June, 1846

'Twas in the month of sunny June  
That Albert gained his liberty;  
And thus he sung his farewell tune  
Upon the weeping willow tree:—

What inspiration newly given  
Is this that warms my breast?  
Is it the zephyr-breath of heaven  
Inflates my little chest?  
It is! and freely will I vent  
What Freedom may inspire,  
Released from long imprisonment  
In walls of wood and wire.

O glorious! on the topmost bough  
To sit and plume my wing,  
And sing at large, as I do now,  
A liberated thing!

.....

But Liberty! thou precious boon  
So late bestowed on me,  
Dear as thou art, I would not soon  
Be dead to memory.  
Ah no! Ruhamah, loveliest one—  
First mistress that I knew—  
Thy image, deep impressed, lives on,  
And death shall find me true.



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And she who was so dear to thee,  
Who loved me for thy sake!  
If I forget her care for me,  
Then break, my heart-strings, break!

.....

'Twas little Edward took me out  
To have a nearer view,  
And as he turned me round about  
I watched my chance and flew.  
And would not you, had you been me,  
Have surely done the same?

Then let not me, so haply free,  
Nor Edward, share your blame—  
But cherish my remembrance long,  
And I your deeds will tell  
In distant lands, in sweeter song,  
Than this, my sad farewell.

J. C. C.

On his son's birthday, December 29, 1846, being only four days after the Lord's, Joseph composed thirteen stanzas as though little Edward himself, now six years old, were speaking; they were published in 1848 in a local periodical:

.....

But, mother, tho' I seem so wild,  
I don't forget I heard you say  
'Twas Christmas when that lovely child,  
The Savior, in a manger lay.

You told me, too, while on your knee,  
What still I cannot comprehend—  
That this same Babe was born to be  
A Savior and the sinner's friend.

That whilst he made this earth his home,  
Ere yet upon the cross he bled,  
He suffered little ones to come,  
And poured his blessings on their head.

.....

How blessed those little children were!  
Dear mother, I would be like them—  
But more would I resemble here,  
That lovely Babe of Bethlehem! . . .

Writing at Beechwood on Christmas Eve of 1850, Joseph addressed this charming letter to young Edward:

"MY DEAR LITTLE SON

"At a late hour a few thoughts occur which a fond Father thinks may be agreeable to his dear child—his only boy, now almost at the completion of his tenth year. You will recollect that Pa and Ma and dear Aunt Rebecca in former years on Christmas Eve would put little notes into your stockings as if written by an old fellow named *Santa Claus*, giving good advice with nuts &

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cakes &c; and without thinking much, I suppose, whether he was a real being of flesh & blood or not, you with a joyous happy little heart would listen to what was written & crack your nuts & eat your cakes & sport your toys. But now you are a large boy & something of a scholar and studying philosophy & learning to think for yourself and know well that old Santa Claus is only a creature of the imagination first conceived of, I will not say wisely, by some fond parent perhaps, as a pleasant way of making presents to his dear children. And your father knows that his dear boy will be much better pleased to see his father's own name under what he writes than that of any other; and to read that he really intends to make him a present on his next birthday of a bridle, that he may when the weather is good take a ride with him on horseback and by the time he is eleven years old if both should live so long, to get him a nice little new saddle; and possibly, if he is studious and good & obedient to his Parents and especially if he is kind & affectionate to his dear Mother to buy him a handsome *poney*; but before this can be his father & Mother must both see that he reads his bible & other good books and has learned all his catechism very perfectly—O then how glad their hearts will be, for they will know that God too loves their dear boy; and it will always give them a great pleasure to gratify all his reasonable wishes as far as they can & know will be for his good. Sweet slumbers to you my Son and may you live to see many happy Christmases, joyous New Years and bright birthdays—a useful citizen, an honor to your country and above all a consistent Christian, an humble child of God, prays your affectionate Father

JOSEPH C. CLOPPER"

Caroline's "Rose Cottage" was about where 4251 Spring Grove Avenue is to-day, but set back from the road. Its lot was on both sides of the avenue where it bends just east of Dane Street and included the land where the foot-bridge is; its southern boundary was Mill Creek extending east from the mouth of Ludlow's Run, a brook flowing down from the north past the western side of "Rose Cottage" and emptying into the creek—its course there is through a culvert now. The crossing through Mill Creek just east of the mouth of Ludlow's Run was "Clopper's Ford" and vehicles bound for Beechwood approached it from the avenue over a road through Caroline's lot. After the railway had been built, in 1869, vehicles had to cross that too. The "cottage in the yard", a short distance south of Beechwood house, was another building whose site is now covered by the "rapid transit" fill.

Caroline taught school in the neighborhood in 1850, probably in Ludlow Hall on the avenue opposite Dane Street, for on Monday, July 29th she wrote on a dried leaf: "I picked this leaf up on my way to school—it reminded me of death and made me think of my dear Ruhamah and feel that I should soon lose this clayey tabernacle—that this now active body will soon fade and decay like this leaf—but that my spirit may be found with God—and then all will be well—Lord help me to live the life of the righteous, that I may die as they die—I ask it for Christ's sake. C. C. C." On the other side of the leaf she wrote: "Mrs.



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Doctor Miller is about dying. O! what a solemn scene have I this day witnessed—the wife dying in one room & the husband lying directly opposite in another, very ill—think, O! my soul, of the solemn change that awaits thee—lay to heart and prepare to meet thy God, for in an hour when we think not, the Son of Man cometh . . . Mrs. Miller is no more—died between 4 & 5 o'clock this evening. May the Lord impress the solemn call upon all our hearts and enable us to prepare for our change. C. C. C."

It is likely that Caroline had been teaching in Ludlow Hall before 1850—the family was living at Beechwood when the Hall was built—and she may have continued with the school after it had been transferred to Knowlton's Stone House. The two following quotations relate to these early educational efforts:

"The Hall of Free Discussion was built by James C. Ludlow in 1832 in the interest of education, literature, and religion."<sup>103</sup> It was commonly called Ludlow Hall.

"In 1832 James C. Ludlow, son of Israel Ludlow, built a house called the Hall of Free Discussion and dedicated it 'to the interest of education, literature, and religion' . . . It is worthy of notice that in this hall, still standing on Spring Grove Avenue opposite the terminus of Dane Street [torn down in 1948] . . . was conducted the second public school in the village . . . This school was transferred to Knowlton's Stone House some time after 1848 . . . The old log school in the Kirby tract, another far out in West Fork, and the Ludlow Hall school at Clopper's Ford in 1832, were the beginnings."<sup>104</sup>

Mary Ann Catherine Clopper owned a house and lot next to John McMakin's on Spring Grove Avenue; it was occupied early in 1848 by John Myers and then, on March 1st, she rented it to Charles Moon for one year for \$45. On November 1st, 1850, she gave a promissory note for \$100 to Donaldson & Company, payable in two years, and when it fell due she paid both principal and interest in full. It was at this time that James Johnston paid \$600 on his note to the Clopper sisters, after having made a first payment of \$500 in September—this was the man who had bought the land lying west of the canal's spillway and had built a Swiss chalet there—and with this money both Caroline and Mary Ann discharged several debts: not only the note to Donaldson & Company but also another to Baker for the same amount, as well as bills for shingles, nails, fencing etc., and had a good deal left—they were better managers than their brother Joe.

The "old crazy mill" was still working in 1845, for a blacksmith by the name of J. G. Smith repaired parts of it up to February of that year, and was paid for his work in the following September. In April of 1847 the saw-mill accounts end and from this, one supposes, the business of making lumber also came to an end. In that month Joseph paid \$5.18 for having 1,186 feet of firelogs sawn. He bought a stove in December



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

for \$20, paying for it with cash and old iron. In October of 1850 he bought of Blachly & Simpson, with which concern D. K. Este, Judge D. K. Este's nephew, was connected, three yards of beaver cloth for \$7.50 and three yards of frieze cloth for \$2.85; and on the 20th he paid \$6.50 for ten bushels of potatoes, so the Cloppers did not raise all the vegetables they required.

Items of expense are interesting and often significant because they tell something of the spender's standard of comfort and reflect the customs of the times. In mid-April of 1851 Joseph bought about fifteen square yards of "floor oil cloth" (we should say "linoleum") from John Shillito & Company at a dollar a square yard and, later in that month, paid M. Dodsworth \$9.45 for 756 feet of fencing @  $1\frac{1}{4}$ c a foot, and \$7.75 to a carpenter for five days of work. In June he paid a balance of \$9.27 $\frac{1}{2}$  to William S. Marsh for carriage trimmings and repairing of harness; Marsh had a saddlery shop at Spring Grove and Colerain Avenues. As might be expected, there were in those "horse and buggy days" many articles and services required of blacksmiths, and Joseph's accounts with those useful workmen are enlightening: for instance, on December 17, 1851, he received from J. G. Smith, blacksmith, a bill covering goods and services from May to October, including both new and old horseshoes, wheels, nuts, stay-irons, the repairing of hames, the mending of a spring, etc., and amounting to \$22.04 of which ten dollars had been paid and six more were paid this day, leaving a balance of \$6.04 due—this balance he paid in March of 1852 when he bought four new horseshoes and two old ones from the same blacksmith for 45c. Smith moved to Indiana at this time and it is said that he became active there in state politics. Again, in September of 1852, Joseph paid blacksmith David Williams \$2.65 for repairs to a plough, for a wheelbarrow tire, harrow teeth, and for new and old horseshoes. In July of 1853 he paid him \$7.27 for horseshoes, nails, mending a spring, repairing the carriage, setting tires, and sharpening a plough. A year and a half later he paid \$12 for having the barouche painted and \$2.50 for repair of the dashboard and harness; then he bought silk festoons and fringe for \$3.50, a "new oil carpet" for \$1.25, and had the rockers covered. Beechwood had a board fence around the yard at this time and in May of 1852 Joseph paid Ross & Collins \$10 for forty cedar posts @ 25c, and Lape & Gilpin \$14 for a thousand feet of boards.

Caroline, Mary Ann, Joseph, Mary, and young Edward lived quietly at Beechwood. Whenever the family had a lump sum of money at this period it was usually handed to Edward Mills, Mary's nephew and a Cincinnati lawyer, for investment; later on they would buy a government bond. With the interest on such moneys, the rents paid by tenants, and the income from their farming, they managed to live comfortably although modestly. Their life ran on serenely, so far as one may judge from the records. Fruit trees had been set out above the garden in the



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### BEECHWOOD

Miami and Erie Canal was in foreground; Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Mill Creek, and Spring Grove Avenue are beyond the house; Clopper's Ford was at left of footbridge.

Photograph from airplane by Robert Dalton, April, 1939.

Spring of 1855—Baldwin and Northern Spy apples in a row next to the canal, then "Jeneten", Summer Rose, and Newtown Spitzenberg apples in two other rows, the third row being in line with the bath-house—it was an orchard of fair size and lasted for half a century; now its site is called the "east pasture".

Robert B. Bowler resided at "Mount Storm" on the hill south of Beechwood—the site is now a public park. Water was pumped from the canal by a ram to a tank on his grounds for use on his garden—the tank was in a small temple which still stands there. The ram was in the ravine behind the old barn and stable at Beechwood and an annual rent of five dollars was paid to the Cloppers for the privilege of having it there. It was still pumping in 1888 when the writer was a lad. On April 6, 1857, Bowler wrote to Joseph mentioning that his son Edward, then a boy of sixteen years, had come for the rent and had informed him that his father did not intend to execute a lease for this privilege, much to his surprise as he understood that this had been agreed to when he changed the location of the



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pipe from Beechwood's yard to the ravine. Bowler offers to put new pipe in the ravine, out of the way, and so substantial that it will last for many years, the only ground needed being three feet square; for this privilege he will pay five dollars a year and will pay now for ten years. He assures Joseph that this arrangement will not prejudice the property if it should be sold, because it would not interfere with any use which the ground might be put to—on the contrary, it would be a benefit because there would always be a stream of water of two inches at command—and he wishes to know whether this will be agreeable, if not he will lay the pipe elsewhere. This was the letter of a business man—four days later he rented that ground for his ram.

Ludlow Station, the home of the Ludlows, was built about 1795 on land now bounded by Chase, Chambers, and Mad Anthony Streets and by the railroad; the blockhouse stood about where the Fergus Street Christian Church is to-day. The distance between the "Station" and Beechwood was a third of a mile, and the Ludlows and the Cloppers, being cousins, visited back and forth. Josephine C. (Dunlop) Ludlow, widow and first cousin of the late James C. Ludlow, died at the Station on December 7, 1845. Her children had married and gone their ways, and after her death the Station ceased to be so much of a center for the family. Her daughter, Catherine (Ludlow) Whiteman, made her home there for many years and was visited from time to time by her brothers and sisters; Catherine was its owner in the eighteen-eighties and employed Isaac B. McFarland as caretaker. Charlotte (Ludlow) Jones, another of Josephine's daughters, lived on Dane Street above Chase Street.

Sarah Bella was another of the Ludlow girls; she married Salmon P. Chase and lived in Clifton. Late in 1851 she fell ill and her cousin, Caroline Clopper, a sympathetic soul who rushed to the aid of anyone in distress and ministered to his needs as best she could, hurried to her bedside. Sarah Bella was no longer a girl but a wife and mother; her husband was then United States senator from Ohio and was in Washington, attending to his duties. Writing at their residence in Clifton in the Christmas season to her sister Mary Ann at Beechwood, Caroline said: "Belle is worse. The doctor was out yesterday and she told me he gave her to understand she could not live longer than Spring. I questioned the doctor and he said he considered her very dangerous indeed. I then asked if we ought not to let Mr. Chase know—he said yes—he had written to him and as we received no letter last night presume he is on his way—poor man, what trial awaits him . . . she was very much pleased that Joseph call'd to see her, I wish he would call up again soon—say Monday or Tuesday—but not let her know that I ask'd him or wrote any thing to you about her . . . I will not say when I will be home—but wish you all a pleasant and happy Christmas . . ." She describes Belle's condition from Thanksgiving until the present.



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The prediction came true. Sarah Bella lingered on through the Winter and Spring, and passed away on June 13, 1852. With the senator's approval, Caroline took their little daughter Nettie to Beechwood and cared for her there until arrangements were made for a home where her father could see her often. On July 5, 1852, at Washington, he sent this letter to his daughter at Beechwood, printing every letter to enable her to read it more easily:

"DARLING LITTLE NETTIE

"Pa wants to see you very much. He hopes you are a very good girl. He will come home after a while. He now sends you a kiss, and some pictures in a book, which he hopes will please you. May God our Father bless you for Christ's sake. Your own Father,

S. P. CHASE."

The next day he wrote to Caroline at Beechwood, referring to a cow which, it seems, he had presented to her as a suitable addition to the live stock on Clopper Farm. The letter follows:

"I received your letter, for which I am very much obliged to you, last night. You need consider yourself under no obligation to me for the cow. The gift leaves me still your debtor for kindness to my dear Belle, which I can never thank you enough for. I know, and I am glad to know, that you find your best reward in the consciousness of doing so, and in so far imitating the example of our Blessed Lord.

"I feel exceedingly anxious about my little darling. I love her as it seems to me I never loved any other child. Most fervently do I pray that she may be guarded from evil and preserved to me; and yet, such has been my experience of trial, and of the hidden evil of the heart, and of more open sin, that I should hardly murmur, though I should deeply grieve to lose her, if she should be taken, in her lovely innocence, to the bosom of her Savior. You have alarmed me by your report of her being unwell. I long to hear from her and to hear of her recovery. In case of her being sick, I think I should prefer Dr. Pulte to Dr. Ehrman. I know nothing of Dr. Pulte's assistant, except from Dr. P's report. Before employing him I should make careful enquiry.

"Where does Nettie sleep? I think it important for children to sleep in well ventilated & sufficiently large rooms, and that it is desirable that they should sleep in single beds.

"I expect to be at home in about eight weeks now, and if no disposition has been made of the Clifton house and furniture, to occupy it until I return to this place, when I mean to bring Nettie with me and either keep her here, or place her with my sister at Lockport where I can go in a day & a half, if necessary at any time.

"Remember me very kindly to your brother & give my love to Mrs. Jones & the children; and tell my little darling to be a good, good girl and that her father loves her dearly.

"Very sincerely your friend

S. P. CHASE."

James C. and Josephine (Dunlop) Ludlow had three sons and five daughters. Their eldest son, James Dunlop Ludlow, wrote at Pera, Champaign County, Illinois, to Joseph C. Clopper on

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

January 11, 1858, concerning the clearing of title to certain real estate. He states that he and his sisters, Charlotte, Kate, and Josephine, have been discussing Texas property since having received a letter from Joseph; and also that he has been reading a sermon by Rev. J. L. Wilson on "Methods of Peace" in a collection published by McMillan & Clopper in 1833, a copy of which Joseph had presented to J. O. Wattles when he was at Ludlow Station in Cumminsville—it will be remembered that Joseph and McMillan made such a compilation at that time. He refers to an acre and a half of land (lying, probably, between Mill Creek and Spring Grove Avenue) which he values at \$1,500 and through which James Johnston wishes a right of way, presumably to the avenue from his residence, the Swiss chalet on the lot west of the canal's spillway which had been acquired from the Cloppers; and Ludlow graciously writes, "as your friend and neighbor we will without compensation, except a continuation of your love, give to Mr. Johnston free passage forever, provided he will not in any way effect [sic] the probable water privileges therein vested, and we would do much more for your friendship and we hope you may, if you ever have the occasion, put us to a greater test." He then answers a question raised by Joseph, apparently about a flaw in the title to real estate transferred by the Ludlows some years before, mentioning the Dudleys (his aunt, Martha Catharine Ludlow had married Ambrose Dudley and had four children) and J. D. Garrard who had married his aunt, Sarah Bella Ludlow, and also had four children: "Dudley was administrator of J. D. Garrard's estate, and at the sale of the farm now occupied by the Spring Grove Cemetery, he (Dudley) purchased it or rather bid it off, which you know by our law is forbidden, and to save the costs of court, advertising a second sale &c, father [James C. Ludlow] agreed to take it at Dudley's bid which he did do . . . it was necessary for the Dudleys to quit claim on that particular farm. As for their having a claim on the whole section . . . the property has remained almost twice 21 years in quiet and undisputed possession and the youngest child has been of age for many years: Ethelbert Dudley, M. D., Lexington, Ky., Louisa D. Burrows, Keokuk, Iowa, Charlotte Armstrong and Ellen Major, wife of Dr. Major, Covington, Ky. I have never heard before of this claim you speak of and have no idea the children intend to start such a claim, and, if they had they would not wait for the death of Col. Dudley for they have no respect for his feelings . . ."

In mid-November of that year Ludlow wrote again to Joseph, reporting that he had been successful in his efforts to get the signatures of the Dudley heirs on a quitclaim deed, having gone not only to Lexington but also to Gambier where Louisa signed it; he did not rest until the document was complete and on record in Hamilton County. "I started in life on a different system and followed it until within a few years. My former system was Procrastination . . . and so all my life until I entered Mr. Sullivant's employment . . ."



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Accordingly, in September of 1859, James D. Ludlow, trustee for the several Dudley heirs, gave a quitclaim deed to Joseph, Caroline, Mary Ann, and Edward N. Clopper for part of "Ludlow Station farm" to confirm the conveyance made by Martha Catharine (Ludlow) Dudley and her husband to James C. Ludlow in May of 1821 and also subsequent conveyances made by James C. Ludlow to Joseph, Rebecca, Caroline, Mary Ann, Rachel Ruhamah, and their father, Nicholas Clopper. Caroline has noted that in December of 1859 she paid "Dunlop Ludlow" four dollars for a quitclaim to Beechwood.

One day in mid-July of 1858 Caroline plucked some flowers off her father's and sisters' graves in Spring Grove Cemetery, dried them, and mounted them on a card. On this card she wrote: "Oh how was my feelings wounded this day on the way to the grave by M E C - - - and I feel as if I can never visit the spot again with [her]—it grieves me but I feel I have a friend that sticketh closer & one who will never leave or forsake those who put their trust in him." So Mary (Este) Clopper had a tongue that "setteth on fire the course of nature"! She was filled with false pride and was often overbearing in manner towards her husband's gentle sisters; she never hesitated to accept favors from them, however. She was an introvert, if one may judge from some of her notes—for instance, in April of 1856 she made this cryptic memorandum: "Beechwood, in our room—memorable, *'Now remember, write it down.'* Well, the struggle is over, I now know for the future—but oh! the support of the promise, *I* will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Parent and *Husband*, guard and guide. *Thou* art each tender name in one. My grace is sufficient for *Thee*. I can bear all suffering if my Lord be there—May *thy* strength be made perfect in *my* weakness. 'Peace I leave with you'. *Peace of conscience.*" One wonders what fell deed of Joseph's had occasioned this outburst—perhaps his greeting of a pretty choir-singer at church had been too effusive!

Mary's brother, David K. Este, retired from the bench in May of 1847, having served for thirteen years, first, as judge of the Hamilton County common pleas court and then of the superior court of Cincinnati, this last being a local court with jurisdiction limited to civil cases. He then moved with his family to New Haven, Conn., and returned to Cincinnati after nine years in the east.

In an account of his situation following the depression of 1837 Joseph wrote that by the kindness of friends he had avoided a total wreck and that now one of those friends was in utmost need and had asked him for the whole amount of the loan. Joseph did not have the money. The friend had applied to a wealthy uncle—could this have been David K. Este?—but had been refused; however, Joseph and Rebecca went to the uncle and, giving security, obtained more than half the sum needed by their friend. The balance they got promptly from a friend in

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Kentucky—probably Israel Ludlow—and so the needy nephew's good name was saved. As a matter of fact, the judge had a nephew who had been given his name, and who was not unacquainted with need.

Another of Mary (Este) Clopper's brothers was Dr. Charles Este who died at Dayton, Ohio, in 1817. After his death his widow and only son went to Cincinnati to live with David K. Este (for whom the son had been named) who was then practising law there, having just entered into partnership with Bellamy Storer. Little David K. was five years old when his father died. When he grew up he married Eliza Phillips Houston, daughter of George Smith Houston of Alabama. Houston was a remarkable man—being a good public speaker, he became active in politics, represented his county in the state legislature, served as district solicitor, was elected to Congress and, with the exception of one term, served there from 1841 until the Civil War. "He was opposed to secession and worked for the preservation of the Union, being elected to Congress in 1850 on a platform denying the constitutional right of secession. When Alabama seceded, however, he bowed to the will of his state and surrendered his seat in Congress."<sup>105</sup> He refused both to serve in the Confederate Army and to take the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States. Nevertheless the legislature of Alabama elected him to the United States Senate in 1865 but he was not permitted to take his seat. In 1874 he became governor of Alabama and set to work to put the state's affairs in order. Four years later he went to the U. S. Senate and died shortly afterwards. In 1835 he married Mary Beatty and in 1861 Ellen Irvine, being the father of ten children.

His daughter Eliza, after her marriage, visited the Cloppers at Beechwood and its library still contains her gifts: *A Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans* by Charles Hodge, 1836, was "A present from Mrs. Eliza P. Este to J. C. Clopper, September 15th, 1850;" Harriet Martineau's *The Crofton Boys*, 1854, was a gift to "Edward N. Clopper from Cousin Eliza P. Este, Christmas, 1854"; and *The Works of Washington Irving* in two volumes, 1840, was "Presented to J. C. Clopper by Mrs. E. P. Este, 1855".

Eliza's husband met a strange death in California. According to a clipping from *The Stockton Independent* in that state, dated November 23rd, 1864, David K. Este, a native of Ohio, age 52 years, died suddenly in a stage-coach on Sunday, November 20th, as reported in a letter from Farmington, California, written by Capt. H. W. Deshler, formerly of Company B, 75th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Deshler relates that he had, in September of 1862 at Washington, D. C., met Este who had enlisted in the Union Army and was serving as aide to Gen. Robert Schenck of Ohio. Capt. Deshler further states that Este sailed from New York for California in November of 1863, arrived at San Francisco in December and, with another man,



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tried his luck on a stock ranch in the valley below San Francisco but failed after a few months because of drought and insufficient capital. About November 1st, 1864, he passed through Farmington on his way to Sonora, then returned by the Sonora stage on Saturday, the 19th, and inquired for Capt. Deshler, saying he was very sick and had no money. Deshler put him to bed and sent for a physician, but without his friend's knowledge he got up and set out on foot towards Stockton, boarding a stage-coach on the way and dying on it, November 20th. He was buried by the sheriff.

Joseph's financial embarrassment seems slight, as the sum total of his obligations was not large, but it should be borne in mind that he was of frail constitution, of poetic temperament, and unable to withstand either the rigors of business or the gruelling of a professional life, hence his resources were limited and small debts overwhelming. In December of 1849 he proposed to his two surviving sisters an arrangement concerning his debt to them. He says that before Rebecca died in 1845 he owed more than \$900 to Bates and others, and was responsible for over \$300 more on their father's notes. Now he owes \$100 in rent for rooms at Beechwood to Caroline and Mary Ann, the owners of the place. At his suggestion Rebecca had bequeathed Beechwood to her three sisters; then, after the death of Rachel Ruhamah, he had quitclaimed his interest in her third part to Caroline and Mary Ann without compensation. Now he asks them to quitclaim to him their small interest in the mill lot without compensation, as Andrew has promised to do with his own small interest in that property. In the mill lot there are four and one-half acres and Joseph owns half of it by virtue of its purchase jointly by their father and himself; and he also owns his share of their father's half by inheritance. Caroline's and Mary Ann's shares would be part of their father's half; so would Andrew's. By this arrangement Joseph could reserve a building site there and sell the rest, thus getting the money with which to pay debts of \$600. "I think by such sales I will be able to pay you the \$100 rent & your small notes in the Spring." At the bottom of the paper Caroline has written, "This Mary Ann and I did—as he expressed."

It was in December of 1859 that Joseph paid \$287.40 in cash to his sister Caroline, thereby "lifting" two notes and paying on a third one; and on the same day he also gave to his sister Mary Ann \$292.54, thus "lifting" one note and paying on a second one. Whether or not these were the "small notes" which he had referred to ten years before, does not appear—probably they were, grown larger by the accrual of interest, for it was too much to expect of him to get out of debt altogether!

The estate of their father Nicholas was settled by degrees. As its administrator, Joseph reported that \$77.25 had been realised from the sale of personal property and \$35.40 from the sale of a certificate for one *labor* of Texas land. Then, on

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November 21, 1851, an interesting ceremony was held in the burning of notes whereby certain debts were forgiven—three notes against Joseph aggregating \$1,961.62 and one against Andrew for \$753.48 were thus cancelled by agreement with their sisters. At the same time and also with their sisters' approval, a note for \$70.19 against William Mount was given to Joseph. It was found that a note against J. and B. Reed for \$168 was void because the land for which it had been given had been relinquished and, similarly, one against William Badger for \$132.32 had been cancelled by a deed for lands. J. B. Bailey had settled the Galveston dairy and garden business by paying \$50. Timothy Kirby of Cumminsville had bought Nicholas's note to Mahard & Brother, and \$382.05 was paid to him in settlement of this; likewise \$56 was paid in settlement of a note to Compton. Andrew's account against the estate was \$1,106 and this was settled, with others, up to November of 1853, two months after Andrew's death.

The endless struggle with Sidney Sherman to induce him to keep his promises to pay, brought about some progress—at the expense of the Cloppers, as usual; three notes against him amounting to \$1,449.83 were "settled" in 1854 by his paying \$768 in cash and giving another note for \$232, the two items totalling only one thousand dollars, which must have been a compromise—and this included Andrew's claim against him, too! Sidney had paid \$25 in cash in 1846, and \$136 had been paid in settlement of John Myers's note with him, as the account solemnly sets forth. In January of 1866 Edward N. Clopper (Joseph's son) finally settled with General Sidney Sherman for \$100 cash in full at 25 per cent discount of all claims—after 28 years!

Joseph made out his expenses as administrator, showing \$21.25 paid for his father's funeral; \$6.87 for letters of administration, appraisement, and advertising; \$115 for travel to Texas and return in 1845-6; \$13.93 paid on a judgment against his father in favor of John S. Olmstead—even in death Nicholas was pursued by judgments!; \$81.20 as his commission for settling notes and claims; and in July of 1854 he calculated that a balance of \$186.50 was due to him as administrator and his sisters paid this sum to him in cash. At the same time he and his sisters paid off their note to Dr. Mount for \$200.

The family still owned land in Texas and, acting for them, Darius Gregg sold 400 acres of the Harrisburg tract in 1859 at \$5 an acre and sent \$663 cash in November, the balance to be paid in three installments. In the same month Gregg sold 300 acres of the same tract at \$4 an acre and sent \$300 cash, the balance to be made up in three payments. In January of 1866 Edward N. Clopper sold 700 acres of this tract at \$3 an acre for \$2,100 cash, and also received \$1,800 from Darius Gregg as the balance due from the sale in 1859 of the two other parcels totalling 700 acres.



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Nicholas's "City of Portland" speculation yielded more trouble than money. It was launched in 1841, a few months before Nicholas died; and now, eighteen years later, it raises its head to mock its promoter's memory and to plague his children. In 1841 Nicholas and Joseph gave W. M. and T. F. Corry of Cincinnati one twenty-second part of the northern half of League No. 7 in Texas in exchange for 41 acres of land in Hamilton County, Ohio, and also sold them four other shares in this real estate venture conditionally; Nicholas died that year and nothing was ever done to carry out the enterprise, nor was anything ever paid on those four other shares; Joseph sold the parcel of Hamilton County land for \$8 an acre. Now, on August 14, 1859, at Cincinnati, T. F. Corry writes to Joseph at Beechwood, offering to take a warranty deed for 500 acres of League No. 7, or the money with six per cent interest which Joseph had received for the Hamilton County parcel. A week later Joseph answered declaring that he was not under obligation to buy out the Corrys any more than they were to buy him out; that they had no just claim against him and he wished to dissolve the partnership in the half of League No. 7; why should he give them either what he had received for the Hamilton County land or several times the amount of Texas land which they had bargained for? Joseph states that in travel, taxes, and redemption fees he had spent \$200 on League No. 7, and he offers to meet Corry in Cincinnati and to submit his counter proposition.

Apparently, however, Joseph did agree to give him a deed for 500 acres, as Corry, in a letter dated September 15th, refers to Joseph's acceptance of this suggestion and wishes to have the metes and bounds specified in the deed; or, if Joseph will pay \$300 to Corry he may have Corry's bonds for the deed. If Joseph prefers to give the deed he must leave off a strip of 200 acres of the 2,200 in the northern half of League No. 7, then divide the 2,000 into four parcels, each of 500 acres fronting on the river, and Corry will *draw* one of them. Or, as Joseph believes the land to be worth more than Corry does, Corry will take \$300 and the whole affair will be closed. On this missive's envelope Mary wrote, "All sold in 1877."

In the middle of the nineteenth century one of Cummins-ville's well-known residents was Jacob Hoffner whose home at Hamilton Pike and Blue Rock Street (its site is now a playground) was remarkable for the overcrowding of its yard with statuary. The stone lions which guarded one of its entrances are now on watch at the doorway of McMicken Hall of the University of Cincinnati, and the eagles which guarded another are now in Eden Park. Jacob was born in Pennsylvania in 1799 and was taken to Cincinnati when six years of age by his parents, both of whom had been born in the Keystone State. A monument was erected in Spring Grove Cemetery in 1852 to the memory of his first wife and their four children, long after they had passed away. His second wife, Sarah, met death

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in February of 1866 at the age of sixty years when the Steamboat "W. R. Carter" was destroyed near Vicksburg; a newspaper account stated that they had been married in 1832. His third wife, Maria Baird, was born in 1818 and died in 1901.

Jacob and his wife, Sarah, spent several months in Europe in 1851 and there acquired most of the statues which so delighted them. On their return they presented to Mary (Este) Clopper an alabaster replica of the Cathedral and Leaning Tower of Pisa which they had bought in Italy. During their absence from home Jacob's monetary affairs had been entrusted to Joseph C. Clopper—the collection of interest and, on occasion, the principal too, on notes signed by forty debtors. Joseph kept an account of these transactions, making a list of the names, the indebtedness of each, and the payments made.

When the Hoffners were in London, Jacob wrote to Joseph on May 28, 1851, saying, "I am Glad to Inform you that wee are Both well and Injoying ourselves as much as wee are capable of in sight seeing which by the wey is hard work We Go one Day to the Christle Pallace the next to some Garden and theirby Change the scene the worlds fare is worthy its name as I Believe it to Bee the Greatest affare that Ever was Got up in any Day or Era of the Existance of man, you will hern of it by the papers as I can Give no idea of it in A Letter But should I Get home I can Say something About it I should Like here to ask A few questions about Cumminsville and my Buisness, how Comes on our Special Road District, our Railroad, our Cemetry, our neighbours, your self, Knowlton, Mount, Lakeman and the new School House, and father Hill & P. Evans How Gets on my Debtors By mortgage Do they Pay and what seems to Bee the Prospect of that sort of Claims and the tenants in the City, and the Taxes of the Lots of Last year, and what seems to Bee the Prospects of our City of Cumminsville as to Groth Perhaps the above will Required answers will fill one Letter which pleas Send By next Steamer I will Just say that I spent 8 weeks in Paris and I found it the most Bewitching Plase I ever was in, it is Beautifull in the Extreem, London is A wonder altogetheer their seems to Bee no End to it it is all town or like Paddys Rope the End is Cut off, you no doubt will hav herd of R. B. Bolers Being taken with Appoplexy and was thought Dead But he has Rallyed and is now out in the Streets But not quite well yet, Mrs H Joins mee in Kind Regards to your familey and such as enquire of us,

Jacob Hoffner."

At Berlin, Prussia, Jacob wrote to Joseph on August 1, 1851, saying "... this is A large City with many things to Bee seen such as Pallaces Picture Galerys Sculpture and the Like wee have this Day seen and Examined 4 Pallaces and two of them 20 miles from the City, at Pots Dam the Kings favourite Pallace, and as the Crowned heads are at this seasion Generally from home wee are admitted in to their Pallaces to see how



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they Live and all their finery & Juells which is immense and the Kings & Queens, Princes & Princesses wee meet and travel with By Rail Road, so you See that our Principle Sights and Excitement is in the Royal wey and it is Rather A mixed Question how it will work for us to mix with Republicans on our Return and as to the questions Put in you Letter as to foreclosing mortgages you hav fully answered them your self by the few statements their made But at the same time it will Bee well to not Let them Know but that you may Recieve Instruction at any moment to foreclose and at any Rate the Defered Payments and Interest will Bee A Drawing interest from the Day they fell Due and that they had Better Pay up Promptly as the terms of Sale will Bee Promptley Exacted, you will Theirfor Pleas Jog them up to Payments, as to the taxes spoken of it meets my Approbation and as to the School Hous Matters I hav no Doubt But that you will Doo the Best you can, as to the District I am Glad to Lern that they have selected such A good Board of Commissioners and as to the Iron Horse [locomotive] I hav seen him so much of Late that he has Lost all novelty But when I Look Back to Cumminsville and Immagion him their A Snorting over the old sacred Parade Ground I Confess that I am moved in wonder and Excitement, But still Believe that all will Bee much Benefited By his Results. Let mee Request of you on your next visit to town to Call on Mess Lowery & Rule, Marble workers corner Broadway & fifth streets and say that I yesterd Recd Information that 19 cases of my statuary had Been shipt to them from Leghorn on the 1st of July on Board ship Monterra Capt Crowell for new york. and I hav ordered and I Believe they hav Been shiped at about the Above Date from Paris 3 Bronze statues all shiped to them But with this Instruction that if they are charged with Duty they are to Bee warehoused By government untill I Reach new york, But if Pased free as they should they will Recieve them Pay freight and they will always Bee worth their cost, they can open them in their show Room Covering them from Dust Here I will Just say that this Country is full of Amerricans traveling wee meet them Evry Day and it is not uncommon to find ten to thirty of them in one train at the Same time Passing from one Place to another their is now twelve in this Hotell and I hav Dined at Baden Baden whare their was 30 Amerricans at table at once, wee get on without trouble all wee hav to Doo is to Behave ourselves and hav our Pasport all Right and Pay our Bills and go on. Evrything seems quiet the People seem happy and to Injoy themselves much more and Better than the Amerricans Doo at home, and in Regard to Goverment and things Ingeneral my mind has undergo Great and many Changes By the facts Beeing Plased Before my Eyes. as to our Returning home I can now only say that wee shall Return to new york in october But whether to the west or south for our Winters quarters is Left for future Desision. You will Pleas Kindly

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Remember mee to all Inquiring friends Mr Ross, Mr mowtons and friend J. Coons, and madam Joins mee in Regards to your good Lady and sisters as also to the other neighbouring Ladys, Reseving A share for yourself & Believe mee

yours Jacob Hoffner."

Joseph was one of the six men who constituted Cumminsville's first public school board, serving in the early eighteen-fifties. This body erected the village's first publicly owned school building at the southeastern corner of Knowlton (which was then called First Street) and Langland Streets on a site donated for this purpose by Janet (Fergus) Langlands; it was known as the Union Graded School. Joseph's son, Edward N. Clopper, was its principal shortly after the Civil War.

Another of Joseph's public services was as treasurer for Mill Creek Township in which he resided. His account shows deposits and payments running into thousands of dollars in the early eighteen-fifties, for in that period a township carried a good deal of responsibility and performed various public functions.

The Cloppers were loyal in attending and supporting the First Presbyterian Church on Fourth Street in Cincinnati in spite of the time required to reach it from Beechwood for services. Joseph was one of its ruling elders and paid \$5.50 a quarter as pew-rent up to July 1, 1856, after which date his payment increased to \$8.25. Caroline paid pew-rent to this church in the amount of \$4.12½ a quarter. Presumably Mary Ann also contributed in this way but her accounts have not been found. At the same time, from 1853 onwards and possibly earlier, they gave money to the Presbyterian cause in Cumminsville—for instance, on June 7, 1857, Caroline contributed \$13, Mary Ann \$15.60, Mary (Este) Clopper \$20, and young Edward \$20 "for preaching in Cumminsville". Indeed, Joseph was active in the organisation of the Cumminsville church, although at first he seems to have been doubtful about the wisdom of establishing a Presbyterian congregation in the village, possibly because he feared an adverse effect upon the interests of the "Old First" in the city.

Nicholas Clopper was an "Old School" Presbyterian and his children were of this persuasion, too; even his grandson, Edward, followed his example. The First Church in Cincinnati was "Old School" and the new Cumminsville church was careful to proclaim its allegiance to that conservative body. The following quotation from M. Phelan's "Handbook of all Denominations" makes its position clear:

"During the Revolution the Presbyterians stood boldly and actively on the side of the colonies. John Witherspoon, a Presbyterian minister, was the only clerical signer of the Declaration of Independence. After the war the synod of New York and Philadelphia met in May, 1788, and resolved itself into the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. The Westminster Confession and Catechisms were re-



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adopted; also a form of government, a book of discipline, and forms of worship. It embraced four synods—namely, the New York and New Jersey, the Philadelphia, the Virginia, and the Carolina—representing a total of seventeen presbyteries, 419 congregations, 180 ministers, and about 18,000 members.

“In 1801 a plan of union was entered into with the Congregational Churches of New England . . . by which Presbyterian ministers might serve Congregational churches and *vice versa* [sic] and also permitted the organisation of mixed churches . . . The plan of union, while it promoted the growth of Presbyterianism in the Middle West, led to a new and more serious division of the denomination. Doctrinal differences entered into the division, as well as the slavery question in a minor degree. The “Old School” wing were opposed to the co-operative plan with the Congregationalists, and they resisted what they regarded as the invasion of “strange doctrines” from New England and thought that the Church should not pronounce upon the subject of slavery. Matters came to a head in 1837, when the General Assembly, with an Old School majority, abrogated the plan of union with the Congregationalists, organised a Board of Foreign Missions, and excised four synods in New York and Ohio. The excluded synods organised a separate Assembly, and the division of the Church into Old School and New School Presbyterians was complete . . . In 1869 the two Assemblies . . . were reunited ‘on the basis of the standards, pure and simple’.”

Joshua L. Wilson, who had been the minister of the First Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati since 1808, died in August of 1846 and was succeeded by his son, Samuel R. Wilson. For many years Samuel too was a storm center and the community was divided in its attitude towards him. The Cloppers continued as members of this congregation and were faithful to the son as they had been to the father. So was Anna Tuthill (Harrison) Taylor who, at North Bend in December of 1849, addressed these verses to the Reverend Samuel Ramsay Wilson:

Though persecution rages now  
Around thy youthful form,  
Gird on the armour of the just  
And nobly breast the storm.

God will uphold and strengthen thee  
By his Almighty power,  
And give thee grace to bear the cross  
In this, thy trial hour.

It may be that from yon bright heaven  
There bends a sainted one,  
In sympathising love to view  
His early chastened son.

It may be that an angel form—  
The loved, the early dead—  
Is hovering near, and over thee  
Her guardian wings hath spread.

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Then bear thee well, young Christian,  
In this stern conflict hour;  
Soon brighter skies will dawn on thee  
Through clouds that darkly lower.

The reference in the third stanza is, of course, to his father and predecessor whose death had occurred three years before. The "persecution" related, probably, to the young man's desire to have a new church building erected and also to the old controversy over the Twelfth Street Grave Yard. The latter was kept alive for years and flamed up afresh on July 13, 1858—nine years later—when The Cincinnati Times published an interview asserting that the city had wanted a Potter's Field in 1810 and that some men had raised \$100 for the purchase of four acres on Twelfth Street at Elm and Race Streets but the price asked was \$140, whereupon certain members of the Presbyterian Church had raised the balance and had the deed made out in the name of the church, so it had become the owner instead of the city. Rev. Samuel R. Wilson then printed a philippic in pamphlet form against his detractors, deploring this statement as malicious slander; he cited the church records showing that the trustees of the church had bought the four acres in 1810 for \$120 after more than six months of consideration, intending it for a burying ground (or Potter's Field) for the use of the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church; that it should be free for all denominations having no ground of their own to bury in; that every member of the church desiring to bury a relative in the *old* yard (Fourth Street between Walnut and Main) should be charged eight dollars; that after 1818 anyone not a member of the First Presbyterian Church who wished to inter in the Presbyterian Burying Ground should pay three dollars for a child and six dollars for an adult; that in 1818 the church had determined to sell its ground at Fourth and Main Streets in order to pay its debts to banks and individuals incurred in erecting a new building; and that in 1826 the ornamenting of the Twelfth Street Grave Yard had been agreed to, provided the friends of persons there interred whom it would be necessary to remove, gave consent to their removal. In 1852 the trustees of the church decided to sell the Twelfth Street Burying Ground, subject to the rights and privileges of lot-holders and also of persons having friends buried there.

Over the pen-name of "Philemon", Joseph C. Clopper's six stanzas on "The Old First Church, Cincinnati" were published in The Presbyterian Herald for January 7, 1850, quoting Isaiah XXVI:1 as follows:

Mark well her walls and bulwarks, God's salvation;  
Walk round about her, note her tower of strength,  
And tell it to the coming generation;  
Tell it throughout the nation's breadth and length—  
She stands—*the old First Church*—fast built upon  
The Rock of Ages—sure foundation stone.



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"Peace be within thy walls! peace be within thee!"  
Thou hallowed court of Jesus Christ, my Lord,  
Where, sweetly musing, oft the fire within me  
Has burned, enkindled by the living word,  
As from *his* lips, now minist'ring in heaven,  
It came with unction by the Spirit given.

Long years he stood upon thy walls, proclaiming  
To list'ning thousands, Jesus crucified,  
In panoply divine, and ever aiming  
To shield the truth assailed; e'en when he died  
A conqueror still, for he had kept the faith,  
Nor feared the grave, nor felt the sting of death.

And who his mantle wears? On whom has rested  
The spirit of that dauntless man of God?  
Who was it by his side for souls contested?  
Who treads, e'en now, the courts his feet have trod?  
'Tis so! and thus I know, despite thy youth,  
That "in *thy* mouth the word of God is truth".

Servant of God, press on! let none despite thee;  
Nor falter, though wild tempests o'er thee lower;  
Thy father's God, who now so sorely tries thee,  
Has grace sufficient for thy darkest hour.  
'Twas *nobly done*; so stand; the word is sure—  
They shall prevail who to the end endure.

As in despite the tempests of all ages  
And might of man on old Gibraltar spent,  
Or dashing billows when old Ocean rages,  
That rock of strength abideth permanent—  
So, notwithstanding all her throes and pains  
(Mother of seven), the old First Church remains.

In the last stanza the "seven" were the several Presbyterian churches organised in the city and thereabouts during the life-time of the "old First" up to that period. Mary, Joseph's wife, has noted that the old First Church building was finished in 1813 and the work of demolition was begun on June 3, 1850, the new building being completed the next year. Caroline noted on June 2nd the text of the last sermon preached by Samuel R. Wilson "in the good old 1st Church".

There had been preaching in Cumminsville by Presbyterian ministers for many years. The Reverend David Fergus held forth in a barn there as early as 1823. Both Perthshire and Argyllshire in Scotland are given as his home in the old country. He married Janet Black of Glasgow and had Janet and Mary. In 1816 their daughter Janet married Alexander Langlands in Scotland and had Janet, born there in 1818, Margaret, born in Marietta, Ohio, and Sarah. In 1822 both the Fergus and the Langlands families came to America and settled in Cumminsville where they bought 217 acres of land, building their residence at the northwestern corner of Fergus and Blue Rock Streets—its site is now occupied by a large machine shop. Margaret Langlands married Frederick Parker; Sarah became Joseph F. Lakeman's first wife; and Janet married John Thomson in 1837. They all lived in Cumminsville.

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John and Janet (Langlands) Thomson made their home in "Willowburn" which they had built in 1840—the Presbyterian church building on Hamilton Pike above Chase Street (whose site they donated in 1881) now hides it. Their children were James, who went to Knoxville, Tennessee; John F. (Jock) who married Mary Walker and moved to Houston, Texas; Margaret, who married a man named Chestnut and lived in Cumminsville; Joseph C., who became a missionary to China; Janet, who married Armand de Serisy and lived in Cumminsville; Alexander L. (Sandy), whose wife was an invalid and who lived in Cumminsville; George L., who married Julia Caldwell and was a banker in Cumminsville; William N., who married Ella Brashear and died at the age of 43 years; and Robert H., who died in infancy. Four of these sons (James, John, Alexander, and William) served in the Union army in the Civil War, James being colonel of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry.

Mary Walker, who married "Jock" Thomson, was a daughter of "Father" Walker (as the children of the neighborhood called him) whose home was on the eastern side of Hamilton Pike between Pullan and Bruce Streets. Her sister, Sarah, married John Richardson. Her sister, Jane, who was crippled and walked with a stick, did not marry. Mary and Sarah, with their husbands, lived in Houston, Texas, Sarah dying there in 1880.

In 1852 the Cumminsville Presbyterians took steps to acquire ground and put up a building for worship. Among Joseph C. Clopper's papers is a list of subscribers with the sums subscribed, bearing date of October 7, 1852, the money to be used in "building a Presbyterian Church (Old School) in Cumminsville". The names of the subscribers at this date were: Janet Langland, Ephraim Knowlton, William Mount, B. D. Boone, Josiah Lingo, Joseph Weir, Miss Sterrett, Timothy Kirby, J. F. Lakeman, John Wilson, Matthew Brown, Alexander Brown, James McClure (the building's architect), Joseph Clark, Thomas McGeehin, D. and R. Brown, Spining Wilson & Brown, Miss Tait, James Long, Mrs. Brooks, Jacob Hoffner, and William Jack.

Janet (Fergus) Langlands, Janet (Langlands) Thomson, and John Thomson offered a site for the building at the southeastern corner of Lingo and Langland Streets and, on November 27, 1852, appointed five members of the Presbyterian Church in Cheviot, Hamilton County, to hold this ground in trust for the erection thereon of an Old School Presbyterian Church edifice. The five so appointed were James G. Speer, William W. Rice, David Martin, Jared Woodruff, and William Gain. On January 12, 1853, these trustees, with the exception of Gain who could not attend, met in Rice's home in Cheviot; Rev. A. R. Naylor, the Presbyterian minister at Cheviot, who held services in Cumminsville also, was present. The minutes of this meeting tell us that Speer was chosen as chairman and Rice as secretary; that the trust was accepted and an agreement reached to have a church building erected as speedily as possible in accordance with the



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conditions named in the bond; and that James G. Speer, Rev. A. R. Naylor, and Joseph C. Clopper were appointed as a building committee and authorised to select a plan, make contracts, collect money and disburse the same for this purpose, subject to the approval of the trustees. Joseph's record of subscriptions shows that by February of 1853 the following-named had been added to the list of givers: Caroline C. Clopper, Mary Ann Clopper, Andrew M. Clopper, Henry R. Miller, William S. Marsh, S. F. Randolph, Edward C. Roll, Charles Gothlin, Thomas Kirk, J. C. Miller, James Welch, David Williams, M. Dodsworth, J. Dunlop Ludlow, Benjamin Ludlow, Ruhamah Ludlow, Henry Bates, Clark Bates, Isaac Bates, William B. Moores, Miss E. Stephenson, Frederick Parker. Mr. Naylor, Mrs. Cobb, and the First Presbyterian Church. The total amount subscribed up to November 14, 1853, was \$960.

Miss E. Stephenson, whose name appears in this list, was likely a guest of the Cloppers—Caroline has recorded that Miss Eliza Stevenson left Beechwood "the last time" in September of 1854, came back from Walnut Hills in May of 1856, "left us the last time" for Glendale in December of that year and died there at the residence of J. H. Keys on March 8, 1857, at the age of 69 years; in the following July Caroline received her spectacles as her last gift, and in the month of December she was given twenty dollars by "Ginnie" Keys or Wilson, obtained from her brother, Samuel B. Keys, on Eliza Stevenson's account—from which one surmises that Eliza may have boarded at Beechwood.

The Mrs. Cobb in the list may have been Mary (Este) Clopper's cousin, Elizabeth, wife of Andrew B. Cobb of Parsippany, New Jersey, who had visited Beechwood in the Summer of 1852; on December 12, 1857, Andrew B. Cobb wrote at Parsippany, near Morristown, New Jersey, to Mary, addressing her "My Dear Cousin" and stating that "My dear Elizabeth" had died on the preceding evening and that "Dear Julia was at school and come home about two hours after her death". Or the Mrs. Cobb may have been Mary Cobb of Clifton who presented a blanket to Joseph's horse and thereby evoked a poetic burst of gratitude from its master in January of 1856.

David Williams was, doubtless, the blacksmith who shod Joseph's horse and repaired his carriage and farming implements. From M. Dodsworth Joseph had bought fencing and from William S. Marsh carriage trimmings and harness repairs—these two also are in the list.

In a letter written at Beechwood on February 6, 1854, to Joseph who was then in Texas, Caroline gives the local news: she heard a sermon yesterday in behalf of the Coloured Orphan Asylum and she hopes Joseph will sell some property in Texas, as cash is needed for many purposes. "We have got a fine Sabbath School started over in the church—about 60 or 70 scholars—Mr. Holenshade is superintendent, Dr. Oliver assistant



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Super, De Serisy secretary, and Parker treasurer. We meet at Mounts this afternoon to form some plan to raise a little cash to get books—they talk of having a little social party for that purpose—but I don't know whether we will succeed—O! I do wish we could devise some plan to get our church [First Presbyterian on Fourth Street] out of debt—I feel distressed when I think of it—and Mr. Culbertson is very much distressed & low spirited—he is very unwell—I was there last week—he looks badly—they desired to be kindly remember'd to you both, and wish you were here—and so do all the members—they always come running, 'have you heard from your Brother—when will he be home' &c." Mrs. Cobb sends love. Caroline sends remembrance to Hannah and Mr. Burnet, the doctor, and Eddie. Isaac McMichael who is employed at Beechwood is slow but steady. Myers has not ploughed the lots yet. Mathers wishes to sell out his lease but it is for too short a time and asks that we extend it ten years so he can sell out—Caroline has asked him to wait until Joseph comes home in the Spring. "Our dear Brother [Andrew] had no new trunk—he took his old one and dear Edward's chest (which I wish brought home) and a long box . . . a pair of saddlebags—I wish you would bring a few of his best books, his hymnbook—We were pleased to hear you had his grave enclosed . . ." She has gone to see Myers who is very ill; "the Dr. cupped and blistered him." He has pneumonia. Adding to the letter that evening she says, "I call'd this afternoon at the Dr's [Mount], they are all well—met a number of ladies and some gentlemen there—we met to make arrangements to have a social party in the Hall [probably Ludlow Hall at what is now 4230-32 Spring Grove Avenue] for the benefit of our Sabbath School to get books &c, it is to be on the 14th Valentine Day or rather evening—we will have tickets and sell them as we did before—I don't know how we will succeed but hope we will make something. Society meets too this week at Mrs. Knowlton's—so I think we will have little time to work for the party—but we will have to be industrious . . . We saw General Wade at church yesterday—said he had received a letter from you—he appear'd quite pleased, said he would bring it over and read it to us soon." Judge Burgoyne is a grandfather. Old Mr. Bates was a little better yesterday. Anderson has a sick family, three with typhoid fever. "I do not think Whiteman will get well. Old Mrs. Stratton sends remembrance. Mary Ann sends love. I have not got the boards for the fence yet. In your next letter say you will be home in April—to stimulate Isaac—and say what you would like to have him do—I forget—and to be careful of the corn as it will be very high and scarce. Remember me to Mrs. Sherman, Brinsons, and Mrs. Morris." She sends a few lines to her nephew, Eddie, mentioning Pompey, Jack, old Fox, and old Tom—the dogs and horses at Beechwood.

Not only as a ruling elder but also as collector, Joseph was acquainted with the First Presbyterian Church's financial con-



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dition which so distressed Caroline. He collected ground rents from sixteen parties, store rents from eight, and pew rents from the members of the church and paid them to James Johnston, the treasurer. The sum due for pew rents in 1850 was \$1,300.

Another form of his activity in the church was the writing of obituaries and the drawing up of sets of resolutions concerning the deaths of fellow elders. In July of 1852 he thus expressed the church's sorrow over the death of James McKee, and on September 6th of that year he addressed the session of the church on the passing of John Stille, a brother elder who had died in Xenia. In November of 1856 Sally, widow of Rev. Joshua L. Wilson, died, and at the request of her children, Joseph wrote her obituary; this was published in *The Presbyterian of the West* and in *The Presbyterian Herald of Louisville*. His talents were likewise in demand in Cumminsville, for when Eliza, wife of Dr. William Mount, died there on October 6, 1857, at the age of 67 years, he penned her obituary and this was published in *The Presbyterian of the West* on the 22nd. Dr. William Mount died in Philadelphia in February of 1866 of injuries received when run over by a carriage; their son, William, died of "consumption" in July of 1859, leaving a wife (who died in January of 1863) and two little children. From their home on July 30, 1859, Dr. J. Q. Oliver sent this note to Joseph: "Would you be so kind as to come over, William is dieing." Mrs. Hannah Stratton, contemporary of Charlotte (Chambers) Ludlow Riske and Anne (McNeil) Burgoyne in Cumminsville, died there on February 27, 1858, at the age of 85 years; Joseph wrote her obituary, stating that in 1832 she had been left a widow in very limited circumstances, with ten children, eight of whom survived her.

The Rev. Samuel R. Wilson, minister of the First Church, was offered a professorship by the New Albany Theological Seminary and on July 1st, 1855, Joseph wrote a letter to him, seeking to dissuade him from accepting this call; this letter was signed by all the church's elders except General M. S. Wade, who was not present when it was drawn up, and in it mention is made of the turbulent times of 1849 when some of the congregation wished to secede, and also of the graveyard matter: ". . . Tho' we were not all members of the Session at the commencement of the *War of the Secession* in 1849, yet were we all then with you enlisted *for the war* . . . Knowing the men who so suddenly, so strangely, so inveterately opposed themselves to the Pastor & to the faithful of the Flock—that they were strong in number, in years, in wealth, & a long standing reputable citizenship . . . you should not allow *their* conduct to have any weight in determining this question, because their opposition has very much abated, they having to some extent discovered its recoiling nature, & having had their love of money greatly gratified in the late settlement of the Graveyard case, & that too so much at the expense of principles which govern honorable



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& high-minded men, as to make it a matter of policy with them to give over all further overt action against us . . ." This communication was signed by the Ruling Elders: Joseph C. Clopper, James Johnston, A. M. Johnston, and William Baird. Having weathered the storms referred to, the minister decided to remain at "Old First".

Several copies of a printed leaflet with the heading *Uneasy Spirits in the Church* have been preserved at Beechwood. Its writer used the double pseudonym *Watchman and Reflector*. It urges that fault-finders who attack the pastor unreasonably be dismissed from the church and that pastors remain at their posts in spite of such troublesome members. On one of the copies Mary (Este) Clopper has noted: "February 19th, 1861, tuesday, Congregation met in Lecture Room, 1st Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, voted 53 for pastor's staying, 9 against." And on another copy she wrote: "Found this in Husband's pocket book after his death, January 1861—'he being dead, yet speaketh'," implying that Joseph was its author. Samuel Ramsay Wilson's pastoral relation with the "Old First" was dissolved in that month of February, however, in spite of the vote here mentioned, and he preached there for the last time on March 3rd.

When meetings of Presbyterian bodies were held in or near Cincinnati, Joseph was usually present. In the book in which he kept accounts he jotted down memoranda of the Synod at Urbana, Ohio, on October 2nd, 1856; in May of the following year he attended sessions of the General Assembly of the Church in Lexington, Kentucky. In the late eighteen-forties he was agent for the periodical *The Presbyterian of the West*.

The Cumminsville Washingtonian Temperance Society requested Joseph in May of 1849 to condense the argument contained in an address which he had delivered before this body, so that it might be published in "The Organ", thus enabling the several temperance organisations, especially the County Union, to consider and act upon it. Inasmuch as eleven additional persons had signed the pledge in *Cumminsville* after his address—and he underlined these words to stress the magnitude of such an achievement here—he believed it worth while to comply, but instead of a summary the entire address seems to have been printed. In it he declared that moral suasion was the proper means for convincing people of the evils arising from the use of intoxicating beverages and for inducing total abstinence. Legislation is necessary forbidding the issuance of any more licenses for liquor-selling in the state and fixing a prohibitory penalty for the sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage. Certainty of enforcement is more important than severity. Criminals are more encouraged to a continuance of their misdeeds by hopes of escaping detection than they are deterred by fear of the punishment attached to them. A resolution then pending before the County Union would place the blame for conditions wholly on the manufacturer and vendor, and none on the drinkers



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—this is one-sided and we must work for the drunkard's reformation as well as the dealer's.

The bodies of Cloppers who had passed away had been interred in the John Ludlow Burying Ground, located two miles north of Cumminsville. Spring Grove Cemetery was dedicated in 1845, and eight years later the family had the bodies removed and buried in a lot which they had purchased in this lovely new "city of the dead". On July 23rd of that year Joseph, Mary, and their son visited these freshly made graves and plucked "myrtle" (periwinkle) and other ivy. They had a fence erected around the lot a short time afterwards, but this is no longer there; for many years there have been a few basaltic stones from the Giant's Causeway in Ireland piled up in a corner—these may have been a gift from L. E. Mills who was abroad in 1870 and who, in a letter written at Stirling, Scotland, in July to his aunt, Mary (Este) Clopper, mentions having been at the Giant's Causeway.

Writing to his uncle, Edward N. Clopper of Greensburg, Penna., on November 16, 1853, Joseph mentions having heard from that uncle's daughter, Elizabeth, whose nickname was "Sis" and who had recently visited Beechwood with her husband, William Moore Stewart; he hopes that his uncle and aunt also will visit Beechwood: "Your very close resemblance to Father—your being the last of his [full] brothers & the favorite uncle of our dear Rebecca, make the prospect of once more seeing you very pleasant to think of—and we shall certainly, if health admits, expect you here next Spring—say about the middle of May, as I, Mary, & Edward expect to leave in a fortnight for Texas & do not expect to get back before that time . . . It was exceedingly gratifying to us that we had accomplished the removal of the remains of our departed loved ones before Elizabeth's arrival & that she was enabled to visit & look upon the beautiful spot where they now, with those of her brother [Edward Duryea Clopper], repose. It was all done under my own eye & direction. Spring Grove Cemetery is a charming & attractive spot to strangers as well as to proprietors . . . Mrs. Clopper & Edward are now on a visit to Mrs. Genl Harrison at North Bend, we expect them up to-morrow . . . Give love to Aunt, Mary, Missy, John & Frank & Lizzy & husband when you see them." To this letter Caroline added: ". . . We shall miss our dear brother and family very much indeed—3 leaving will make considerable difference—only two to sit down at table will make us feel, at least for a time, quite lonely . . . We will have a plain but very clever family in the house, one that we can call on for anything & who is to attend to the horse & cow and other matters on the place . . . We heard the other day that the fever had broke out again in Galveston, so ourselves and our friends all think it advisable for them not to start for a week or 10 days yet . . ." Caroline here uses the adjective *clever* in the colloquial sense of *good-natured*.

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Edward N. Clopper died at his home, "Skara Glen" in Greensburg, Penna., on May 17, 1857. Joseph and Mary had given his name to their son.

David B. McKibbin, son of Chambers McKibbin, had a colorful career in the army beginning in the War with Mexico when he was a boy, sixteen years old. Writing at Somerset, Penna., on November 20, 1853, to Caroline at Beechwood, he tells of his brother Pierce's death and of having heard from his brother Joseph in California of Andrew Pierce's death—this may have been his cousin, if Andrew and Rebecca (McKibbin) Pierce had a son so named; if the reference is to his uncle Andrew Pierce, the report was premature for the Cloppers have recorded that he died at Valparaiso, Indiana, on May 23, 1855, of general debility in his 62nd year. David continues: "My constitution is broken by exposure, hardship, and excessive use of tobacco. I will try and see you in the winter. Poor mother, I should like to be with her now for I am her pet and when anything happens she always frets about me. Give my love to each member of the family and write soon, direct to Pittsburg."

In September of 1855 Joseph and Mary went east and Caroline gave her brother nine dollars in cash and a carpetbag which she had bought for two dollars; she also entrusted to him a gift of \$2.50 for Rachel Waring's children in Maryland—Rachel was one of Andrew Clopper's daughters; at the same time she paid him \$3.50 towards the cost of the lane fence and he presented this sum to his wife. They visited relatives in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New Jersey. When in New Jersey Joseph gave Mary a bouquet which she pressed and mounted on a card; she also preserved some flowers from Niagara Falls, "pulled from the crevices of the rocks, with husband", and some leaves, now mounted on paper, which she picked up when walking with Joseph on the bridge below the Falls. They returned to Beechwood from this eastern trip in mid-November.

It was on this journey, when visiting the Chambers family in what is now Union County, Pennsylvania, that Joseph wrote the poem beginning: "Fair Buffalo Valley"; and also, when in Maryland, lying "on this hoary, huge, moss-bearded rock o'erhanging the roadside" that he wrote "A Visit to The Woodlands", fondly recalling an experience there in his boyhood.

Francis C. Clopper's daughter, Mary Augusta, and William R. Hutton were married at The Woodlands on August 21, 1855, shortly before Joseph and Mary made their visit there. On December 10th of that year Francis at The Woodlands wrote to his nephew Joseph at Beechwood and one infers from his letter that Joseph and Mary had stayed in the St. Charles Hotel at Washington after having left The Woodlands and had then gone to Baltimore where Mary remembered that she had left her "watch &c" in the hotel at Washington, so she remained in Baltimore while Joseph went back to recover her property; then, together, they had crossed the mountains and Joseph had written



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to his Uncle Francis about Altoona and its environs. Francis says his travelling days have pretty well passed by; Ellen, his daughter, "went to Geo Town & Washington with me last Tuesday—we found Augusta well, but Mr. Hutton rather indisposed from over work & exposure on the line of the Water works. [William R. Hutton was an engineer.] This day the contractors on the "Metropolitan" Rail Road are to commence operations in Montgy Co. near the District line—and we now hope the work will progress—which it assuredly will do if the corporate authorities comply with their engagements—or, even if *they* decline, the election for new councils comes off in Febry & the citizens of that place say they *will* have the Road & will put such members in as will insure it, should the present incumbents disappoint them—hope it may be so! [This is now the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad which passes The Woodlands at a station called Clopper]. We have just lost our neighbor Mr. Fitzgerald who was buried yesterday at Rockville . . . Your cousin Rachel [Waring] & family are well and her sisters Ann & Amelia who return'd to Balto some time since, I hear are allso well, but Elizabeth P - - - [Pleasants] whose health improved in Old Montgy has not been so well since her return. [These four were daughters of Andrew Clopper.] I was pleased to hear of the good health of your Uncle Edward [apparently Joseph had visited him in Greensburg and had written about him]—he has arrived at a good old age [born 1773, hence 82 years old]—I saw his daughter Mary Burgess last week in Washington, she was well & said she had heard from home and that all were well there. She and her husband promised to visit us soon. I allso expect Augusta up this week—if Mr. H's health will permit. Such visits are very pleasant to Mrs. M. [Maher] & your Aunt Ann—and indeed to all of us. You say you heard in Pittsbg that the American party carried Maryland—not quite so—Montgomery was an exception—our friend Otho M. [Magruder] however was re-elected by a few votes. Many old fashioned Whigs, like myself, divided our Tickets & selected from both parties those we thought best qualified. I now profess myself a conservative & neutral on the political questions of the day, going with either or both parties as far as I conceive them right, but opposed to all that in my opinion is wrong. We have had a remarkably fine fall for farming operations, our wheat looks well and the corn crop is almost unprecedented—I have not as yet been able to get much more than half of mine in, but have fallowed from fifty to sixty acres for next years crop . . ."

The last letter from Francis C. Clopper was written on April 5, 1858, at The Woodlands, to Joseph at Beechwood:

". . . My dear sisterinlaw Mrs. Maher, who had been sick & confined to bed for nearly seven months, departed this life on the 27th ulto . . . beloved by all who knew her . . . she was constantly diffusing her charity wherever she heard of a meritorious sufferer—not ostentatiously, for not until since her death



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did I know the extent of her contributions in this way . . . her death has produced a void in my family that can never again be filled! . . . Your Aunt as well as myself are now old and must expect to follow her in very short time—may we be as well prepared to meet eternity, is my ardent prayer! . . . As I have allways understood from infancy, there were three brothers of the Cloppers, emigrated to New York at the time it was first occupied by the Hollanders, one of whom was my Grandfather—the other two were *hardware merchants in the City of New York*. There must have been sisters likewise, as the Schuylers and Mrs. Hervey were their desendants . . . they inherited or were made the heirs of the two brothers, particularly Mrs. Hervey and her brother Mr. Van Allston, the latter left a daughter who is now living in New York, the wife of Col. Abel Anderson, a very amiable lady. About 30 years since I made diligent enquiry in New York but could not find a single individual of *my name*, in fact I have never met with any of that name except my own immediate connexions, alltho I have travel'd from Canada to New Orleans. There are great many of the name of Kloppe in Washington County, Maryland, but they are of *high dutch* extraction and no ways connected with us as far as I have been able to understand . . . Remember me affectionately to your wife and son—I was pleased to hear so good an account of the latter—tell him to apply himself closely to his studies 'whilst he's young'—and give my love to your sisters. Your Aunt, Ellen, & Augusta unite in love to you all."

It is strange that Francis should have reckoned that his grandfather was among the first settlers of New Amsterdam; his grandfather was John Clopper II who was baptised on September 5, 1712; as a matter of fact it was his great-great-great-grandfather, Cornelius Jansen Clopper, who emigrated from Holland to New Amsterdam.

James Johnston, wholesale merchant, Democrat, treasurer of the city of Cincinnati, and neighbor of the Cloppers, wished to be the head of the Custom House in this city and Joseph tried to help him to the office—he wrote to his cousin, Chambers McKibbin, on February 20, 1858, recommending him and asking McKibbin, who had been in the federal service for years under several Presidents, to urge his appointment upon President Buchanan. Johnston seems to have paid to the Cloppers the final installment on the land east of Beechwood in June of 1854 when Joseph put \$700 in the hands of Edward Mills for investment; when the railway came through that land, between his Swiss chalet and Mill Creek, Johnston sold the place and moved away; the chalet was torn down many years ago. As a ruling elder of the First Presbyterian Church he supported Rev. Wilson while that divine was its minister but it is not likely that he approved of his attitude a few months after his resignation, in opposing, before the Cincinnati Synod of the Presbyterian Church, a resolution declaring that it was the duty of American Presby-



terians to sustain the central government at Washington—which resolution was adopted nevertheless.<sup>106</sup>

The Cloppers relied largely upon the rental and sale of real estate for income. Their lot on Western Row (Central Avenue) which had been occupied by the Secrists was rented to Dr. Mendenhall until August of 1858 at a figure which yielded Joseph, Caroline, and Mary Ann ten dollars a quarter each; for the lot rented to Thomas Mather each received eight and one-third dollars a quarter. In August of 1858 the lot on Western Row was sold to one Springer for \$1,500, each receiving a third. In February of that year Mrs. Stratton paid two dollars—"the old lady's last payment"—this must have been for the Spring Grove Avenue lot on a ninety-nine year lease. In March of 1860 John Hall rented "the cottage in the yard" at three dollars a month. In that same year Mary Ann sold to the Cincinnati and Spring Grove Avenue Company her lot lying on the east side of the Stratton lot, fronting forty feet on the avenue and extending back to Mill Creek, for \$500 and was paid a third of this purchase price at the time; this was intended for a toll-collector's residence, and Mary Ann noted that this was "Settled in full with Mr. Hopple, August 17th, 1863." In August of 1860 Caroline received \$87 from Ethan Bates for ground taken off her Rose Cottage garden for the avenue. Ethan Bates was born in 1813, being one of seventeen children; he was a pork packer, superintendent of the stock yards, and president of the company which constructed Spring Grove Avenue; he died in 1891, being survived by his widow, one brother, and one sister.

Candles were still used for light and in December of 1852 Joseph bought from Procter & Gamble 45 lbs. of mould candles @ 11c and one box @ 20c, total \$5.15 which he paid partly with cash and partly with 38½ lbs. of tallow @ 8¼c. The tallow was likely from hogs slaughtered at Beechwood. In October of 1854 he paid Procter & Gamble \$4.10, of which \$3.90 was for 26 moulds and 20c for a box. At the end of this month he paid \$7.50 for a stove of ten plates.

The sisters bore their share of these expenses. As a rule, Caroline and Mary Ann each paid a third; indeed, as her accounts show, Caroline often made gifts of money and goods to Joseph, Mary, and Edward in addition to meeting her portion of the family's needs. If Mary Ann kept a record of her income and outgo it has been lost, but she paid her third and, being of a more judicious temperament than her sister Caroline, reserved her funds for more important purposes, while Caroline, being impulsive and warm-hearted, loved to give away whatever she could spare as often as she had the chance. Giving to others was the only luxury which Caroline indulged in; there are many expenditures entered in her account-book simply as "charity". In addition to pew-rent she often gave her mite to the First Presbyterian Church for one purpose or another, and also helped to support Presbyterian preaching and Sunday School work in Cum-



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MARY ANN CATHERINE CLOPPER, 1807-1875 (at left)  
and CAROLINE CHAMBERS CLOPPER, 1800-1875

From a daguerreotype taken about 1855.

minsville. She even gave towards putting up tombstones at the graves of poor acquaintances. Now and then she permitted herself a little extravagance, as when she paid a dollar for a can of oysters. In March of 1855 she contributed \$6.50 towards the cost of fruit trees planted at Beechwood, sent a wedding gift



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of five dollars to Mary Augusta Clopper at The Woodlands, and bought two bottles of ale for Joseph. In April she gave five dollars to Mary Y. Clopper of Greensburg who was soon to be married to William Burgess—the wedding took place on May 17th and, one week later, the couple came to Beechwood for a visit. Her nephew, Edward, was given \$1.10 “for being good”. In May the family bought three pigs and she contributed \$3.25 towards their cost; in February of 1859 the mare, “Nelly Bly”, was sold for \$45 cash after seven years of service at Beechwood, and then Caroline and Mary Ann paid \$43 for a cow and a calf, selling the calf for \$6 a month later. When Edward was fourteen years of age he was given fifteen cents for powder and shot; going to the city on the omnibus and returning on a canalboat cost 25c. In June of 1855 Caroline paid thirty-odd dollars as her share of the cost of lumber for the barn and the lane fencing, and gave Joseph \$6.45 to help him to pay for his coat. She and Mary Ann paid James Johnston for half of the board fence between their land and his. In August Joseph became ill one day when in the First Church and Caroline paid 25c for medicine at Carothers’.

Fences had to be kept in good repair, so, in March of 1854, four thousand feet of fencing boards were shipped from Cincinnati to Beechwood on board the canalboat “James Beatty”, William Elliott captain, the freight charge being one dollar a thousand feet. In June of 1859 Caroline again paid \$45.29 for lumber—probably fencing boards—and fence posts, and \$3.50 for “boating it out”.

Armand de Serisy was paid \$11 for repairs to the cottage and verandah in March of 1857. In May of 1859 Joseph paid Armand, the collector, \$10 on account of his subscription towards the building of Spring Grove Road; and in August Caroline paid him \$12.50 as her portion of his charges, and Joseph \$7 in full of his subscription, for putting gravel on the road to Spring Grove Cemetery. Armand de Serisy married Janet, daughter of John and Janet (Langlands) Thomson, and was Cumminsville’s first mayor in 1865; he was one of five sons of Edouard de Serisy who had served as an officer under Napoleon Bonaparte, had come to the United States, and had here married Margaret Cox; another of the five sons, Andrew Jackson de Serisy, was a street-car conductor and gate-keeper at Spring Grove Cemetery.

In April of 1857 Beechwood’s household goods were assessed for taxation at \$200, the carriage at \$100, a wagon at \$10, a horse at \$50, cow \$35, piano \$40, watch \$25, and moneys at \$810. Four years later the assessed value of the household goods was the same, the carriage and wagon together \$55, horse \$45, cow and calf \$30, old piano \$25, watch \$20, and moneys \$1,464.33.

Caroline was always ready with gifts if she believed they would be useful—in April of 1857 she gave Mary a dollar with which to buy cake to be served to Howard Mills and his wife who were coming from New Jersey for a visit; William Howard



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Mills of Morristown wrote a boyish letter to his Aunt Mary in March of 1846. In September of '57 she paid 25c for a half peck of peaches on the day Martha and William Chambers left for Columbus. Next month she paid Mrs. Gaines \$5 for quilting (Rev. L. G. Gaines, Presbyterian minister at Cumminsville, and his wife lived in the cottage at Beechwood), bought black silk dress goods for \$12, and gave Joseph \$5. In November she paid \$15.50 for furs and gave Edward \$1.50 towards the cost of his shawl. Next month she paid Mrs. Gaines \$3.95 for quilting a star quilt, while Joseph bought two pairs of white wool drawers for \$1.50, a white wool shirt for 75c, a dickey for 50c, a pair of hose for 35c, a pair of gloves for 15c, a cravat for 50c, and four handkerchiefs for 35c.

In March of 1857 Caroline paid \$1.50 for having the piano tuned and gave \$5 to Edward. A lace mantilla cost her \$7 in May and a lace cape \$8 in June of 1859—and then, on June 8th, while the family was dining at Beechwood, their shawls and capes were stolen from the "little parlor", now the library. In January of 1860 Caroline bought blue silk dress goods for \$13, and in October a cloak for \$12; the next month she paid \$4.35 for blankets which she gave to Joseph and Mary, two dollars to a canalboatman for bringing out coal, and donated a dollar to "suffering Syrians"; and in December she paid \$1.88 for two undershirts and a handkerchief for Joseph.

In June of 1856 Caroline gave \$25 to the Oxford Female College—an institution whose faculty and students the writer had the pleasure of addressing one morning at chapel—and on the 17th of this month Mary Ann was notified by W. S. Rogers, the agent at Oxford, that she was entitled to one free scholarship in Oxford Female College for four years by virtue of her contribution of \$50 to the college endowment. Did Mary Ann award this scholarship to anyone? The Cloppers and the Oxford Rogerses were friends.

In this same month of June Caroline paid \$1.25 to Edward for whitewashing the lane fence and also made him a present of \$2.50; she gave a dollar to his father, too. In July of 1859 Caroline visited Oxford and a year later went to the commencement exercises there, handed Edward (who was a student at Miami University then) a dollar to be given to his room-mate, Hiatt. Later in that Summer month of 1860 she gave Mary \$3 and Edward \$25—they were going east and Edward was to visit his uncle Alfred Este in New York State; on the 27th they were on the steamer "City of Buffalo"; on August 11th they arrived home and found Joseph very sick.

George C. James came to Beechwood in June of 1855 and seems to have stayed for several years, possibly being tutored by Joseph and Mary Ann. "Mrs. Agnew and John came to see us on February 11, 1859," says Caroline. She noted that on May 21, 1860, a wind storm blew down "our two beautiful pine trees and fourteen other trees, and broke the lightning-rod on



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the house." In August of that year Dr. Oliver had a sale of household goods and Caroline bought a carpet for \$19.80. At the end of December she added up her expenditures for the year and, finding that the total was \$236.30 of which \$89.37 was for herself, she wrote "it scares me".

Mary Ann did not leave many records of her doings. It seems that she went on a journey in 1851, for on June 14th of that year she noted, "I plucked this beautiful rose and buds from my dear Ruhamah's bush three or four days after my return from the east." She was at The Woodlands on March 28 when Aunt Ann gave her a piece of wood whittled by Uncle John Clopper from a tree planted by George Washington—it is at Beechwood still.

One of the several Cumminsville blacksmiths was Andreas Kapp; Joseph paid him \$2 in July of 1855 for carriage "bound" and 60c for two new horse-shoes; in December of 1856 he paid him \$5.90 for horse-shoes, a link chain, carriage repairs, nailing of wheels, and sharpening of plough. Two months before this Joseph had paid \$15 for having the barouche painted, the wheels leathered, the dash-board mended, and a tire set.

Dr. and Mrs. Oliver invited Joseph, Mary, Edward, Caroline, and Mary Ann to their home for New Year's Day of 1859 and others too were there, as Edward has reported in his diary.

Mary was away, visiting, in the Autumn of 1859 and Joseph wrote to her on November 2nd, quoting from a letter written by Edward on October 30th at Oxford where he was attending Miami University. On May 4th of this year William A. Fisher of Baltimore and Louisa, daughter of D. K. Este, were married.

Mary's sister Eliza (Este) Nottingham died in Danville, Virginia, on December 5, 1857. Seven daughters had been born to her, of whom Elizabeth was one. Three Nottingham girls were on the faculty of the South-Side Female Institute at Danville.

Caroline has noted that on February 1, 1861, "Our physician J. Q. Oliver died."

Books, when gifts, reflect not only the givers' taste in literature and their estimate of what might interest the persons they give them to, but also, to some extent, the prevailing regard for the matters treated of. In the mid-nineteenth century religion attracted widespread attention and works on religious and moral subjects were, therefore, frequently presented as "tokens of esteem". Poetry, travel, and fiction, too, were popular. *Woman's Worth; or Hints to Raise the Female Character*, 1844, was given to Mary Ann by A. C. Colton in August of 1845. Charlotte Elizabeth's *Personal Recollections*, 1845, was presented to Andrew M. Clopper when he was in Cincinnati in August of 1846 by William and Charles Colton. Margaretta Georgina Little, who visited Beechwood in the eighteen-forties, gave Rachel Ruhamah a copy of *Elizabeth, or The Exiles of Siberia*, from the French of Madame Cottin, 1820, containing the name "Margt Little, Ireland"



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and the note, "I hope this trifle will be a token of remembrance from me to thee." Emily McIlvaine, wife of the Rt. Rev. McIlvaine, at Clifton one day early in April of 1848, gave Edward a bound volume of *The Children's Magazine* for the first half of 1833. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* was "Friendship's offering to J. C. Clopper from his friend Miss Eliza Stevenson, Feb. 1849." Another copy of Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* was given to Edward by a Mrs. Moffitt of Knoxville who was at Beechwood on a July day of 1853 and who, so Mary tells us, died in 1864. On his birthday in 1851 Edward received from his mother Cleveland's *English Literature of the Nineteenth Century* which had just been published. Chaplin's *The Riches of Bunyan*, 1850, was "Rebecca Miller's last gift to Caroline and Mary Ann Clopper, January 7th, 1855." *Etiquette for Gentlemen* was given to Edward by his cousin, Williamson Miller, in April of 1855. His cousin, Lucy Ann (Este) Reynolds of Baltimore, gave him Cheever's *Island World of the Pacific* in November of 1855. May's *Mortimer's College Life* was presented to Edward by Mrs. J. Culbertson on Christmas Day of 1855. *The Poetical Works of John Milton*, handsomely bound in leather, was given in 1856 "To Joseph Clopper. Words, you well know, would not express what my feelings are towards you—the watchful mentor and kind instructor of my youth, yet always the affectionate cousin. Accept then this slight token of my remembrance. Ever affectionately yours, David B. McKibbin, U. S. Army." At this time David was a lieutenant in the Ninth Regiment of Infantry. Thomas Hughes's *School Days at Rugby* was a gift to Edward from James Lea in July of 1857, the year of its first publication. Thornton's *Family Prayers* was given to Mary (Este) Clopper by Mrs. Mary Short at the latter's home on January 13th, 1868; on the inside of its cover is the bookplate of "J. Cleves Short, Short-Hill, Nov. 17, 1817". Judge John Cleves Short in 1814 married Betsy Bassett Harrison, eldest child of General William Henry Harrison; Mrs. Mary A. Short must have been his second wife, for she was referred to as his widow; she died in 1871 at her residence in Cleves, age 55 years. Mary Ann was given *Psalms and Hymns, Adapted to Worship in the Presbyterian Church*, by Sophia H. Guest at Lithopolis, Ohio, on September 16th, 1870, when she and Caroline were visiting Rev. A. J. Reynolds who had been the Presbyterian minister in Cumminsville. Jay's *Evening Exercises for Every Day in the Year* was given to Mary (Este) Clopper by Julia A. Rogers in April of 1871. On his birthday in 1871 Edward received from his Aunt Caroline a copy of M. Brainerd's *Life of Rev. Thomas Brainerd*, 1870. *Peter Prim's Story Book* has delighted children ever since it was given to Ollie Clopper by his grandaunt, Louisa (Miller) Este on Christmas of 1877; its harrowing tale of Pauline who played with matches and burned up "Till she had nothing more to lose except her little scarlet shoes", never fails to fascinate its young readers.



# XLI

## JOSEPH AND HIS FAMILY VISIT TEXAS

IN ORDER to settle Andrew's estate Joseph found it necessary to go to Texas, and with him went his wife Mary, their son Edward, Mary's nephew Hugh Kirkpatrick, and one whom they referred to as "the doctor" whose identity is in doubt—he may have been William Mount of Cumminsville.

The family left Beechwood on November 29th, 1853, and boarded a steamboat at Cincinnati which left the next day. On December 1st at Louisville, Joseph wrote to his sisters Caroline and Mary Ann at Beechwood, saying, ". . . Edward is very wide-awake to all that's passing & enjoying himself greatly—He is quite familiar with the Doct, pointing out attractive objects &c . . . The Doct seems to enjoy the trip." He sends his "compliments to Isaac and Amelia", referring no doubt to the McMichaels—the "plain but very clever family" whom Caroline had mentioned.

On board the steamboat, four days later, when they were nearing the mouth of the Ohio River, Mary (Este) Clopper wrote to her sisters-in-law at Beechwood. She tells of the murder of a man on the boat the first night out, and the agonising screams of his wife. "The report now is the *cholera* is quite bad in N. Orleans . . . We have every luxury on our table . . . I wish you could see Edward—he is acquainted with all on the boat—sees every thing & enjoys himself very much—sticks close to his cousin [Hugh Kirkpatrick] who also says he thinks we have a pleasant time—but I cannot get him to come into the Ladies Cabin—only to think he was *robbed* of 15 dollars the *first* night we were on board—it was a night of disaster. . . ." She describes the passengers and the food. "I have asked permission to go into the cook's apartment to learn how some of the good things are made—one of the desserts is called *Jenny Linn*—it is very beautiful & exquisitely delicate."

Edward, now thirteen years old, also writes to his "Dear Aunties" at Beechwood on this day: "We have had a very pleasant trip so far & I will write to you & tell you all about it. We left Cincinnati on Wednesday evening between 6 & 7 o'clk. After we had gone between 20 & 30 miles there was a fight between the Deck hands & one man was shot in 2 places one ball in each side. the crowd saw the man that shot him but they would not tell who he was. In the morning we stopped at Madison & I suppose the man got off there. when we reached Louisville

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there was an inquest held over him, & I believe he was buried but I don't know. We left Louisville in the evening & were all night & morning in getting through the canal. Father & I went to see Mr. Porter the Giant he was 7 or 8 ft high & his hand was so large that he could span across a flour barrel. The river is so low that yesterday we got on a bar & laid there for 2 or 3 hours before we could get off, while we were laying there the New Orleans passed us & our Capt asked them to help us off but they would not do it but we got off soon after they passed us & then they got on a bar & she had to lay there until morning & now we are near 100 miles ahead of her, she may not be off yet for all I know. We have got the best boat on the river. The Pilots, Engineer & Capt are all so carefull. The whole top of the boat is covered with Turkeys and chickens. The Turkeys make noise enough to set any one crazy. How is Pompey [dog] getting along & Old Fox & Jack? [horses] There are 10 or 12 dogs on this boat, They all belong to one man, he is taking them to New Orleans to sell them. He has a very pretty little setter that will [do] almoast anything. I asked Him the price, he said it was 30\$. That scared me & I did not ask him the price of any more . . . None of us have taken any colds & Cousin Hugh is as fat as ever. How does Mr. McMicle like the place, tell him to take good care of pompey till I come back. We are now near Cairo . . . Remember me to Mrs. James and the boys and all my friends."

On December 10th they arrived in New Orleans and left there six days later on the steamship "Perseverance". On the 11th and again on the 14th they heard Dr. Scott preach in the First Presbyterian Church. In a letter written at "Oakland", David G. Burnet's home on Burnet's Bay, Texas, on December 21st, to his sisters at Beechwood, Joseph describes the storm they had encountered on entering the Gulf, the wind high and vessel pitching: "ladies all & a number of gentlemen very sick, & cascading as for a wager . . . Such was the violence of the wind at one time that the ship, despite of steam & helm, was blown round broadside to the billows & rolled down into the mighty troughs so as nearly to throw us out of our berths & actually throwing all that were lying on the table in the saloon to the floor with a crash of the table leaves on top of them—happily the next billow met us just in time to save the ship from wholly capsizing—She was soon brought again with her head to the storm & admirably continued to ride out the gale. The sea continued boisterous till next day at noon—the waves being now well beaten down by a 'Norther' which followed very soon after the thunder, lightning, and rain . . . There were two Sea Captains on Board—both said they had never witnessed a more perilous storm on the Gulph. Passengers held a meeting in the Cabin & passed resolutions approbatory of the great nautical skill &c of the Captain; & a portion of them contributed about 80\$ to award him a piece of plate. Monday morning at 11 o'clock



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we were on Board the Neptune, Capt<sup>n</sup> Sterrett of whom you heard our dear Brother, now in heaven, speak when with us; at 3 o'clock P. M. stuck on 'Clopper's Bar' where we lay till 5 o'clock next morning; got off at Lynchburg where I got a horse and was here at our temporary home by day-light—had the man hitch a yoke of oxen to the sled, which we loaded with our *plunder*, mounting Mary on the top—& thus after a drive of two miles terminated our journey of precisely three weeks—I hardly need say that our welcome is a most cordial one—the Judge & Hannah both being in good health . . . The tide of emigration to Texas is immense by sea & land—there are three steam ships running constantly crowded with passengers & three others now building to be added to the same line.

"How often on the Mississippi, at N. Orleans, on the Gulph, at Galveston, & especially lying at the mouth of the San Jacinto, did the *persons & scenes* of years long gone present themselves! & how vivid!—but I cannot say there is any thing sombre, & tending to sadness in these recollections—these associations of the past with the present—they are rather pleasant—for blessed are the dead that die in the Lord! . . ." He sends remembrances to Dr. Mount's family, which inclines one to the belief that the doctor who accompanied them was William Mount. He mentions his dyspepsia and says that he already feels relieved. Next week he and David G. Burnet will get a row-boat and go to "Highland Cottage", Andrew's late residence, and to Mrs. Morris's where he died. "Remember me kindly to Isaac and Amelia. I hope all goes on well at Beechwood . . . It would take a whole sheet to tell you of Edward's ecstasies & delights & fearlessness by the way & here—bang!—there goes his gun, the birds are suffering . . ." This was the shotgun which now hangs above the mantel in the living-room at Beechwood.

To this letter Edward added: ". . . We arrived at N Orleans on Saturday night Dec 10 . . . there were 9 of us going to Texas—Mr. Strawn, Mr. Paledy, Mr. Field, Mr. Merriman, and Mrs. [Merriman], Cousin Hugh. Father, Mother & me . . . the steamship [which sailed earlier] was so crowded . . . that we stayed at Orleans until Friday and then we got a stateroom & left there Friday morning at 8 o clk . . . we had a very hard storm, Mother was sick as soon as the ship began to rock any & they were all very sick that night but Mr. Paledy & me. I was not sick a bit, I was not frightened at all only when the ship would rock; the way that I done I would get all the clothes upon my breast, then open the window and stick my head out & see the big waves, I liked it very much only when we would rock. We arrived at Galveston on Monday morning and got on the steamboat Neptune and we got aground on Clopper's Bar and laid there all night but we got to Lynchburg in the morning & father got on a horse and come up to Uncle Burnet's & sent his carriage for us which was an oxsled. Puss [one of

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Burnet's slaves] has got a baby . . . Is it cold up home, is there ice in the canal & creek?"

Mary (Este) Clopper also wrote to Caroline and Mary Ann at this time, mentioning Hannah, her sister and David G Burnet's wife, and William E. Burnet, their son: "We three occupy Wm's room, Edward having his trundle-bed. Hannah has a very convenient house—4 nice rooms, the dining room & kitchen separate from the main building; the blacks have 2 nicely furnished small houses near & it makes quite a settlement . . . you have all the particulars of our journey, except your Brother's illness—last night he took blue pill, to day rheubarb—is under the charge, Mr. Burnet says, of *2 old women* . . . Hannah has very excellent servants. Hugh is quite happy—got a letter from his sister this morning . . . a Mrs. Walker who come here for her health from Galveston died in *our room* 4 weeks since with *yellow fever*—Hannah nursed her during the whole of her illness, then shrouded her for her coffin—she is buried near the house—her family now have all left . . . a thousand thanks from Hannah for your collars & other presents . . . Oh, her fatigue in nursing Mrs. Walker & her own sickness has caused a *great change* in her looks since we parted last."

Mary was given to underlining words in order to lend them emphasis, and also to keeping flowers and leaves which she had gathered when away from home—in one of her albums there is an "Orange leaf from Sister Hannah's garden".

On January 5, 1854, Joseph at Oakland wrote to his sisters at Beechwood, stating that a week after his arrival in Texas he had gone to Highland Cottage, their late brother Andrew's residence, which Andrew had sold to General M. S. Wade of Cincinnati and which was now occupied by Owen Cravey; he did not go into the house but sat on the verandah and conversed with Mrs. Cravey to whom he had been introduced by Brinson and who told him that all of their brother's personal property was safe and cared for. He then went to Mrs. Morris's, eight miles below, sold Andrew's horse to Mrs. Morris for \$40, and saw Andrew's grave, ". . . a beautiful place for a burying ground, lying immediately back of the garden, being high ground, & shaded by oaks, the wild Peach (a large & beautiful evergreen) & other trees most of them clad in the solemn drapery of the long grey Spanish moss gracefully waving; &, giving tone to the breath of heaven as it sweeps over the fibrous cords, there is continuously heard a low & not unpleasing requiem over his grave, accompanied by the bass notes of the waves of Galveston Bay as they beat upon the white shelly shore . . . The grave is protected by rails & on an oak which stretches over it its sheltering arms I carved my initials & the year, then plucking a few leaves, departed. I gave Mrs. Morris five dollars to have cedar posts & paling around it . . . She would not receive any thing for her attentions, but seemed gratified with your presents & said she would write to you . . . Returned next day home &



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two days after went in a row boat with the Judge down to Mrs. Cravy's & got his trunk & chest & brought them up—found his papers all safe & \$36 in purse. I want to go down this week & see about the cattle & sell what he reserved from the sale to Genl Wade. The place looks considerably out of repair . . . Tell the General Mrs. Cravy expects to leave the place . . . & that I will do the best I can to procure a tenant for him . . . I shall hasten to Houston with a view to sell all I can of our lands—tho' I have little encouragement to calculate on much—all emigrants seem to be pushing for the North, north west, & west . . . Never allow yourselves to be troubled about us, nor by rumors of epidemics & all that sort of thing—we are '*Old Folks*', at home & abroad, & will take care of No. 1. There is no fever, no cholera in Texas—country very healthy—air soft & balmy—plenty to eat & to drink, & time for thought, for business, for amusement."

To this letter Edward added: ". . . Cousin Hugh & I walked down to Lynchburg this morning & went to the Post Office and got letters . . . one of them was from Mr. Merryman saying that he had gone as far as Washington & that he had got tired of Texas & that he was going back to Kentucky [Could this have been Joseph E. Merryman who, as a widower in 1885, married Edward's widow, Mary McClintock Clopper? He was born in Kentucky in 1825 and knew the Cloppers long before 1885.] . . . You said in your letter this morning that you did not think that I would laugh any on the Gulf but I was laughing at Mother & Mrs. Merryman all the time but I laughed more the morning after the storm at Cousin Hugh. He set up all night & did not come in his birth once the whole night long, in the morning he was sitting leaning on the Table & looked so funny that it was as much as I could do to keep from laughing at him. On last Thursday Father & Uncle Burnet & me went to Uncle Andrew's place & we got a colored man to take us there, the wind & tide were both against us so we were from sunrise in the morning until 3 o'clock in the afternoon getting there, we found all of Uncle's papers in his trunk. We put his trunk and the chest that he had at Beechwood in the boat and other little things which made a pretty big load, the wind was fair for us coming home & so Edmund, the man's name, hoisted the sail but she would not steer, she run right in to Mr. Brinson's & the old man thought we were going to stop there so he come down. We were late getting home."

Again at "Oakland, near Lynchburg, Texas", Joseph wrote to Caroline and Mary Ann on January 25th: "The Dr & I reached this last night at 10 o'clock from Houston & Harrisburg after an absence of five days . . . Produce now is high in Texas—flour 8 to 9 dollars—corn in these parts \$1.50 per bushel &c. The emigration to this country is immense both by sea & land, bringing in money & *slaves*, but all seem to be pushing to the West & North West—scarcely any settling in this part of the



country & of course our prospect of selling is very dull . . . Am glad Dr. Oliver is moving somewhat in the cause of religion . . . we are gratified to know of his active concern to have the gospel preached at Cumminsville. Good old Mrs. Langland is a pattern in giving & if her zeal & christian desires for the gospel in their midst was more felt by others there would be no difficulty in obtaining regular preaching & my absence in such matters would be but little felt . . . Edward is now at his lessons, & by & by, I suppose, will be at the ducks which are still very numerous . . . The Judge & Hannah are well & pleased to hear from you. They are nicely fixed & living very comfortably . . . The Dr and I spent a day at Genl Sherman's, he was not at home, being at Austin busied about the Rail-Road. It is finished 20 miles & pays expenses they say, tho' it runs but twice a week. Mrs. Sherman was very friendly & wanted to know if Carrie wrote to her. Says she hopes to visit her Parents before a great while; & if she does will call at Beechwood . . . They own what is called the most elegant house in Texas—this I do not believe, yet is a beautiful building & handsomely furnished . . . They have been keeping a select boarding house & have now three very intelligent gentlemen concerned about the Rail Road boarding with them. She refused pay from us. Neither Harrisburg nor Houston have grown of any consequence. I have no doubt at some future year Harrisburg will be *the* place, & Houston must decline. I met Gregg in the street who insisted on the Dr and I making his house our home—he lives alone 1½ miles down the Bayou—we did so, walking to town every day—he is not yet married, but matrimony is one of his particular themes of conversation—the same may be said of old Morgan who makes himself, they say, very ridiculous, & who seems to be, tho' this world is forever shut out from his vision, equally blind to the glorious realities of the world which no mortal eye hath ever seen. I travelled with the Dr over our Harrisburg tract on foot thro' the dense forests & find it more heavily timbered than I expected. There have been no *timber-thieves* upon it within the last three years as far as I could discover. Tho' I have met with very little encouragement in the way of selling lands, still I think I will be able to dispose of this tract, if no more . . .”

Mary added a page, writing of their son Edward's duck shooting and continuing: “We sew *all* the time, it takes a great deal of sewing for the Blacks, & Edward keeps me mending, he tears his clothes to pieces with brush & briers in hunting &c . . .” She despairs of selling land this Winter and says their expenses have been heavy; “if we can have enough to return to Ohio, will be glad—hope I can get boarders when I get back. The Dr. is well; he is making his observations—does not tell *all he thinks* . . .”

At Oakland on February 15th Joseph wrote to his sisters, saying “We are catching any number of fish & turtle, big &



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little—the geese & ducks are beginning to leave for the North . . . The Dr does not seem to think very favorably of Texas & I believe has no idea of purchasing lands here . . . As to organizing a church at Cumminsville I expressed my views fully to several of the members there. They are unaltered, and I think we had better have no part in doing so unwise a thing . . .” He is glad to hear that Isaac and Amelia are contented and careful of the stock at Beechwood. “I think you did well in letting Mary Ann’s house for a year, tho’ the rent should have been \$75.” He refers to “the great Avenue” as a probable speculative venture and suggests that Caroline sell her Rosencrantz lot, reserving a right-of-way across the creek to the road; he says the house and lot are worth \$1,000. “I have heard but three sermons since we left N. Orleans & neither of them from a Presbyterian, tho’ good after their kind.” Mary added: “. . . this slavery system, I do not like, although these in this family are unusually good . . . last Sabbath we rode 3 miles in an ox-cart to hear a very poor discourse—even that was refreshing . . .”

Joseph liked to draw as well as to write and to play the flute. He was neither gifted nor imaginative with the brush but pictured objects as he saw them. His drawings of butterflies and blossoms in some of the albums are rigid but colorful. Here in Texas he put on paper his view of David G. Burnet’s home, and Mary has noted below it: “A pencil sketch taken setting in a boat on the Bay by my dear Husband of Sister Hannah Burnets house and grounds—when we were visiting her February 17th, 1854—Oakland near San Jacinto, Harris County, Texas.”

In a letter written at Oakland on February 25th to his aunts at Beechwood, Edward expresses his opinion of a city in which he was destined to occupy a prominent position: “Houston is a tolerable pretty place but nothing to brag about, it is built mostly on prairie . . .” He writes of ducks and of fishing—in the San Jacinto River he, his father, and his cousin caught two catfish “as long as my arm” and a dozen more “about as long as from my elbow up to my shoulder”; also two soft-shelled turtles. He shot a gar, about five feet long, in a small bayou near his Uncle Burnet’s place. His mother adds that his father is complaining of his old dyspepsia pains and that she dreads the illness of the Spring season.

Edward shot a pelican, then measured it, and the poor bird’s dimensions were recorded—from wing-tip to wing-tip it overspread eight feet, nine inches. Killing the creature must have been in response to a primitive urge to slaughter and one would think that the gentle Joseph might properly have reprimanded him—instead, he seems to have glowed with pride in his son’s exploit.

In her memoranda Mary has declared that March 8th at Oakland was “a sad day”; one wonders why, for she does not tell us. She had also set down that January 17, 1853, was

"A very *sad* day. Texas"; here, again, she fails to enlighten us—she probably intended to write 1854 instead of 1853, the month being January when one is prone to make such an error. She was an introvert and those of us who read her notes to-day are puzzled by such communings with her fancied wrongs. Fastened to a card she has preserved flowers which she picked near Mrs. Walker's grave at Oakland on March 28th.

Joseph wrote to his sisters on March 14th: "... I am somewhat surprised that the Marietta R. R. Company should think of laying their track on our side the creek, after the Canal Commissioners having stopped the Cin. & Hamilton Co. from doing it in consequence of endangering the canal bank." If they should attempt to do any work, he advises that Edward Mills be asked to get out an injunction. Caroline is right in claiming damages from Western Avenue speculators. He recommends that Isaac be hired for two months at the common wages, letting him have the cottage at four and one-sixth dollars a month with the ground in the enclosure but reserving the fruit. He writes of a visit to Sherman's home and of his attempt to settle with Sidney; he and Edward stayed all night there, "next morning the Genl & I had the room to ourselves & when I introduced the subject he blushed like a young girl which made me feel assured that the confidence of Father, Brother, & myself in his integrity had not been misplaced . . ." But Sidney had claims against the estates of both Nicholas and Andrew—perhaps that is why he blushed—and on April 11th he released them in consideration of \$1,500 paid to him by Joseph! That is, Joseph gave him a deed to the 1,200 acres on Galveston Bay (part of the Hunter League) which Andrew had acquired from their father in 1835, as part of a "final" settlement with this procrastinator. The Cloppers prudently hesitated to sign a new deed sent by Sherman and Sidney became impatient—he availed himself of the new telegraphic service between New Orleans and Cincinnati, writing at Galveston on October 23, 1856, a ten-word dispatch which was carried to New Orleans, wired from there on the 25th, and stamped at Cincinnati the next day; the message was typed on a long, narrow strip of paper and read: "Directed letters to Cincinnati for you Procure them and answer". On June 19, 1860, Caroline received from Sidney Sherman \$50 as her portion of a payment.

Continuing his letter of March 14th to his sisters, Joseph refers to their brother Andrew's grave and to some poetry about it: "I am gratified the 'Lines' pleased you, I think myself they are among my happiest efforts—Yes, I will visit that beautiful spot once [more] & take Edward with me & bring you some little remembrances from his peaceful resting place." Mary adds a page, expressing her dislike for Texas; and Edward writes to his Aunt Mary Ann describing his hunting of ducks, his seeing wild swans and deer, and his shooting of the pelican.



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At Houston on March 24th Joseph paid taxes on 1,476 acres in Fort Bend County, being part of Andrew's estate; also on 2,214 acres in the northern half of League No. 7 in Matagorda County, on 1,200 acres in the John Brown League, on 1,476 acres in the Nicholas Clopper tract, and on 450 acres in the Lindsay League in Harris County, these being parts of his father's estate. Six months prior to this he had paid taxes on these same lands and also on 1,107 acres in the Johnson Hunter League.

Caroline and Mary Ann received letters written at Oakland on April 5, 1854, by Edward and his parents. Edward wrote of catching catfish and of the visit of young Wade and Luckett from Cincinnati, and of their going to Highland Cottage in the boat. Mary wrote of Joseph's efforts to sell their land but feared failure: "I have had too much experience & been too often disappointed ever to expect anything else, for it is a world of disappointment." Dickens might have taken Mary for the original of Mrs. Gummidge. Her sister Hannah has been ill and "says she knows she never will be well any more." Mary also mentions the visit of young Wade and Luckett who had left Cincinnati on March 16th. "During the months of January & February 23 steamboats were lost on the Mississippi & Ohio Rivers, besides flatboats, & nearly 300 lives lost—I feel we have a dangerous journey before us . . . The Dr. will wait till we go . . . they have been expecting him home for some time . . ."

Mary also wrote on a separate sheet advising Mary Ann, because of illness, to take brandy and cream every morning and nourishing food often. She sympathises with Amelia in the loss of her babe, then writes of Edward. She wishes to be near a Presbyterian church again and says there is no family altar in her sister Hannah's home, and Edward asks why it is so—"I cannot tell him." Hannah and David live only for their son William; David would like to go north for a visit "but William's expenses are so heavy he cannot raise the means and will not go without *plenty*—he is a very liberal minded man, I like him very much indeed." She says Texas is a beautiful country with a delightful climate, but a moral wilderness, as religion, practical godliness is the last thing much thought of. She is sorry to hear of McMichael's loss of his cow and of Blacky's failure to do better—she had better be turned out a while this Spring. "It seems as if this Texas property was to do none of us much if any good—to me it is a great disappointment that I cannot sell mine . . . there is so much land in market and money scarce. I see no prospect of its being any better. Wade said here he saw some hard cases before he had been many hours in Texas, did not think he would like it at all—Col. Washington's where he put up is a miserable place. Mr. Burnet told them he was sorry he was so full he could not invite them to make their home with him—he likes some company—Hannah prefers being alone, says they have entertained company enough, now she wants retirement—there is no place like *home* for anyone, I think."

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Joseph added two pagefuls, sympathising with Isaac and Amelia McMichael at Beechwood who, it appears, had lost a child. He is glad that "you got your lumber out in time" and approves the engaging of oak posts from Parker. He and his family will try to start for home by the middle of April; "we all, Dr included, are pretty tolerably homesick." He was in Houston last week and had Andrew's will probated and recorded. He has sold the cattle which Andrew had reserved when he sold out to General Wade, getting \$137.50 for them. He has arranged with Gregg to act as agent in efforts to sell land. He went to Harrisburg and met Sherman but did not have time to conclude the business with him, so will go again; settlement with him will likely mean the taking back of 680 acres of the 1,000 sold to him. "The Harrisburg tract is the only one from which we may hope to realize anything for years to come." He and Edward went down to Mrs. Morris's on horseback and there found Andrew's grave neatly and substantially enclosed with cedar posts and paling: "we gathered some mementoes from the enclosure & shelly beach . . . I thought something like this would be appropriate [for inscription on tombstone]: 'In memory of A. M. Clopper, a Texan Pioneer of 1822, died Sept. 16, 1853, aged 62 years' . . . I believe young Wade & Lockett were both very well pleased with Highland Cottage, especially with the extensive & splendid scenery . . ."

On April 12th the party started on the way back to Cincinnati. The Burnets went with them as far as Colonel Washington's where the Cloppers boarded the steamboat "Eclipse" bound for Galveston; arrived here, they took breakfast at the Tremont, dined with Mr. Ayers, and rode around the city and along the beach. Mary has recorded: "April 30, Arrived at home from Texas" and that on June 25th Joseph "took the cholera".

Among the souvenirs of this journey at Beechwood is a copy of John Abercrombie's *Philosophy of the Moral Feelings*, 1839, containing this presentation note: "From Aunt Hannah Burnet to Edward N. Clopper, April 11th, 1854, at Oakland, Texas."



## XLII

### LAST YEARS OF THE BURNETS

DAVID G. and Hannah (Este) Burnet centered their affection and hopes in their son, William Este Burnet, and gave him every opportunity for education within reach of their means. William was born in 1833 and spent part of his boyhood in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, attending school, and may have been tutored part of the time at Beechwood by his Uncle Joseph. Returning to his home in Texas in the Autumn of 1849, he wrote when on board the steamboat "Bunker Hill" at New Orleans on October 14th to his uncle, saying that he had arrived in the Crescent City the day before, after having changed boats at Cairo, and intended to leave for Galveston on the following day on board the "Galveston". Continuing, he said, "The Yellow fever is here, though not very bad, the last report was 30 deaths in a day . . . There were several gamblers on board [the Bunker Hill] but they did not trouble me any . . ." Evidently Joseph had warned him to beware of "sharpers".

William was to come again to Beechwood, attend school, and be helped in his studies by his Aunt Mary and his Uncle Joseph—on April 28, 1853, he arrived and stayed on after his Aunt and Uncle had gone to Texas for their visit to his parents. He was twenty years of age now and, as so often happens at this period, his parents learned to their dismay that his expenses exceeded their estimates; so, presumably with their knowledge and consent, he borrowed from Caroline and Mary Ann—according to Caroline's memoranda he gave her at one time his note for \$32, then in September of 1854 she lent him \$200 and in February of 1855 fifty dollars. The Burnets were long embarrassed by this unexpected indebtedness; David sent Caroline \$100 in 1855 and practised even greater economy at home in order to save enough for another payment.

William was in Frankfort, Kentucky, in October of 1854 for Joseph sent a parcel to him there by Adams Express Company. He was attending the Kentucky Military Institute which at that time was located six miles south of Frankfort and conducted by Col. Robert Allen, and was graduated in June of 1855 with the degrees of A.B. and C.E.

His mother, Hannah (Este) Burnet, writing on January 30, 1858, at her home, Oakland, in Texas, to her sister Mary at Beechwood, says "The old year has passed away, one month of the new one gone, and we are still the spared monuments of

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mercy. May we set our house in order, for the Lord may have said, 'this year thou shalt die and not live' [strangely enough, Hannah died in October of this year]. Our dear sister E[lizabeth] has left us . . . I received a short letter from Mary of her death . . . poor Elizabeth I fear died as she lived without a thought of an hereafter . . . We have no one as yet to cultivate our field and fear we will not have—the old man that was to have taken it turns out to be a great drunkard and he will not do, everybody is now plowing and getting ready to plant, so our prospect is not flattering that way—and to hire a man, his board would come to more than all the corn that he would make. If you hear any thing from Mr. Burnet's family, when you write let us know—he has not heard in a long time—now his Brothers are gone, the rest are very careless . . . Mr. Burnet has not been even down to the landing this winter and I have not been but once and never since we kept house had so little company—indeed the traveling has been so bad that no one can get from home . . . William [writes that] he has the money ready to send to the Girls [Caroline and Mary Ann] but cannot get a draught . . . They are all well in the Kitchen, when they know I am writing they all want me to say howde for them—I told Sal that you were coming and would bring her a Jersey, she was perfectly happy at the thought—Julius Sezar is a very fine child, is not a year old and runs all over—they all do as well as could be expected—I have Em in the Kitchen and Puss works out. dear Mary, if you should have an opportunity I wish you would send me some flower seeds and some Lilly of the Vally and bulbous roots. Give a great deal of love to Caroline and Mary Ann, remember me affectionately to Mr. C and believe me as ever your affectionate Sister, H. Burnet."

From Hannah's letter one concludes that William had borrowed money from Mary Ann as well as from Caroline. By midsummer of this year he had managed to send some money to Beechwood—on July 29th Caroline received fifty dollars as her share of a remittance from him.

Hannah grew worse and died at her home, Oakland, on October 30, 1858, and was buried there beside her children. Mary recorded, "My sisters now *all dead*." In November Joseph composed the following poem for his wife's consolation:

### THE SYMPATHIES OF JESUS

*Addressed to Mary on the death of the last of her sisters, Mrs. Hannah Burnet, wife of David G. Burnet, First President of the Texan Republic. She died at Oakland, her residence near the celebrated battle ground on the San Jacinto River, Oct. 30, 1858.*

"Why weepest thou?" asked He whom Mary wept,  
As from the sepulchre aside she stepped;  
Thrilled with a holy rapture and surprise,  
Quickly she raised to His her streaming eyes  
Soon as His sinless lips breathed forth her name  
In tone that kindled in her soul a flame



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Of love divine, of joys unfelt before.  
"Rabboni!" this she said, and nothing more,  
But went her way, obedient to His word,  
And told His brethren she had seen the Lord.

To yet another touching scene we're led:  
The place where Mary wept a brother dead,  
Fell prostrate at the Master's feet and cried,  
"Hadst Thou been here, dear Lord, he had not died!"  
Touched by their sorrows, near where Laz'rus slept  
There, with the weeping sisters, "Jesus wept".

If He who was a man of sorrows here  
Withheld not sympathy's consoling tear,  
Surely His frail, afflicted ones of earth  
May pay like tribute to departed worth.  
Then, Mary mine, sad mourner called to bow  
And "kiss the rod", weep on—thou mayest now—  
For ah! thou wast not there thy tears to shed  
Over thy loved and last—thy sister dead—  
To hear those words ere yet she sank in death,  
Triumphant words from her expiring breath:  
"All hail the power of Jesus' name"—blessed power  
That crowned her victor in that trying hour!

Afflicted one! awhile forsake the things  
That hold thee here, and take the morning's wings  
And soar in spirit to that sunny land  
Where years ago ye met, and hand in hand  
Over her fav'rite walks delighted trod  
In admiration of the works of God,  
Along the bay or stream, at evening hours,  
Or o'er the prairies, redolent with flowers—  
Fond sisters! happy thus, in happiest strain,  
To mingle thoughts and feel as girls again!  
There go once more, although thou goest alone—  
Go to the *Grove of Oaks*, now sacred grown,  
That spot where by thy side she stood and said:  
"Here, Mary, is my resting place when dead";  
There, o'er the dust beneath, low bending, lave  
With tears the honored spot—'tis Hannah's grave—  
The grave of one of loftiest sentiments,  
Of dauntless courage, and of rare good sense;  
One formed to fill with dignity and grace,  
With him she loved, her country's proudest place;  
Fitted as wife, as mother, sister, friend,  
To act her part consistent to the end;  
Her brightest ornament—the counterpart  
Of Christ—a sympathising, faithful heart.

But dry thy tears—leave now that peaceful grave—  
Look up to where He lives who died to save,  
And near Him, in yon world of glory bright,  
Behold thy sister in her robes of white—  
Hear her glad song to harp of golden string,  
Redemption! song that angels cannot sing!  
And as her joys eternal thou wouldst share,  
Live as she lived a life of faith and prayer—  
So shalt thou, Mary, like that saint exclaim  
In death, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

J. C. CLOPPER.

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Her obituary was written by Dr. Ashbel Smith, her physician, who had been Secretary of State for the Republic of Texas in 1844-5; it contains this interesting account of a perilous moment: "In 1836, when the Mexicans had advanced as far as Harrisburg, the family were compelled to abandon their home. Judge Burnet resolved to send his wife and two small children to Cincinnati, Ohio, and proposed that her brother, the late Edward E. Este, who afterward perished among the victims of Mexia, should accompany his little family. Mrs. Burnet objected, saying, 'No man ought to leave Texas at such a juncture.' While waiting at New Washington, at the mouth of the San Jacinto, for the little steamer *Cayuga* to convey them to Galveston, they were suddenly alarmed by the approach of a party of Mexicans. Being without arms, the party assembled there was compelled to fly in two small skiffs. At a moment when their capture by the enemy seemed inevitable, Judge Burnet said, 'I will not be taken alive.' Mrs. Burnet replied, 'Neither will I. I will take a child in each arm and jump overboard.' . . . Happily, the escape of the party was finally effected."

It will be remembered that Edward E. Este, writing at "Oakland" shortly after the Battle of San Jacinto, gave a vivid account of their predicament (see page 265). He died in March of 1843. What Smith meant in declaring that he "perished among the victims of Mexia" is not clear. Was the town of that name, now in Limestone County, in existence then? did an epidemic occur there in 1843? did Este happen to be there at the time, catch the disease, and die? His wife passed away in the same year—they may have been together there and both have fallen prey to the disease, if by "victims of Mexia" was meant a number of persons swept away by an epidemic there. Or was Este involved in one of the many raids which occurred on both sides of the border? However, it is not known that Mejia, the Mexican supporter of Santa Anna, led a raid in 1843, hence Este probably did not meet death at his hands.

In a letter written at Oakland on January 1, 1859, to Mary at Beechwood, David G. Burnet dwelt upon his wife's death and the sympathy of early friends and connections: "Much of the time I have been literally *alone*—no creature about the house except Puss and Emm [slaves] and the little ones . . . But the solitude has passed away—my dear William, as soon as he got the terrible intelligence, hastened *home*, a gloomy, desolated home to him and to me. He left me yesterday and is now at Galveston, where I expect to rejoin him in a few days and where I shall abide for some time, perhaps for all my time. I have rented to a family (Mr. Mason) from Maryland—a large household of 14 persons, male and female—they are now all here and the house, so recently hushed in a death-like silence, now rings with the constant clatter of five or six children. I leave Puss and her children with the family for one year. They appear to be a moral and well organised family and I think will treat them



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

well. Em I have hired at Lynchburg to a decent family where she will be well cared for. I found it utterly impossible to keep house with the two negroes—they soon became idle, careless, and wasteful and I could get nothing decent to eat. It would have cost me more to live in the meanest, rudest manner at home than to board at Galveston. Then I save the rent of the place and their hire, which will nearly pay my board. Under these circumstances I felt compelled to break up and to leave a home that is endeared to me by so many tender recollections but which has been bereft of the chief delight that rendered it pleasant. On Monday I shall begin to pack up and hope to get off on Wednesday or thursday—the family (14 whites) want the room, though they are very solicitous for me to stay longer with them, I know it would be to their inconvenience . . . William says he will soon be able to remit the balance so long due. I hope he will, for it has been a painful subject to me and was to your dear Sister, but we could not avoid it. I did not think it possible we could live at all without a negro man and therefore bought one who died without doing us the least service—it would have been better to have paid that debt then. We often learn what is best by experiencing the worst.

“I sincerely rejoice that Edward is so fully realizing your fond hopes. I trust he will continue his happy beginning and become a blessing to you, to Society, and to himself—for what a curse and a vexation to himself is a worthless man.”

William Este Burnet wrote at Galveston on January 12, 1859, to his Aunt Mary at Beechwood, telling of his grief over his mother's death: “I had been on a distant expedition and no news had reached me for all those [four] long months and I was very anxious to hear. We had a camp at the Wichata Mountains and my letters were to be forwarded to that camp. We had been out for nearly a month and were returning to our camp almost worn out by cold and exposure, our only expectation that of getting news from our friends. when we were within two days march of our camp we were obliged to stop, the horses could go no further without rest, an express was sent in to camp for our mail. The ground was covered with snow and we had no shelter and but little fuel. The day the express was to get in it did not come and we had all gone to sleep around our scanty camp fires when the mail arrived. I did not hear it when it came, but soon one of my brother officers came and called me and gave me the letter. It was the first I had got from home for months and by the moonlight reflected from the snow (the fire was out) I read my father's letter telling me of my mother's death, of her long illness, of her last thoughts of me. I felt the cold no more but such a night I had never passed, it seemed as if it would last for ever. Morning came at last and I started for home; five hundred miles of almost unbroken wilderness was before me ere I could get to San Antonio but I rode it in eight days. I changed horses at the different Military Posts



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

on the route six times and every one I left was broken down. During those eight days I did not sleep at any time more than four hours out of the twenty-four. I found in rapid motion some relief. At San Antonio I took the stage and soon reached home, to find it desolate indeed. I saw in a few days that it would be impossible for my Father to live there (at our place) and I set myself to work to get him to leave there and go where he could live with some comfort. There he was dependent on the servants who although they are good in their way cannot take the proper care of a house without some one to direct them, and Father knew less of such things than they did. Then he could not live alone—without some society he could do nothing but brood over the great loss and affliction we had sustained. Considering all these things I induced Father to rent the place and hire the servants out and move to Galveston. We are now boarding with Gen<sup>l</sup> Sherman who has been a warm Friend of Father's for years. I can see a great change for the better in Father, here he can meet many of his old friends and has something to divert his mind from grief. It is a great relief to me to have him here where he can be comfortable and cheerful. As for myself, although I thank you for your good wishes in my behalf, I cannot profit by your advice. I am too poor to think of a wife—I would not wish to take one except from the refined walks of life and I would not wish to make such a one share my hard fortune. I might accumulate wealth but it would take years of toil and perhaps at the end I might not enjoy it. As I have now but few ties I can well afford to risk my life in the service of the country, few will suffer less loss than I can now. Father does not wish me to leave the Army. I may rise in it and I may not, the future alone can tell . . . I shall leave here to join my Company about the 25, direct here to the care of Father, he will know where to send the letter as soon as I can let him know where I will be."

Writing at Galveston on March 9, 1860, to Mary at Beechwood, David G. Burnet mentions having received a letter from his son William who was in camp: "Some time ago he had a severe pursuit after a party of Indians who had committed some depredations in the neighborhood, but as is very common on our frontier, the wiley Savages eluded their pursuers—they are very troublesome at this time on our border. William is without the state, north of Red River, at a new post called Fort Cobb, and in a very broken, barren, miserable, and inhospitable region. I sometimes think his fatigues and exposures and privations will effectually wean him from all his fondness for military life, but early attachments are hard to be overcome—if I had the means of placing him in some good business I should be most happy to do so, but I have not, and must yield to circumstances however trying." He mentions a recent visit to Oakland and continues: "I brought Puss and Em and theirs down with me—they are now here and helping to pay my board, they are



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well and, I believe, behaving well. Em has been badly crippled with frosted feet but is over it now. I cannot think of visiting the north—am too poor to go any where—not that the actual expenses would be great, but the idea of returning in cramped circumstances would mar all my gratifications . . .” He adds this postscript to Joseph: “I spoke to Genl Sherman yesterday about the old note—he said he hoped soon to be able to do something final about it—he is negotiating for the sale of a tract of land. Lands are rising rapidly in Texas and will continue to do so for some years, but unless you can preserve the timber on the Harrisburg tract I would recommend you to sell it, the timber forms an important item in its value—had n’t you better come out and attend to it?”

Joseph at Beechwood received a letter written by David G. Burnet at Galveston on June 9, 1860: “A few days ago I got Gen. Sherman to renew your note at one year’s time from 11th April, the day & month of the date of the old one. The original note was \$232, interest \$116, total \$348. I enclose you a draft on New Orleans for \$100, leaving \$248, the amount of the new note. The purchase Sherman made of land was an unfortunate one—he will make nothing by it but probably lose—he cannot sell it for cost. I rec’d a letter from William yesterday in which he said he would send you \$100 by the next mail and the balance as soon as he ascertained what it was. Let him know, charging interest at 10 per cent. W’s address: Lieut. Wm. E. Burnet, Fort Cobb, Indian Territory.”

The Texas legislature elected David G. Burnet and another man in 1866 to represent the state in the United States Senate but because of the state’s “non-reconstruction” they were not seated.

At Galveston on May 25, 1868, Burnet replied to a letter which had been addressed to him by many of his fellow-Texans in praise of his public services. He states in his response that in discharging his duties to Texas from the beginning of her Anglo-American existence his integrity of purpose had been unwavering and his efforts to promote her happiness and prosperity continuous from the time that he enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Stephen F. Austin, “the illustrious founder of *our* Texas,” to the present. He prays to the Lord of Sabaoth that she may enjoy perpetual happiness and that in all her progress she may illustrate the divinely attested truth that “righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.” He makes known that he contemplates a visit to relatives in the north but (contrary to the other account) that he intends to return to Texas, “the land of my warmest attachments,” and be buried “at or near my family sepulchre;” his brave son who “fell in what he and I believed a righteous cause, lies entombed at Mobile.”

That year he did indeed visit Newark, New Jersey, where he had been born and where, according to one account, he intended

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to spend the remainder of his life, amid scenes of his early days, but the place had changed so greatly and so few of his friends and acquaintances were still there, that he returned to Texas and lived with Preston Perry's family in Galveston.

It was in August of 1864 that a fleet of federal warships under the command of Admiral David Farragut won the Battle of Mobile Bay, defeating the Confederate fleet and capturing the fortifications on shore. This victory put the city of Mobile in a precarious position and early in 1865, its defences were attacked by federal land forces under Major-general Edward Canby. A battle took place at Spanish Fort, near Mobile, between the Union troops and the Confederate defenders, among whom was William E. Burnet who was killed in this engagement on March 31st. The city was taken by the federal forces on April 12th.

So the head of the family, who had been head of the Republic, was left utterly alone, having lost his wife and all his children, and David G. Burnet himself died in 1870, a broken-hearted old man.

His life had been embittered by his undying hatred for his political rival, Sam Houston—a hatred which led him to publish in Washington City a vicious attack upon this popular hero: his *Review of the Life of Gen. Sam Houston*, re-printed at Galveston in 1852, a diatribe which reflects no credit upon himself and in which he refers to the victor at San Jacinto as “a quondam military coxcomb” and “an artful and reckless demagogue”, but which nevertheless has a certain value because of his account of the stirring events in 1836.

Charles William Ramsdell says of him in the *Dictionary of American Biography*: “In 1868 he was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in New York and was a presidential elector. This was his last contact with public affairs. During the final years of his life he was too feeble to work his farm and lived with friends in Galveston where he died. That Burnet was a man of ability his public papers show, but he evidently was not a successful administrator. He was of unyielding temper, quick to resent offense, and prone to controversy, while his inflexible honesty and high sense of self-respect made it impossible for him to cultivate the arts of popularity.”

A. M. Hobby, commission merchant of Galveston and author of *Life and Times of David G. Burnet*, wrote on February 9, 1871, to Edward N. Clopper at Beechwood: “I enclose you a pamphlet containing the newspaper article, it deserves a better binding which I suppose you will give it. The Bible to which you allude was given by Judge Burnet to Miss Lizzie Perry, a young daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Preston Perry who took such kind care of him during the last years of his life. Her name is written in it by the Judge himself. Judge Burnet left a will & Mr. Preston Perry is the executor. There is a clause in the will which bequeaths something (land, I believe) to your Mother to pay a debt due her for board or tuition (or charge of some kind)



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incurred by Mr. Wm. Este Burnet. But among his papers, so I am informed, is a receipt in full for the amount, perhaps given by Mess. Ballinger & Jack—this clause in the will was to pay this debt, unless he liquidated it before his death. The Judge's earthly possessions were few & of little value—some wild lands which indeed he was unable to sell enough of to live on, he was in consequence supported by his friends & buried at their expense. He had little skill in accumulating the goods of this world. He devoted himself to the good of & happiness of others, & was, I honestly believe, as pure, good, & true a man as ever blessed the earth with his presence.

"I will be pleased to give you, my dear sir, any information about your noble & illustrious kinsman that I can, but believe that above I have given you all the information I have on these matters. The relations of the Sage, Statesman, & Philosopher owe Mr. & Mrs. Preston Perry a debt of gratitude for their assiduous & devoted care of him in his decrepitude & old age."

Edward visited Galveston early in 1880 and called on Preston Perry who told him that Burnet, towards the end of his life, became childish and forgetful. One day, with the help of a negro boy, he carried an old trunk to a vacant lot, took out of it a mass of papers and burned them; when Perry noticed the blaze and asked him what he was doing he replied, "It is my history of Texas—I cannot think of letting anything go to the world in which the name of Burnet occurs so often." Some time afterwards a justice of the United States Supreme Court came to see Burnet and to ask him for his history of Texas—but it had been destroyed and its author was then on his death-bed.

## XLIII

### LITERARY COMPOSITIONS, CHIEFLY JOSEPH'S, 1853-1860

JOSEPH'S gift to his wife on New Year's Day of 1853 was this written address:

"DEAR WIFE, Twenty three years have passed & a few months since we solemnly, & in the bonds of a union the nearest and most endearing of earthly ties, agreed to love one another, & close the pilgrimage of life, if our Heavenly Father should so order, together.

"Ours have been chiefly the trials of poverty and pains of sickness . . . Of the pains of sickness and confinement from the active pleasures of life, yours has been by far the greater share . . . Whatever have been our past struggles, trials, and sorrows, God's goodness & mercies have infinitely excelled—as to things temporal how richly is this goodness exemplified in a comparison of our present with our past circumstances. And in things spiritual, there is no room for comparison, it is all contrast—how exalted are our Church privileges—how honorable, responsible as it is, our position in the Lord's Sanctuary! And *our son liveth*—our noble boy! What a blessing, a crowning blessing, to all our heavenly Father's temporal gifts! Truly there are not many parents so blessed in any one of their offspring . . . This is a poor New Year's gift, I know, to an afflicted one, the loved of our bosom! But as money is wanting to present some of the customary tangible tokens of friendship & affection, I have judged that such omission would be more than compensated for in a wife's estimation by a written expression, in part at least, of *that within, which passeth show*—a husband's love & Christian sympathies for his heart's loved one . . .

"Your ever affectionate husband, J. C. CLOPPER."

In the lecture room of the First Presbyterian Church on Fourth Street in Cincinnati, one day in the Autumn of 1854, Joseph discoursed on the subject of dancing. In addition to being one of the ruling elders of the church he was the chairman of a committee which had been named and instructed to prepare a written expression of the sentiments entertained by the Session of this church on the proper attitude of professed Christians and their children towards dancing as a social amusement. Their report classes the social dance among the "foolish & hurtful lusts" and declares that the church is against this "fashionable & injurious amusement now so alarmingly prevalent . . . the Bible recognizing but two kinds of dancing—one a religious act wherein the sexes did not unite, the other a promiscuous exercise participated in only by 'vain fellows', the shameless & impious."

Among Joseph's papers is this "Note—I commenced reading through *spectacles* at *night*, in the summer of 1855, in conse-



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quence of failure of sight." He was then fifty-three years of age—older than most persons are when such aid is first required.

He often rode to church on horseback, particularly in Winter when the road from Beechwood to the city was rough and muddy. On New Year's Day of 1856 his horse received a gift—a blanket presented by Mrs. Mary Cobb of Clifton—and gave voice to its gratitude in the following lines:

Major Jack Downing's Thank-Offering  
to his kind Friend for his  
New Year Present—a Blanket of Blue.  
To Mrs. Mary Cobb of Clifton, Jan. 14, 1856.

As Balaam on his journey went  
For filthy lucre seeking,  
Imagine his astonishment  
To hear his *donkey* speaking!  
Poor brute! with extra nasal tone  
No doubt he was complaining  
That he should be, for cause unknown,  
His master's wrath sustaining.  
I give this as a precedent,  
Though meaning not to meddle  
With thing of such a strange portent  
As *talking quadrupedal*;  
For I (who boast a nobler stock),  
At home or on a journey,  
Whene'er, like men, I wish to talk,  
Employ a learn'd attorney:  
I wish so now, nor will be long,  
If my amanuensis  
Condense the matter of my *song*  
As he his *brief* condenses.  
But first, lest I should seem to lack  
(*'Twere bad as a disaster*)  
Politeness due, my name is Jack,  
The servant of my master;  
And through six years have served him well.  
And well have been requited;  
Nor would I choose elsewhere to dwell,  
No matter who invited.  
'Tis true no one would me compare  
With prancing ponies pretty.  
Nor lofty tread and pompous air  
Of horses of the City;  
Yet I have never envied those  
So elegantly dashin'  
In burnished gear and scarlet clothes—  
The very *ton* of Fashion.  
Though freely here I will confess  
I've felt a *shame* steal o'er me  
When proudly, in their gala dress,  
Those steeds have pranced before me,  
Snorting their jibes to see me wear  
On *Fourth Street* in their City,  
A *carpet shawl*; and fix their stare  
Of mingled scorn and pity;  
And I have sometimes hoped to find  
My master's eye revealing

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A something kindred in his mind—  
A sort of *fellow-feeling*;  
But no! the proudest equipage  
Might pass us, he'd not mind it,  
But look as though a saint or sage  
Were jogging on *behind it*.  
Thus weekly, many a Winter gone,  
We've trudged to town some one day;  
And *my old shawl* he'd doff and don  
Before the church *each Sunday*.  
At the same post whereat I stood  
In my old shawl last Friday,  
In meek and cogitative mood,  
As wont when there he tied me,  
When one who oft has seen me there,  
Supposing me lamenting  
A lot she thought but few could bear  
Without *some* sorrows venting,  
Moved by a heart *as large as mine*,  
And kindest feelings sharing,  
Presented me the *mantle* fine  
I'm now so proudly wearing;  
The orthodoxy of whose hue  
Most charms me—it indeed is  
The Presbyterian "True-Blue",  
The color that *our creed* is;  
And long as it from cold defends  
I'll count that day a high-day  
Which brings me near the church's friends,  
Particularly *Friday*;  
For well, my next best friend, you know  
That all who love sincerely  
Would fear starvation here below  
As "*Sunday-Christians*" merely.  
But now adieu! Till life shall end  
In Glory's final crowning,  
Peace be with you! Your grateful friend,  
Jack, surnamed Major Downing  
of Cumminsville.

The curious self-satisfaction felt by outsiders when contemplating the inmates of charitable institutions is reflected in Joseph's

### ANNIVERSARY HYMN

*Sung by the children of the Cincinnati Orphan Asylum June 6, 1856. Written at the request of the Managers on the 23rd year of the institution.*

#### I

For hearts so free from sadness,  
God of the fatherless,  
So full of joy and gladness,  
We would our thanks express—  
The thanks of sisters, brothers,  
An orphan company,  
Who have on earth no mothers.  
No father, Lord, but Thee.

#### II

A song of praise to render  
To Thee, this day we come,  
For friends so true and tender,  
And for our happy home;



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Their works of love beholding,  
O grant our every heart,  
Like "summer buds unfolding",  
Sweet incense may impart!

### III

May gratitude undying  
In all our lives be shown—  
Lone, helpless, friendless, lying  
Upon the cold world thrown,  
How like Thyself they sought us,  
And every want supplied,  
And the glad story taught us  
Of Jesus crucified!

### IV

For these, for these we bless Thee!  
O fill our hearts with praise,  
And teach us to confess Thee,  
And love Thee all our days;  
And when no longer actors—  
When all earth's ties are riven—  
With our loved benefactors,  
Grant us a *home* in Heaven.

J. C. CLOPPER.

In retrospective mood, Joseph wrote:

### OUR FATHER'S HOUSE

*A brother's New Year Salutation, Beechwood, January, 1857.*  
"And his sisters, are they not all with us?"—Matt. XIII-56  
*To my sisters:*

The house of our father! how num'rous were they  
Who formed the loved circle in years passed away!  
Four brothers, and sisters as many, there were  
In unity dwelling, all mutually dear:  
But scattered abroad at maturity's years,  
How altered the house of our father appears!  
The brothers—where are they? Alas! the remains  
Of *three* lie reposing in Texas' domains:  
One only is left, the youngest but one  
Of those who so blithely life's journey begun;  
And where are his sisters, are they not all here?  
Ah, no! *two are not*—lo! in yonder bright sphere . . .  
They live with Him risen, ineffably bless'd,  
Beholding His face, and forever at rest.

The house of our father! We now are but three;  
A score of years more, and where then will it be? . . .

In "a score of years more" the three themselves were "forever at rest". But his growing older did not keep Joseph from taking a lively interest in current events or from refreshing his soul through contact with youth. These stanzas are an instance:

### THE MORN OF LIFE

A Song; air: "Woodman, spare that tree."  
Written to be sung by the Young Ladies  
of the Cumminsville High-School  
at their annual exhibition in July, 1858,  
and sweetly sung it was.

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### I

The morn of life is ours,  
The rosy orient days  
When youth, like op'ning flowers,  
Life's sweetest charm displays;  
When, like the rainbow hues,  
God's painting on the skies,  
Hope pictures only views  
Of brightness to our eyes.

### II

The morn of life is ours,  
When all the future seems  
A garden of fair flowers,  
A world of pleasing dreams;  
Through all whose winding ways  
Celestial Virtue guides;  
Where Science sheds her rays,  
And Innocence abides.

. . . . .

J. C. CLOPPER

Then he composed more stanzas for students to sing—this time for young men—at their exhibition, as graduating exercises or literary and musical recitals were called:

#### THE STUDENTS' SONG

Written at the request of the Principal  
of the Munroe Presbyterian Academy,  
to be sung at their exhibition, April 7, 1859

'Tis the last song we'll sing you, then "lend us your ears,"  
And your smiles let us have, if too precious your tears;  
The smiles of the fair—O, their worth who can know—  
To the vot'ries of Science, convened at Munroe!

From these shades academic light-hearted we roam  
To rejoice for a while in the sunlight of home;  
But soon we'll return and our studies pursue  
Till we win the bright prize ever constant in view.

And tho' each be ambitious to win him a name  
That shall live, deep engraved, on the Temple of Fame,  
Not one will forget that the loved prize of life  
Is a pious, industrious, beautiful wife.

J. C. C.

The following lines, addressed to a bride-to-be, were "Written at Beechwood while a convalescent, Novr 14th, 1859."

Lines addressed to Miss Lucinda Brainard of Oxford,  
a short time before her marriage with  
Mr. Thos. H. Rogers of same place.

Ere yet the mind and heart, by rigid rule,  
Are taught in Life's disciplinary school,  
We meet, we love, and heart to heart is pressed  
With trust implicit and a childlike zest.



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Thou "beaming passion-flower of earth," \* young Love,  
How dost thou scent our morn with sweets, far, far above  
All that Experience e'er has realized!  
Who of our race but has too highly prized  
Thy charms, thy power our pathway on to cheer  
From bloom of youth till done with all things here!

.....  
Tho' few there are, and this I may express,  
Have prospects fairer for true happiness  
Than thou, with ardent temperament and kind,  
A heart to love, with an accomplished mind;  
And all that heart's affections centred where  
Are virtues well may with thine own compare;  
Centred in one of loftiest sentiments,  
Of cultivated taste, and rare good sense,  
Of views expansive, studious to store  
The mind with useful as with classic lore,  
Of manly mien, and heart to friendship true,  
And trust unwavering where such trust is due;  
Such confidence in thee he long has shown,  
Pledged fondly at Love's altar with thine own;  
O guard it well till time with thee shall cease—  
This sacred bond of mutual, wedded peace! . . .

J. C. C.

Anna Tuthill (Harrison) Taylor, daughter of President William Henry Harrison, writing at North Bend in April of 1860, set down in verse the thoughts which had occurred to her when strolling through Spring Grove Cemetery shortly before with Joseph and Mary. They were published in *The Cincinnati Gazette* that month.

Joseph acknowledged the compliment and responded with a letter and lines of his own glorifying her parents and herself.

"The last piece my dear husband ever wrote," as Mary has recorded, is the following, penned, it would seem, for their son's album:

How pure, how spotless, & how fair  
These yet unsullied pages are!  
So in the morn of youthfulness,  
Of innocence, & artlessness,  
The world to your untutored thought  
May seem with only brightness fraught.  
O, it were sweet to live nor know  
How much of life consists in show—  
To live but days of summer joys  
And never feel earth's cold alloys—  
Nor would I lift the veil to show  
What may be yours of weal & woe.  
Much as you may your walks confine  
Where genial suns unclouded shine,  
Look to the bright & glowing scenes,  
The flowery fields & evergreens,  
Be fondest of serene retreats—  
Retired life abounds in sweets—  
The sweetest flower that scents the air

---

\*Miss Frederika Bremer.

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Is seldom found in the parterre  
But blooms in blushing modesty,  
Shunning the gaze of passersby,  
And doth its charms on him bestow  
Who seeks for merit more than show—  
Such flower we all delight to see,  
And like it let your Album be  
Not for the hands of such to share  
Who would but pen gross flatt'ries there,  
But for selections tasteful made  
And rich with gems by friendly aid.

November, 1860.



## XLIV

### JOSEPH'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CUMMINSVILLE LADIES' CORRESPONDENCE ASSOCIATION

THIS society with the formidable name took on renewed life in the Winter of 1857-8, possibly because of the active interest suddenly taken in it by the gentlemen. Joseph made many contributions at this period. He began with a teasing of Armand De Serisy, "the moping Batchelor of many summers", concerning his interest in a certain lady, (Armand "kept company" with R --- S ----- and, later, married Janet Thomson) and made use of the meter of Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha* which had been published in October of 1855 and had at once become popular. He even signed himself "Philo-Hiawatha". The effort is entitled:

#### THE CHASE

*A Contribution to the Ladies' Letter Association  
of Cumminsville, Jan. 1858*

Did you ever, gentle readers,  
Know the mental toil, the fever  
One endures who writes epistles,  
Songs, or essays for amusement  
When the upper story's empty—

.....  
Worthy those he aims at pleasing—  
Those who keep the new *Post Office*—  
Lady Readers, and Performers  
Of Charades, and other items  
Quite too tedious here to mention;  
All designed for entertainment  
Rational, and spirit-stirring;  
Cheering even to the moping  
Batchelor of many summers  
Who, transported at the smiling  
Of the witching ones around him  
In the new Post Office gathered,  
Feels, at every glance he catches,  
Half a score of wrinkles younger;

.....  
Thinks that nothing more is wanting  
But to screw his falt'ring courage  
Up to point of mortal daring,  
Hold his breath and, tho' it kill him,  
Close his eyes and—"Pop the Question".

What a tedious long digression  
Heedlessly I've fallen into,  
Running after truant Ideas—

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Vainly running till I'm wearied;  
Wearied too are you, perusing,  
Therefore will my sudden ending  
Matter be for joint rejoicing;

.....

But no matter for the present—  
You again will hear, it may be,  
Hear from

Philo-Hiawatha.

One gathers that the members of the association met in January at the home of William Tozzer and heard both Joseph's "The Chase" and Dr. J. Q. Oliver's "The Medium" composed alike in the meter of Longfellow's poem. Dr. Oliver, then 34 years of age and married to Araminta Mount, resided in Dr. Mount's former home at the south-eastern corner of Knowlton and Fergus Streets, on a rise of ground which has since then been levelled. It seems that semi-monthly meetings were held and for the next one Joseph undertook to reveal the identity of the author of "The Medium", for it was customary, in writing for this association, to use pen-names. His revelation in Hiawathic numbers is, however, too long to reproduce here.

Then, in an Irish brogue confused with the Scotch, he submitted:

### A VALENTINE

Sent to an old Batchelor through the Letter Box  
of the Ladies' Correspondence Association  
held in Cumminsville, February 19, 1858  
= Armand De Serisy.

Och! Armand, hinny, by the power  
Of Love and Lasses, now's the hour  
To drap ye jist a line or two  
To let ye know my heart is thrue.  
St. Valentine! Och, but ye're kind  
To let us weemin spake our mind!  
Lape-year or no, 'tis all the same  
To ta'k abcot the tinder flame  
That scorches pape's hearts and gizzards,  
Whither they're fat or lane as lizzards;  
And sure ye'se nather wan nor t'other,  
But jist the boy us garls to bother.  
Now, Armand dear, sure what's the use  
To live like an unmated goose?  
If you loves I as I loves you  
We'll soon be *wan* instead of *two*—  
Now don't begin to fuss and fidget,  
But come and see yer wapin' Bridget.

J. C. C.

This was followed in March by an appeal to Mrs. Margaret (Langlands) Parker; beginning with a quotation from Burns:

### TO NELLIE NETTLE

A Contribution to the Ladies' Letter Box, March, 1858  
(My first attempt to woo Auld Scotia's Muse.



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Note—Nelly is Mrs. Parker, a Scotch lady,  
who writes for the Letter Box.)

“Just now I’ve ta’en the fit o’ rhyme,  
My barmie noddle’s workin’ prime,  
My fancy yerkit up sublime  
Wi’ hasty summon;  
Hae ye a leisure-moment’s time  
To hear what’s comin’?”

“Some rhyme a neebor’s name to lash,  
Some rhyme (vain thought) for needfu’ cash,  
Some rhyme to court the kintra clash  
An’ raise a din;  
For me, an *aim* I never fash—  
I rhyme for fun.”

Puir “Rab the Ranter”! sae he sang,  
The sweetest far o’ a’ the thrang  
O’ Scotia’s bards! nor sang he lang  
Thae witchin’ lays.  
How mony ithers, gangin’ wrang,  
Hae scrimp’t th’r days!

Friend o’ lang syne! I hae na doot  
That ane sae wise will tak the route,  
Will please hersel’ to find me oot,  
Gin sic claivers  
Ye winna think ow’r great a faut,  
But tak as favors.

Wow, Nellie, but ye write fu’ cantie!  
Yer letters mak the lasses vauntie  
An’ unco fon’ o’ glee—the daintie  
Jads—but, dear Nell,  
Gin ye’re a mither, lass, or auntie,  
They canna tell.

But I believe I ken ye weel:—  
Ow’r Scotia’s hills ye lo’ed to speel  
Lang syne, a sonsie lass, an’ leal;  
But lang’s the day  
Sin’ here ye dwalt in bonnie feal  
Ye ca’ “The Brae”.

But, aiblens, ye wad like to ken  
Why I, ane o’ yer kintramen,  
In bardie style hae ta’en the pen  
To greet ye, Nell—  
The vera thing, wi’ itchin’ han’,  
I wiss to tell.

Ye sud bin whar the lassies spier  
O’ ithers’ thochts, an’ letters queer  
A fortnicht syne, gin just to hear  
The Valentine  
Poor Bridget sent to her fause dear—  
Ye’d thocht her dyin’!

She ca’d him “Armant dear”, an’ spak  
Sic words a heart o’ stane wad brak  
An’ wiss’d he wad, for Peety’s sak,  
Gang quick an’ see her,  
An’ ane, o’ *twae*, themsel to mak  
Himsel he’d gie her.

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Puir Armant! some amaist did sicken  
To hear him "cheep like ony chicken  
Scar'd frae its minnie"—his heart kicken  
Anent his ribs  
Eneugh yer sympathies to quicken!—  
These are nae fibs.

Now, Nellie, what we want o' you  
Is, just to "*pit this Armant thro'*,"  
A thing yer *lang, sharp pen* can do,  
Gin he'll no wed  
Wi' Bridget, or ane he shall woo  
Ere Spring ha' sped.

An' sae doin' ye'se muckle obleege  
mony ither lassies as weel's yer  
vera partic'lar Scotch-Irish friend,

R. O'LANG SYNE.

One of Joseph's longest contributions was made in 1858, being a further taunting of Dr. Oliver and an exhortation to the ladies of the valley of Makateewah (Mill Creek) to draw him away from his fancied taste for supernatural indulgence, as disclosed in "The Medium."

Having heard a rumor that the society would hold only one more meeting, Joseph sits down "In his far-off, quiet wigwam In the land beyond the waters"—that is, at Beechwood beyond Mill Creek—and writes again as Philo-Hiawatha, this time reviewing the features of past meetings and wishing the members well:

### A CONTRIBUTION

To the Ladies' Letter Association  
at their last meeting, May 14th, 1858.

Was it but a voiceless whisper  
Heard at "witching hour" of darkness  
By the ever wakeful spirit—  
Heard, while like ethereal minion  
Far away in mystic Dreamland,  
Left its "mortal coil" in slumber  
Deep reposing, all insensate—  
Voiceless whisper, false, illusive,  
Even to this day alluring  
Witless swains and lovelorn damsels  
To the cunning Fortune-Teller,  
If perchance she may unriddle  
Visions of their vagrant fancies  
Somewhat sweetly correspondent  
To the hopes their hearts have cherished?  
Was it some such voiceless whisper  
Heard by Philo-Hiawatha  
In his far-off, quiet wigwam  
In the land beyond the waters,  
Saying that no more in Council  
Are the learned squaws and daughters  
Of the Pale-face, strong and mighty,  
Twice each moon to come together?



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

That no more the Presidentess,  
From that little box Pandorean  
That each eye so oft has gazed on  
Filled with hopes and fears and wishes—  
From that little box mysterious  
Shall, with solemn air portentous,  
One by one forth bring those wondrous  
Diverse, funny *talking-papers*?  
That no more the Secretary,  
In a style so chaste and ornate,  
At the next ensuing Council,  
Shall, with just discrimination  
And precision analytic,  
Lay before the squaws and daughters  
And the Chiefs and sons of Chieftains  
(In their Council by permission),  
What those wondrous papers talked of—  
All without respect of persons  
Whether known or not the writers?  
That no more the “wondrous wise men”  
Of the lovely valley village  
Are to wince and scratch and shuffle  
As if moved by all the powers  
Of the “fiddle of the Scotchman”,  
When they feel the “*Rash*” upon them  
From the *nettles* of your “*Nellies*”?  
That no more the voice persuasive  
Shall be heard of “Minna Clifton”,  
Of the brighter glories telling  
Of the land beyond the Jordan?  
Nor the rhapsodies of “Sybil”?  
Nor the wailing notes of “Bridget”,  
Hapless victim, doomed to languish,  
All disconsolate and hopeless,  
All because a heartless Monster,  
Tho’ he knows the love she bears him,  
Love for love declines to render?  
That no more beneath the windows  
Shall be heard the gentle tapplings  
Of the spirit’s “liquid fingers”  
At the summons of the Medium  
In the form of learned Doctor—  
Only Medium that has ever,  
In communication, won the  
Ear of Philo-Hiawatha,  
All so sweetly fascinating  
Rolled the thought in measured numbers?  
That no more the many others  
Here not mentioned, altho’ worthy,  
Shall their gems of mental beauty  
Bring to gild our “feasts of reason”?  
Was all this the voiceless whisper  
Heard at witching hour of darkness,  
When the ever-restless spirit,  
Leaving all that is corporeal,  
Flies away to mix and mingle  
With the “things that dreams are made on”?  
No—alas! ’twas all too real!  
Only once again they gather,  
Once again the box to open  
And bring out the *talking-papers*:—

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Philo-Hiawatha heard it  
Far away beyond the waters,  
Happy in his quiet wigwam;  
And, excited at the tidings,  
Quick invoked the woodland Muses,  
Muses that obey the bidding  
Of the child of song untutored,  
Song, in flowing strains, resembling  
"Hiawatha's" wood-note numbers;  
And, all unpremeditated,  
Here, fair squaws and beauteous daughters,  
Here are his excogitations,  
When, through Medium that you know not,  
Came to him the word unwelcome  
That no more you would assemble  
For instructive entertainment.

What, O What—with kindest feeling  
Philo-Hiawatha asks it—  
What shall be his final utterance  
To you all at this last meeting,  
Meeting of a general severance,  
Tearing of yourselves asunder?  
Shall he wish that every daughter,  
Single now, may soon become the  
Happy squaw of worthy Chieftain?  
That might please, or be displeasing,  
As you are, or not, reflective;  
No, not *quickly*—deeply *ponder*  
Ere you venture into *squawdom*—  
*Squalls* that now you little wot of  
Often mar the scenic beauties  
Of the matrimonial Eden  
Of this world, when pairs unequal,  
Uncongenial in the tempers  
Of their minds and their affections,  
Rashly enter in to keep it,  
And to dress it as the garden  
Of delights and flowers unfading;  
But, the matter well considered,  
Blisses long as life continues  
(Not unbroken—don't expect it)  
May be yours, more pure and lasting,  
In this heaven-ordained relation,  
Than pertain to life unwedded  
In position most auspicious.

If not this, what shall he wish you?  
Or, what if he thus admonish?—  
All of life is not in living!  
Nor of death is all in dying!  
Very many are the pleasures  
Of the world we now inhabit;  
But they mostly grow insipid  
Ere the head begins to blossom;  
And they "perish in the using".

Philo-Hiawatha wishes  
In his heart, that best of wishes:  
That you all may have that *Wisdom*,  
Wisdom which from heaven descendeth;  
Is first pure, and then is gentle,  
Peaceable, and soon entreated,  
Full of fruits, and full of mercy,



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Never partial, nor deceptive;  
All whose ways are pure and pleasant,  
All whose paths are true and peaceful,  
Peace on earth, sweet peace of conscience;  
Peace the world can never give you,  
Never, never can take from you;  
Peace, whate'er may be your trials,  
All along life's devious journey;  
Peace when through the darksome valley  
Walking with your great Deliv'rer;  
And at last, through Him, triumphant  
Over Death, a crown receiving—  
Joint inheritors in glory  
Of the joys of your *Redeemer*.

Fare-you-well, the words are ended,  
Words of

PHILO-HIAWATHA.

Instead of the society's dissolution, however, there seems to have been only a suspension of activities during the hot season. for the group re-assembled in the Autumn and Joseph added to its gaiety by again tormenting Armand De Serisy. Among the contributions to the society were several manuscript periodicals, one of which—"The Album"—was written by Joseph as "Junius Scrutator", and he now has poor "Bridget" address its editor:

### BRIDGET'S COMPLAINT TO THE EDITOR OF "THE ALBUM" AGAINST HER FALSE LOVER "A".

Och! Cush-la-machree! Och! the hope of me life!  
That come next September he'd make me his wife!  
The baste of an elephant! Och, what a caper  
To put me heart's sacret in prent—in the Paper!  
An' tell to the world (an' troth an' he lied)  
How happy he was to be close at me side  
Like a tay-kittle pourin' hot love in me ear,  
Not a sowl but meself bein' there jist to hear;  
An' off'rin' his heart an' his han' an' his purse  
An' wishin' I'd take thim for better or worse!  
It's yerself, Misther Iditor, sure now, will say  
That niver poor crachur was trated this way.  
The spalpeen! to think that he'd make you belave  
'Twas truth that he towld, when he meant to desave!  
For niver a bit of the *sparkin'* did he—  
'Twas meself did it all, iv'ry bit, do you see.  
Don't you mind, Misther Iditor—sure, you were there—  
Jist down at the depot, fernenst the town square  
Where a house full of ladies had letters to rade—  
An' beautiful letters some were, too, indade!—  
Don't you mind thim same swate lovin' varses of mine  
Jist warm from me heart, in a nate *Valentine*  
An' sint with fond hopes to this same Misther "A"?  
Wal, niver a word down to this blessed day  
Has he spake for me comfort consarnin' that same!  
An' now, Misther Iditor—blame or no blame—  
I want through yer Paper to let the world know  
I'm ashamed o' meself jist, for lovin' him so  
An' promise that niver again shall it be  
That I'll love Misther "A" till I know he loves me!

Cumminsville, September, 1858.

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Only one copy of "The Album" has been preserved. It is in Joseph's handwriting and, as it has "December, 1858" in its heading, one assumes that it was submitted to the society in that month. Its contents include a statement of the qualities which a teacher should have and mention of a meeting of the Teachers' Association; an editorial extending Christmas wishes; an account of the Ladies' Correspondence Association and the editor's pleasure in attending its meetings but "their last meeting seemed to evince something of the lassitude of mental repletion" because the communications read on that evening were "sombre" and "devoid of that versatility, piquancy, & raciness of thought . . . called for by the *matériel* & object of the organization." It contains also President Buchanan's message and the editor's approval of the government's action in relation to Kansas but his disapproval of "the argumentative clutchings after Cuba" which "evinced a reckless cupidity to be deprecated." One of the other manuscript periodicals, "The Salmagundi" whose editor was "Rip Van Winkle" and which is here referred to as a "queer little contemporary", makes apologies. There is a humorous story about the conjugating Dutchman, and excerpts from other publications are inserted. Under the heading, "Original Poetry", are two poems: one *To a Letter* by H. S. R., and the other *The Sympathies of Jesus* by Joseph. These little manuscript periodicals were ambitious undertakings and must have helped in no small degree to enliven the gatherings, for they lent themselves to a variety of comments and repartee. Joseph modelled his upon the "Philadelphia Album and Ladies' Literary Gazette" which his sister Rebecca had faithfully read—a bound volume of its editions is at Beechwood.

On January 1st, 1859, Joseph submitted to the society his verses purporting to come from a newsboy in accordance with annual custom:

### NEW YEAR ADDRESS TO THE PATRONS OF THE "SALMAGUNDI"

Old Eighteen hundred fifty eight—  
Where is he? gone and backward strolling  
Among the years that had their date  
Before the floods o'er earth were rolling.  
Hail to thee, Eighteen fifty nine!  
While happy millions joy to meet thee,  
The Carrier Boy, in measured line,  
With song & buoyant hopes, would greet thee!

Kind Patrons! merry are the chimes  
Of new-year bells and voices singing,  
But O! the music of the *dimes*  
When in the Carrier's pocket ringing!  
Think how he's trudged from morn till night  
But never, be it known, on Sunday,  
To cheer your hearts & bless your sight  
With Rip Van Winkle's Salmagundi.



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

The Salmagundi! how the name  
Fills ev'ry mind with feelings funny!  
The Salmagundi! never tame,  
But spicy, and as sweet as honey,  
Teeming with news from divers land—  
From Behring's Straits to Bay of Fundy—  
And illustrated by a hand  
Artistic, is the Salmagundi.

Rare illustrations, comic scenes  
Of furious beasts that mock the thunders,  
Of damsels in their hoops and 'teens,  
And Irish girls wild as their blunders,  
Of steamboats running to the head  
Of Makateewah's waters one day  
And coming in collision dread—  
The "Album" and the "Salmagundi".

The "Album"! Phoebus, what a name!  
And *his* who edits it—"Scrutator"!  
But this is Rip Van Winkle's game,  
Mine is the part of—Conservator;  
And therefore ends my minstrelsy—  
Wishing my Patrons "*copiam mundi*"  
As they shall now remember me,  
The Carrier of the Salmagundi.

Then, in July, came the long delayed but inevitable German  
dialect commonly heard in Cumminsville:

THE PUMPKIN VINE, py Hans Nicks-For-Sta  
Written for the amusement of the Ladies' Letter Association.

Note: The names of the manuscript newspapers read  
in the Letter Association were "The Album" by  
Junius Scrutator, "The Salmagundi" by Rip Van  
Winkle, "The Olio", and the "Mince Pie", editors of  
the last two unknown. J. C. C.

Von tay I vorks so fery hardt  
I knows not vat to do;  
Der marcure vas, in der shade,  
Von hoondert more as two.  
I schwets und schwets—und den I tink  
I schwets genook dis tay,  
Und down I t'rows der old Deutch hoe  
Und says, "Koom, Nicks-For-Sta,  
What for, old feller, ist der use  
To vorruk in der sun?  
Koom, let's schust go to Koominsfill  
Und have some leetle fun!  
Und so I goes; und dere, py shure,  
A-settin' on a rail,  
I sees a feller in der shade  
Who tells to me von tale—  
He tells me how der gals und poys  
To-gedder meets to blay  
Und read der letters vat dey writes  
Und vat der Papers say:—  
"Der Alpum"—dis, I know he says  
Vas paper mighty poor;  
But von, so gooder as dem all,  
Vas "Sall-make-von-die", shure!

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Dere vas, he says, von odder von  
He calls der "*O La-Oh!*"—  
Ven dis dey reads, de gals all sighs;  
De poys, dey looks *schust so!*  
Und more as dat dis feller says—  
Maybe he tells von lie—  
He says dem have von paper more,  
Von leetle bit "*Mince Pie*".  
Und more as dis, so many tings  
He say I not can tell—  
How sich a feller vants von Frau  
But not can ax de gal.  
Und den he laffs und looks so goot,  
Schust like he tink "all's right",  
Und vinks at me, und says, "Koom, Hans,  
You must von letter write."  
Und den I says, "Vell, maybe so."  
Und den I goes away  
Und leaves dis feller on der fence  
Schust py himself to shtay.  
Und den I tink, "Vat shall I write?  
Vat's in dis head o' mine?"  
Und den I looks into mein fieldt  
Und sees mein poonkin vine—  
Und den I says, "dem gals und poys,  
Vat vill dey say inteed,  
Und Faders too, und dem old Fraus,  
Ven dey mein letter read?  
O vell", I says, "I notting cares;  
Maybe dey'll tink it fine  
Und say, 'py shure, dis feller has  
"Some punkins" on his vine!'"  
Und dis I knows, so vell as kraut,  
Is more as dey can say  
Of many letters dat dey reads  
But not from

NICKS-FOR-STA.

Beechwood, July, 1859.

A good prose composition was Joseph's offering in August:

### BRIDGETA

An imitation of Ossian for the Letter Association.

Who moves so swiftly thro' the valley of tombs toward the flowing stream? Her hair waves to the winds as low she bends her neck of snow. White are her arms outstretched as, like the mountain roe, she springs thro' the yielding air. Why dost thou fly to the waters like a hunted deer before the dogs of Famine? It is the mournful maid of Cumin-villa, Bridgeta of blue eyes. Sad and dim is the beam of her eye as when the daughter of Sorrow weeps over the slain in battle, when the light of her soul has gone out in darkness before the sword of the mighty. She had seen Ednamra [Armande reversed] of the hills—the "stolen sigh of her soul", her soul that went forth to him in songs soft as the plaintive turtle's notes. But closed was the ear of Ednamra. His heart was with the fair-haired Cometa of the radiant eye. Bridgeta loved in vain. The arrow of disappointment came "like the sting of death in a blast" and, like a wounded hart, she fled to the murmuring waters. "Bend thy blue course, O stream!" she cried, "I come; and never more shall my voice be heard, borne back over the valley of tombs, from the echoing hills!" But who comes, like the noise of the tempest over the face



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

of the waters? Who but *Scrutator* in his ship of fire, the wave-subduing *Albumena* rolling up mountains of foam "as when some dark ghost in wrath heaves the billows over an isle, the seat of mist on the deep." He turns his eye upon her. A beam of hope lights up her soul. Her white arms go forth toward the chief. He bends like a tall pine from a mountain rock and, rising in his strength, bears in safety to the broad beams of his ship the blue-eyed maid. But who is it that comes yonder, wrathful as a spouting whale before the conquering sword-fish? Who but Rip, the son of Winkle, on the cloud-creating *Salmagundi*, descending from the isle of Dreams and piercing the skies with groans and noises shrill, as when "a thousand ghosts shriek at once upon the hollow winds"! Like monsters of the rolling deep aroused to battle, towards each other approached the ships of fire. As the thunders of the avalanche when Alps shakes from his hoary locks the frozen mists of a thousand years, such was the noise of the collision. "The groan of the people" that stood upon the broad beams of the crashing ships "spread over the hills; it was like the thunder of night when the cloud bursts on" Clifton. The morning came, but no sign of the battle appeared. Forever from thy murmuring waters, blue stream of the valley, have passed, like two isles engulfed by ocean waves, the terrible ships of fire. But often, beneath the moon's pale beams, shall come the tender-hearted virgins of the valley with vain but fond hopes to see once more, amid thy rising mists, a shadowy semblance of the lost Bridgeta, love-lorn maid of Cumin-villa!

Beechwood, August, 1859.

J. C. C.

Then came a tribute in four stanzas to Janet (Langlands) Thomson which Joseph wrote on September 1st while sick with "bilious fever":

### LINES TO JEANNETTE THOMSON.

Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman  
that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Proverbs.

Youth, with their glowing words of fire,  
May praise the lasses they admire  
In Flattery's guise so winning;  
I take a leisure bit of time  
To weave some thoughts in truthful rhyme,  
All of the Muse's spinning—  
Thoughts of the truly beautiful  
That time will not impair,  
Gems richly intellectual  
And pure as they are rare;  
That brighten and lighten  
And shed on all around  
Such treasures of pleasures  
As no where else are found.

O, beautiful it is to see  
The mind and heart alike agree,  
While life is in its morning;  
To choose the part that Mary chose,  
And where she did, a trust repose,  
The soul the while adorning  
With all those graces that display  
A loveliness divine,  
That more and more, till full-orbed day,

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Like yonder sun shall shine—  
Those graces all places  
Benefit, and beautify  
All ages and stages  
Of life, until we die.

Th' enquiring, cultivated mind,  
The manners artless, yet refined,  
The blush of modest merit,  
These charm us wheresoever seen;  
But when Religion's heavenly sheen,  
Th' effulgence of the Spirit,  
Lights up the soul with quick'ning power,  
These charms appear to view  
Developed, like a glorious flower  
With beauties fresh and new;  
Admiring, untiring,  
We still prolong the gaze;  
Delighted, excited,  
Till thought breaks forth in praise.

Jeannette, from childhood's winsome day,  
Ere schools or books had marred your play,  
Your rise I've been beholding  
Through blushing girlhood's beauteous bloom,  
Marking the mind demanding room  
For powers that were unfolding;  
And when from out the world you came  
A humble child of God  
To fear the great Jehovah's name  
And speak His praise abroad,  
I thought then, *you* ought then,  
(Just as the proverb says)  
Approved, and beloved,  
To have this word of praise.

J. C. C.

Addressed through the Ladies'  
Letter Association, Beechwood,  
September 1st, 1859. Written  
while sick with bilious fever.

His final contributions—two of them—were made in December. As Dr. J. Q. Oliver, writing "The Medium", had apparently glorified bachelorhood, Joseph replies, justifying matrimony:

A Communication  
to the Ladies' Correspondence Association  
Christmas, 1859

Where is Philo-Hiawatha?  
Roams he now in pathless forests  
Where no Pale-face more shall meet him,  
Or, in far off "Sleepy Hollow"  
Sleeps he now with Rip Van Winkle?  
And where *He* who once contested  
With this song-inspired Native  
For the Victor's crown of laurel,  
Who was known throughout the valley  
As the learned, peerless Medium



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

Wont to tell the Gents and Ladies  
All they wished of the departed,  
All they wanted of the living,  
All and more than they would ask for?  
Could I find him I would ask him  
Of the isolated Spirit  
That has muttered to the Ladies  
At their last association  
Of the charms of Batcheleering;  
Boldly setting at defiance  
All *their* charms & ways so winning.  
I would ask him if this Spirit  
Really flesh and bones possesses,  
And if so, then how it happens  
That the Sages of the Village  
Have discovered on his frontlet  
Hieroglyphics rude engraven,  
Which, deciphered, read as follows:  
"Rooms within to let unfurnished."  
The inscription we dispute not,  
Nor, indeed, its exposition;  
Seeing he, in proof, has cited  
James Buchanan as conclusive  
That more literary pleasure,  
Joy, and recreative leisure  
Are comprised in life, unwedded,  
Than in wedlock's holy union.  
Bah! 'twas well and, we admit it,  
Somewhat plausible to cite us  
To the world-renowned, illustrious  
Irving, foremost of our writers;  
But we might in tone triumphant  
Ask who else, beside this Spirit,  
Will believe the great *Pen-Painter*  
Of the tenderest affections  
Was not once himself a Lover,  
With his glowing heart all fire,  
And successful in his wooing  
As was he who, in the *White House*,  
Lives a solitary mourner  
Over hopes forever blighted?  
Spirit, heartless & cold-blooded,  
Hast thou ever in the Spring-time  
Wandered forth for lonely musing  
Near some wood or murm'ring water,  
And heard notes so sadly plaintive  
As to break thy chain of thinking,  
And arrest thy truant footsteps,  
While thine eye, at once detective,  
Rested on a lonely turtle\*  
Perched on tree-top, lightning blasted?  
And didst listen to the lone one,  
To its monotone more touching  
Than the toll of bell funereal,  
Till thy heart became enlisted,  
And thy mind went forth in search of  
Cause for grief so truly pictured;  
Resting not till thou didst find it  
In the shaft of death untimely  
Cutting reckless thro' the heart-strings  
Of the dead and of the living?

\* Turtle-dove—Song of Solomon, II:12

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

And didst see not in the turtle  
Cases aptly represented;  
Cases of the "*genus homo*";  
Cases of such sad bereavement  
As to seal up the affections  
Consecrated, and forever,  
To the one that first had won them,  
One that in the grave lies sleeping?  
Such the case of James Buchanan;  
Doubtless thine, immortal Irving;  
And, perchance (if we may place thee  
By the side of names so famous),  
Such thy case, lone, selfish spirit.  
But we verily are thinking  
Thou art most thyself hoodwinking  
In such vain attempts at thwarting  
That which Washington commended;  
That which was ordained of heaven  
As to happiness essential;  
Which the wisest and the purest,  
From the time of Eve and Adam,  
Have approved and entered into.

But enough—we now dismiss thee  
Nameless, mateless, as we found thee;  
Leave thee still to "*wear the mitten*"  
Some fair hand has, doubtless, given;  
Or consign thee to the *Shakers*,  
Never, never to be married;  
Ne'er to hear the cry of urchin,  
Little tow-head, calling to thee:  
"Daddy, daddy, mammy wants thee!"

Joseph's last contribution was a satire upon the affectation of the period in writing of flowers and lady-loves:

For the Ladies' Letter Association,  
Addressed to Dr. J. Q. Oliver

To you, my dear friend & quondam Medium for the Correspondence Association, as a gentleman of sound judgment & literary acumen, I have resolved to transmit a copy of a very singular production found in one of my antiquarian researches among the ancient manuscripts of this Valley of ours, so remarkable for relics of the races that have lived & died; such as remains fossil, and intellectual; "spotted frogs", and instruments pertaining both to savage & civilized life.

This treasure, as I deem it, & which I here transcribe as an unmistakable token of my regards for you & your literary associates, is without date. This fact, together with its time-worn appearance and musty odor, is evidence to me that it has come down to us from a period so remote that I will not venture to conjecture its antiquity. This opinion of mine may be objected to by yourself, or other of your learned friends, from the fact that the manuscript appears to have been addressed to an association of ladies much such as now exists among us. But critics of this type I would have take notice, also, that it gives a specimen of poetry thrown off, instantaneously, by *machine power*! and I ask, triumphantly, who of them all has traditionally heard, or read of such a thing in all the annals of what are termed the *modern ages*? But I will not longer detain you from the pleasure of reading & admiring & wondering, & concluding for yourself. Here it is:—



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

"Dear Ladies—Having heard of the wonderful instrument in the possession of Monsieur Snypes, which, from its reputed performances, seems to give the lie direct to the old opinion of the Romans that 'Poets are born, not made'; & therefore that such only are capable of producing poetry of the highest order, I forthwith applied to Mon<sup>sr</sup> Snypes to see & know for myself the truth of the matter, taking with me a beautiful bouquet of various flowers as a test subject for versification. Mon<sup>sr</sup> Snypes received me with a politeness truly Parisian, & after a brief explanation of the *modus operandi* of his machine, took my bouquet & cast it into the elegantly laurel-wreathed hopper, giving at the same time a nod to his servant who was standing with his hand upon the gold handle of the highly polished silver crank—a few turns with a will by this vigorous official produced, in as many seconds, the following inimitable stanzas, & which were immediately presented to me by the accomplished Proprietor of the instrument. I now present it to you, ladies, caption & all, just as it came from the mill—if I may so call it. My gratification was exceeded only by my unutterable astonishment. I felt that my bouquet was destined now to live, & bloom on, in all the freshness of immortal song; & would be, to every observer, more readily & impressively intelligible in consequence of the mellifluous euphony of its distinct & significant terminal parts:

### TO MY BOUQUET

Most beautiful array of Flowers,  
Many have wasted precious hours  
Such charms, such sweetness to rehearse  
For lady-loves, in flowing verse!  
One fellow bathed his brows in sweat  
To introduce his Mignonette;  
One went to Thessalonica  
To dress up his Japonica;  
Another sought thro' woods & copses  
Before he fixed his Coreopsis;  
One used his legs for the Clematis  
As we would if the dogs were at us;  
Another's eyes began to twinkle  
Soon as he matched his Periwinkle;  
One vowed he would forsake his Delia  
To introduce his loved Lobelia;  
Another fainted at the chuckle  
He made on rhyming Honeysuckle;  
One took his fav'rite Eglantine  
In preference to the Columbine;  
Another for a time went crazy  
Not knowing what to do with Daisy;  
One fellow bleated like a mutton  
Trying to mate a Batch'lor's-Button;  
Another raised a cattish mew  
Over his hated sprig of Rue;  
One into ecstacies was wrought  
Over his dear Forget-me-not;  
And one grew prematurely old  
Looking upon his Marigold;  
The last one swore—he swore, "By jingo",  
His line should end with the Syringa.

"Thus you behold the waste of brains,"  
Said Monsieur Snypes, "the toil & pains  
Required one's ideas to propound  
In verse ere this machine was found;

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

And, sir, you must be satisfied  
Its worth has not been magnified,  
Since you have seen, without delay,  
What it has done for your Bouquet."

"I was greatly surprised at the fluency of Mons<sup>r</sup> Snypes in making these last remarks in rhyme so exactly measured & harmonious, as he had no time whatever for premeditation, & so expressed myself. He accounted for it by his proximity to the machine while operating—the subtle & mysterious fluid, he said, being thrown off by the rotary motion, & coming in contact with the gaseous qualities of his intellection, caused the tip of his lingual member thus brilliantly to scintillate in exact unison with the rhythmical working of the machine itself. This account, manifestly so satisfactory to himself, I thought proper to receive in silence, having nevertheless, & notwithstanding all my eyes had seen & ears heard, some thoughts of my own on the whole business. But facts *are* stubborn things; & how we would dispose of many of them if confined to the testimony of our senses in all cases, is more than I know. An old book of our youthful acquaintance says, 'Man is not such a machine as a clock or a watch which moves merely as it is wound.' This was intended, no doubt, to declare the superiority of the former over the latter to an extent some of the visitors to M. Snypes's factory may be disposed to question, should they witness the poetizing operations of his marvelous machine.

"Could I feel certain there is not a live Homer, Virgil, Theocritus, or other poet of indisputable fame, enclosed within it after the manner of the Greeks in the wooden horse, I would assuredly commend it as a brain-saving, felicitous invention to all true lovers of song; especially to all those young gentlemen ambitious of winning & maintaining the regards of the ladies by 'writing sonnets to their eye-brows' &c &c.

"I am, ladies

Yours truly

JOHNNY JUMP-UP."

Such is the manuscript I consider myself signally fortunate in having discovered & rescued from oblivion. No more at present, but am, dear Doctor,

Yrs as ever

VALLIS ANTIQUARIUS.



# XLV

## JOSEPH'S DEATH

JOSEPH had a frail constitution and was often ill. As he grew older, and especially in the last two years of his life, he suffered from severe attacks. Mary has recorded that on March 6, 1859, he was "taken sick this sabbath night after communion, with fever, took his bed, sent for doctor on 9th"—he had the small-pox this time, and Mary Ann had caught it, too. Then on Sunday, July 3rd, he was taken very sick when returning from church. The physician who attended him was Dr. J. Q. Oliver.

A year later Mary and Edward went East, and on August 4th Joseph was "taken with a violent spasm whilst his wife and son were in New York, visiting," wrote Caroline, perhaps a little reproachfully. Mary has noted that on this day "Husband was *suddenly taken very ill* while I was at Columbus and sick with cholera morbus. Got home the 11th, one week after the attack."

The next month—on September 27, 1860, so Mary tells us—"husband taken sick coming home from the presbytery in Lebanon."

Then, on Sunday, December 16th, he was seized by illness at the breakfast table just after having read the 72nd Psalm, but nevertheless went to the First Presbyterian church on Fourth Street where Rev. Samuel R. Wilson based his address that day on St. Matthew VI, 33—the last sermon he ever heard preached. Coming home he took a chill and grew weaker day by day, but was able to read a chapter from the Psalms in family worship the following morning. At his request on December 28th Mary read to him from St. John XIX, 26, 27. She tells us that "the *last* piece ever read by *my dear Husband* while in his chair by the fire Thursday evening January 3rd, 1861," was Emeline S. Smith's twelve stanzas entitled *A Token of the Past*.

After having lingered three weeks, suffering from "sub-acute inflammation of the brain", he calmly and peacefully passed away at Beechwood on January 7, 1861, "while he was sitting in his chair, writing by the fire, in the room where the Angel of Death was sent to take him from us." Mary added, "Oh, how can I bear this stroke!" Caroline wrote, "Beloved brother." So Joseph died, being fifty-nine years old, and was buried in Spring Grove Cemetery.

At the funeral service, held on the 10th in the Cumminsville Presbyterian church, Rev. Wilson of the "Old First" chose for his text this verse from the fourth Psalm: "But know that the

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Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself: the Lord will hear when I call unto him." Rev. Wilson wrote and had published this obituary:

". . . On the 8th of August, 1830, at a camp-meeting held at Sharon, he was received into the communion of the church, and became a member of the First Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati. In December, 1849, he was elected and ordained to the office of Ruling Elder in that church.

"Mr. C. was a man of more than ordinary culture. Endowed by nature with an active mind, he had a special taste for literature. He was of a remarkably equable temper, amiable in his disposition, and with sympathies strong and tender toward his fellow-men, both in joy and sorrow. He was fond of society and gifted with conversational powers which rendered him a most agreeable companion. As a friend he was warm-hearted, sincere, and confiding; and unsuspecting of other men, even to a fault. His life as a Christian was consistent and growing; ready to give his time, labor, counsel, and substance in every good work as he had opportunity. In the struggles of the Presbyterian Church against the inroads of Congregationalism and Pelagianism [Pelagius had denied original sin in mankind] Mr. C. took a deep interest and rendered efficient service. He was one of the publishers of the 'Standard', the able organ of that noble band in the Presbytery of Cincinnati who stood firm to the cause of truth and right for so many years, when Princeton itself was standing in doubt. As a Ruling Elder Mr. Clopper was active, faithful, judicious, useful and self-denying. Distrustful of his own fitness for the responsible office of an overseer of the flock of God, it was with diffidence he accepted the trust. But, having accepted it, he gave himself to the diligent and conscientious discharge of its duties. He had an intelligent acquaintance with the doctrine, government, and discipline of the Presbyterian Church, and loved them from conviction of their being truly divine in their original. In the spirit of true Christian charity for all other branches of the Church of Christ, he regarded himself as best promoting the interests of the whole church by faithfully laboring to build up the particular church in the communion of which he had united. His counsel and co-operation will be much missed by the Parochial Presbytery; his presence and his prayers and exhortations enjoyed no more in the social prayer-meeting where he so much loved to be. The church in which he was an Elder, and the church of Cumminsville which is so largely indebted to his diligence, industry, and liberality for the house in which they worship, will alike feel that he could ill be spared from amongst them in this time of trial. His widowed wife, only son, and two sisters . . . will find many friends who will mingle with them their tears as they miss from their own firesides one who so often found there a welcome. Yet in the common sorrow of this extended circle, in which God has thus made so wide a breach, there is a source of comfort common to all of us in the assurance,



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full and unequivocal, that our friend and brother died, as he had for thirty years lived, in humble, simple, filial faith in Christ crucified, and is now gathered into the garner of heaven, as a shock of corn fully ripe cometh in, in its season."

The Session of the First Presbyterian Church, at its regular meeting held in the Session Room on January 29th, adopted resolutions concerning the death of Joseph—"a faithful servant". Samuel R. Wilson was the moderator and Alexander M. Johnston the clerk on this occasion.

He had written his will in August of 1858, leaving to his wife Mary his real estate consisting of:

An undivided half of 4½ acres adjoining lands of Caroline, Mary Ann, and Ephraim Knowlton;

One-fourth of the other half of these 4½ acres.

One-quarter of a league less fifty acres known as League No. 7 on the Colorado River, Texas, or about 1,060 acres, being his undivided half of a half-league less one hundred acres held jointly with his father, Nicholas Clopper, deceased—these one hundred acres being an undivided interest of the one-twenty-second part of said half-league sold to William M. Corry of Cincinnati.

His interest in his father's estate in Texas consisting of the remaining one-fourth of the aforesaid half-league on the Colorado River; 1,400 acres on Buffalo Bayou opposite Harrisburg; 1,476 acres or one-third of a league at Round Point, Harris County; and 500 or 600 acres on Middle Bayou in Harris County.

Except that \$300 from the sale of this Texas land shall be given: one-half or \$150 for the erection of a Presbyterian Church in Cumminsville or for the preaching of the Gospel there if previously erected, according to the doctrine of the Presbyterian General Assembly (Old School); \$25 for the formation or increase of a Presbyterian Sunday School in Cumminsville; \$75 to the said General Assembly's Board for Foreign Missions; and \$50 for the Board of Domestic Missions of the same.

On the death of his wife Mary, the whole of his estate to become the property of their son Edward. He appointed Edward Mills of Cincinnati as executor. Any notes of hand due to him and remaining after the payment of his debts, were to be divided equally among his wife Mary and his sisters Caroline and Mary Ann.

Joseph loved to set down his thoughts in poetic rhythm and wrote with a gifted pen. Even when death claimed him, "he was sitting in his chair, writing by the fire". His feeling for religion was strong and lasting—with Moses of old he liked to proclaim *Jehovah nissi*: the Lord my banner (Exodus XVII:15)—and never failed to find balm in Gilead, as he tells us in his own lines:

### JEHOVAH NISSI

Jehovah Nissi—on my heart I would this motto place.  
Lord, let thy cheering smile impart to me "sufficient grace".

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I would with Moses venture near and Sinai's mount ascend,  
Catch one bright glimpse of glory there, of Him, my Savior, Friend,  
And tho' a "spreading cloud" should veil the beauty of His throne,  
Sweet words of heavenly love I'd hear from God the Father, Son.  
Peace—all my wand'ring thoughts be still, the Lord's my banner now,  
I bow in faith to sovereign will—Jehovah Nissi—Thou.

J. C. CLOPPER.



# XLVI

## EDWARD'S EARLY SCHOOLING

BEECHWOOD, where Edward lived with his parents and two aunts during his boyhood, has always been far from any school building except in the days when Ludlow Hall served such a purpose, so he was taught the elementary subjects by his elders at home and not until his tenth year did he begin to study under others. His mother tells us this on the fly-leaf of "The Youth's Cabinet"—a volume presented to him by his Aunt Hannah (Este) Burnet—where she wrote: "My dear son, you began to go to school in Clifton, September 7th, 1850, to Mr. Bacon . . . the first school you ever went to . . ." To get there he walked up through the woods above Beechwood, but in bad weather he was probably taken around the hill and up a road in the family carriage. His great-granddaughter, Ellen Foster Hubbard, attended the Clifton public school from September of 1937 to June of 1940 and followed in his footsteps up the hill through the woods whenever she was at Beechwood in this period. Mary tells us, too, that Edward went to the Clifton school for six years—until October 24, 1856—studying most of the time under Samuel G. Sterling, its first principal and, at first, its only teacher. At Beechwood are these books: Thomas Day's *History of Sanford and Merton*, 1850, a gift to "Edward N. Clopper, from his friend and teacher F. V. Bacon," and T. S. Arthur's *Words for the Wise*, 1851, "A Christmas gift to Edward N. Clopper from his teacher Mr. Sterling, Clifton, December 25th, 1852."

Edward missed most of the school-year of 1853-54, as from the end of November to the end of April he was with his parents in Texas but nevertheless tried to keep up with his classmates by studying there in spite of the strong appeal which hunting had for him in that land of abundant game.

On his birthday—December 29, 1854, when he was fourteen years old—his mother gave him a locket containing some of his own and some of his parents' hair. This he managed to keep until 1867.

In January of 1855 Edward wrote a composition on "Industry" which systematic labor, he informs us, "originated thousands of years ago with Adam and Eve at the time of their expulsion from the Garden of Eden, after which they were obliged to 'earn their bread by the sweat of their brow' ". Another composition of his at this school was on "The importance of polite behavior" and, as a good Christian, believing in rewards for

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

proper conduct and punishments for ill-doing, he has in mind only the benefits to be derived from politeness, although he confesses that his "knowledge of the subject-in-hand is somewhat limited."

He lived up to the family tradition in the matter of religion and in June of 1857, of his own accord, joined the First Presbyterian Church on Fourth Street in Cincinnati, then under the pastorate of Samuel Ramsay Wilson. On the 5th of this month he was examined by the ruling elders: General Wade, James Johnston, Dr. A. M. Johnston, William Baird Sr., and his father, Joseph C. Clopper, in addition to the minister, and two days later was received into the congregation. He had been baptised in September of 1841 by Samuel's father and predecessor in the ministry of this church, Joshua L. Wilson. In what he called his "private note-book" he tells us that on the 13th of June, 1858, he finished reading the Bible, having begun it one year before, "reading two chapters daily and ten on Sunday."

On May 8, 1856, the Clifton District School held a fête on its lot of three acres at Clifton and McAlpin Avenues—the lot had been purchased with private contributions and a brick building with two school-rooms, a hall, and a chamber for the village council had been erected by William Resor at his own expense and presented to the village. Salmon P. Chase, who was governor of Ohio from 1856 to 1859, was present at this fête; Edward may have been there, too—did he have a chat with Chase, whose daughter Nettie had been his playmate at Beechwood after her mother's death, four years before? At the time of this festival Sterling was in charge of the school's male department and Mrs. Jane Auld of the female department—in other words, one taught the boys, the other the girls; in addition to these two there was a teacher of French and a teacher of music.

Early in November of 1856 Edward commenced to study under the direction of George Clive in Cincinnati, his father paying six dollars monthly for tuition, but this school broke up at the end of the following February, so in April he began "to say lessons to Mr. Gains in the cottage and studied the languages with Mr. Thomas Rogers at home." "Mr. Gains" was the Rev. L. G. Gaines, minister of the Cumminsville Presbyterian Church, who occupied the cottage at Beechwood as a manse was not provided until 1871. "Mr. Thomas Rogers" was doubtless the resident of Oxford of that name, a recent graduate of Miami University, whom Edward mentioned a few years later in his diary, and who, it seems, was teaching in the Cumminsville high school at this time. The languages studied were, of course, Latin and Greek; a copy of Ovid's *Metamorphoseon*, printed in 1805 and used first by Nicholas Clopper Jr. and then by Joseph, was studied by Edward—in it he wrote: "Commenced 4th Jan. 1858, Cumminsville High School", hence it appears that he did not do all of his studying at home under tutors.



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Rogers probably interested Edward in Miami University and persuaded his parents to send him there. At any rate, he was so well prepared for entrance into this institution that when he did enroll, in the Autumn of 1858, he was admitted to the sophomore class, having already completed the freshman studies. His Aunt Caroline was so impressed by his eagerness and aptitude that she contributed five dollars towards the cost of his Latin and Greek text-books in August of 1857. Some of his Latin "exercises", written in February of 1858, have been preserved. His Aunt Mary Ann was the one who chiefly financed his education but, unlike Caroline, she has left no record of such gifts. Joseph tells us that in August of 1858, shortly before Edward left for Oxford, he paid Robert Clarke & Company, Cincinnati booksellers, \$5 for Andrew's Latin Lexicon, \$4 for a Classical Dictionary, \$1.75 for Thucydides (Owen), and \$3 for Hume's History of England in six volumes, bound in sheep; all but the last-named work are still at Beechwood.

The Ordinance of 1787 concerning the Northwest Territory provided that "Religion, morality, and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." Accordingly, in the contract for the purchase of one million acres of land between the Big and Little Miami Rivers made between the government and John Cleves Symmes of New Jersey in 1787, as modified by an act of Congress in 1792, there were reserved Section 16 for the support of public education and Section 29 for the support of religion in each township, and also one entire township for the support of "a literary institution". Difficulties having been encountered in getting possession of the whole township which had been designated for the institution, near Cincinnati, Congress authorised Ohio in 1803 to set aside an equal quantity of land west of the Big Miami for this purpose and in pursuance of this warrant a township in Butler County was chosen and named Oxford. Plans for this institution, called Miami University, were drawn up in 1809 and the college was opened in 1824.

## XLVII

### EDWARD AT COLLEGE

EDWARD entered Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, as a student of the "liberal arts" and as a member of the sophomore class on September 4, 1858. His Aunt Caroline gave him \$25 on this occasion. His "private note-book" relates that upon his arrival in Oxford he "took board and lodging with Mrs. Johnson. Called in afternoon at Mr. Rogers's and delivered a sweet-scented shrub." The shrub was, doubtless, a gift from Beechwood where Thomas Rogers had taught Edward.

William Swart Rogers, born in 1809 and graduated from Miami University in 1835, was a Presbyterian missionary during the next eight years in India, where his daughter Julia was born, then was agent for the Board of Foreign Missions from 1844 to 1854, afterwards serving as Presbyterian "stated supply minister" in Oxford and nearby towns. His son, Thomas Henry Rogers, was graduated from Miami University in 1856 and was awarded the ethical honor; it is likely that he taught in the Cumminsville high school during the following year or two; from 1858 to 1863 he was principal of academies in Frankfort (Indiana) and Paris (Illinois), then was professor of mathematics in Monmouth College at Monmouth (Illinois) from 1864 to 1898; he married Lucinda Brainard and had two daughters: Amy or Annie, who remained single, and Ella who married Raymond Hughes, president of Miami University from 1913 to 1927. Thomas's sisters, Adelaide and Julia, were both graduated from Oxford Female College in 1856 and died unmarried. The family resided in the house at 300 East High Street, facing the university's campus; here Julia lived until her death in 1929 when the property was bought for use by the university as a guest house.

Edward joined the Beta Phi fraternity which, however, soon went out of existence, being followed by a chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon, whereupon he declared himself to be "an independent", but early in October of 1860 he was invited to join the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, accepted, and was initiated—"few members but a select company".

Three literary societies flourished at this period: the Erodelphian, the Eccritean, and the Miami Union. In October of 1858 Edward became a member of the one named first and, reading his diary, one is not astonished at his mentioning it much oftener than the fraternal body, for in those days the literary societies were of greater moment than the fraternities in the life of a



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student in American colleges—their debates, essays, declamations, impromptu speeches, and orations were popular and each one's rostrum was the training-ground for public speakers, then so much in demand. Indeed, as late as the eighteen-nineties such societies were still of signal value to students, as the writer well remembers. In addition to his literary society obligations every upper classman was required to deliver an address in chapel once a year before the faculty and entire student body. In his note-book Edward has recorded that soon after his arrival at Miami University he had to appear before the public as a speaker in chapel and, as it was his first attempt, he was much embarrassed, repeating a part of his speech and omitting a part.

Beginning with New Year's Day he kept a diary through 1859. He was at home during the Christmas holidays and, with his parents and aunts, spent New Year's Day at Dr. J. Q. Oliver's in Cumminsville, noting a lively dispute concerning politics between Rev. Gaines and Dr. Mount. Later in the month he returned to Oxford for the second semester, his mother accompanying him as far as Hamilton; at that time the trip was made to Hamilton by railway and from there to Oxford by stage-coach.

On January 21 he records that "this evening some fellows were tight and gave vent to their feelings by smashing windows." Two days later, in chapel, "Pres. Hall preached in afternoon"—no doubt "Prexy" had something to say about "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging."

With regard to his studies he says, on one day, "Greek & Latin are little less bothersome—Mathematics more reasonable both as to quantity & quality"; and on another day, "In the morning learned my Latin & Greek, in afternoon attended gymnasium, in evening bought this book at auction."

On January 28 he received a letter from home and in the afternoon he read his "first essay for Hall to the Ero brethren"—this was an essay on "Admiration" and the group was the Erodelphian Literary Society; the paper has been preserved, together with critical comments by another member of the organization, a student, of course, as it was part of the procedure to have each effort reviewed by one's fellows. On the last day of the month he "Spent afternoon & evening in reading, gasing, sawing & packing up wood"—the wood being fuel for heating his room, and the "gasing" conversation.

He was faithful in the matter of religious devotions and Sunday observance—on the last Sunday in January he tells us that "In morning heard Prof. Killen preach in Old School Church, attended chapel in afternoon, spent evening partly in reading Confession of Faith & partly in Tucker's room." This must have been the Westminster Confession of Faith, which embodies the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church. His references to religious services in February are, on the 3rd, "Attended college prayer meeting in evening—a very interesting one"; on the 6th, "Heard Mr. McSurely preach this morning his first sermon as pastor



of the A. R. Church, Dr. Hall in afternoon, & Mr. Harris in evening at Mr. Stewart's church"; on the 13th, "Heard Mr. Stewart preach in morning, Dr. Hall in afternoon, & attended Methodist quarterly meeting in evening"; on the 17th, "College prayer-meeting this evening, although very rainy and wet there was a good attendance"; on the 20th, "As usual, heard three sermons to-day—all very good"; on the 24th, "General fast day for colleges & seminaries; joint meeting of different denominations in the new school church"; and on the 27th, "Considerable excitement in M. E. Church, meetings every night."

"A fight this afternoon in the college hall between Riley Caldwell & Howell first. I read another essay in hall", he sets down as the events of February 4th. The next day he "Studied in morning, attended gymnasium in afternoon, ate canned peaches in evening with Tucker, Mount, Graham, Comly, & Johnston."

Writing to his Aunt Mary Ann at Beechwood on February 9th, he refers to his mother's visit at Indianapolis—probably to the Hubbard family; George C. James has written of his study of classic literature and of his desire to enter Yale, next in point of consideration to Oxford; "Sixteen new students are here this session . . . A student and a Reuben (town boy) settled an existing dispute by a regular fight in the college hall, causing, of course, for the time being, quite an excitement . . . I highly agree with George about the convenience of Jack at recitation hour. Please ask George how he succeeded with his pun on Mr. Chestnut. He asked me to tell him what I am doing, saying, and learning. First, with the exception of gymnastics, I have nothing to do but study, read, and help my roomies get in wood; secondly, we do not often get into disputes and debates; and thirdly, we are seeing, hearing, and learning a little of all the *gas* and gossip of college life. I hope George will excuse this manner of answering his kind epistle, but from want of time I must resort to this way. I will promise to answer his next in a formal manner . . . Mr. and Mrs. Johnson with whom I boarded last session have gone South this winter." It appears from references in several letters that a Mrs. James and her sons, one of whom was George, were living at Beechwood with the Cloppers and, perhaps, the boys were being tutored by Joseph.

Continuing his diary, Edward mentions the expense of lighting his room at night, "New fashioned burners for fluid lamps which use up the *sap* like sixty. Worked out a hard sum in math." It is likely that the word "*sap*" was undergraduate argot for kerosene or, as it is called in this part of the country, coal oil: and the burner may have been one for a tubular wick. In 1858 coal oil lamps were advertised for sale by merchants in Cincinnati newspapers, economy in consumption and brighter light being stressed, although gas was then commonly used in the city. Or the fluid may have been camphene, as turpentine oil was called—it was used for burning in lamps as well as a solvent in varnishes.



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On a certain Wednesday the teacher of mathematics stormed at the boys for their failure to excel in his subject: "Prof. McFarland became rather enraged with our class, threatened to make us Freshmen, put us back on a review," but next day "He was more clement." On Friday "I was called first in Latin—had some fun in class. This is hall day—I am on for debate." Then came Saturday: "Miami Union speeches this evening; Wilber's son, Pres. of Wesleyan Female Seminary, Cin. made splendid speech on Anglo-Saxonism." On the 14th he gaily sang, "St. Valentine's Day and mortals may give hearts away"; his own heart was impressionable, and nine days later he confided to his diary: "In afternoon I went over to see *Sallie*, stayed some time and came away pleased with my visit." Sallie was probably his cousin Sarah M. Hubbard of Indianapolis, who was a junior in the Western Female Seminary at Oxford that year.

The literary societies held their meetings on Fridays—the Erodelphian in the afternoon—so, on the 18th, it was "Hall day again. This afternoon brought me on for a declamation & also my two roomies" and he ends this entry with the three Greek letters *kappa*, *tau*, *lambda*, but what their significance is here, only the initiated know. On Monday "Some fellows gloriously tight to-night." On Washington's Birthday, "Procession of students in morning; toasts & responses in afternoon in chapel with music, after which students all *marched* over to the Great W, [Western Female Seminary] through town & around generally." The following Friday, "I am on again in hall for debate. Horse tamer came to town yesterday, makes money like 60."

The next day was "Chapel speech day; Dave Guy was the only speaker. There are six fellows on for next Saturday." On Sunday, the 27th, referring to James Johnston, one of his room-mates, "Jim was sick and was stretched out on his back till dinner." The next evening, "At 9 P. M. Comly came back from trip with Harter to Columbus. Sam Williams went & got some peaches for us." So ended February.

Subsequently, in his "private note-book", he wrote of things trivial in themselves, yet important to a certain class of students. such as the cliques "in hall" at election times, the celebration of February 22nd, and the burning of N. M. Corry in effigy by a minority of the students on their own responsibility, "among whom I was one."

In March, with fellow students, he did some field work in surveying; on the 3rd "I went out to the State line, laying out the track for a turnpike with Prof. Mc & five students besides myself"; two days later "We went out again to finish laying out the turnpike line. We will level it next time with a new instrument"; on the 24th, "Hurried through Latin & Greek, then went out with Prof. McFarland to chain out the new turnpike. Finished about 11½ miles," and two days later, "Went out in two-horse wagon and finished chaining out the turnpike." Then, at the end of May, Professor Elliott returned from Europe after nearly a

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year's absence and "Prof. McFarland invited all those who had been out with him laying out turnpikes to come down & take supper with him at his house. There were twelve of us. Prof. Elliott entertained us with foreign news."

On March 4th "I have an essay to read in hall this afternoon"—this was entitled "The Retrospect and the Prospect" and was criticised by John Woods. On Saturday, the 12th, "Two chapel speeches from seniors, both good." Wednesday, the 9th, "This is the day for the young ladies of the Great Western Female Seminary to come up town; several availed themselves of the privilege and showed their pretty faces." In mid-March "Met at Harter's room in evening to initiate Morey", evidently referring to a gathering of the Beta Phi fraternity. On the 22nd, "In the evening *we* met in John Reynolds's room. *Sam* and Joe had a few words between them but was all settled on the next day. Comly, when he came to his room, wrote out his resignation." A few days afterwards, "*Bill* packed up to go over to the Hughes house. I am not at all sorry for it, either"—seemingly an uncongenial frater. Perhaps these defections marked the break-up of the Beta Phis.

One gathers from a slightly plaintive note that he found the Sunday routine irksome: "Sunday occurrences are always the same things over again, except the sermons which are by no means a mere repetition." Thursday was "Prayer-meeting night, good attendance. After it Prof. Vaughn lectured in chapel on trade winds, not popular speaker but learned man;" two nights later, "I ate sardines & cakes after attending Prof. Vaughn's second lecture this evening." Then came Sunday and he introduced a little variety into the day's routine: "I took a walk with Coleman after Bible class this morning."

News from Beechwood in March was distressing. On the 1st he received a "Letter from home—ten feet of back-water at Clopper's Ford," and on the 14th another "Letter from home informing me of father's and Aunt Mary Ann's sickness." The next day, "Another letter from home, written by George & mother, saying that father & Aunt Mary Ann had small-pox." On the 20th he "Heard from home that father's head is one mass of sores. Dr. Hall advised me not to go home." Three days later came a "Letter from father, written on a slate and copied by mother. He and Aunt Mary Ann are almost able to be about again." Then, on the last day of the month, a "Letter from father saying there was now no danger to be risked by me if I should go home for the Spring vacation." So, the next day he records "Only one recitation and that to old *Bob* who let us out in half an hour. *Jim* & eight others then started in a spring-wagon for Hamilton. Kentuck [Williams] went down to Cinti. I engaged my passage for the morning coach." On April 2nd he "Started in the 6 o'clock coach for home. Arrived there about 10½ o'clock, found *all* well." Sunday, April 17th, "Went with father & mother in to



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city, First Pres. Church, the first time that father has been out since his sickness."

Monday, the 18th, "Off again for college at 8:15 this morning. Arrived at Girard House in time for dinner & found *Jim* alone at No. 19." The following Friday was "Hall day, new president takes his seat, Mr. Wyatt first. Delivered his inaugural"—Edward does not mention it here, but another record shows that he himself read an essay on "Dreams". On Saturday "Went up in afternoon and played chess with Jim Orr & took tea with him at Mrs. Holmes's" Monday being the time-honored wash-day, "Sent out clothes to be washed for first time since I came back, Joe Roberts took them." He paid Roberts \$1.25 a month for this service.

"Webb and Thornton 1st had a scuffle in college this morning about criticisms on their chapel speeches," wrote Edward on May 5th, "Dr. Hall and Prof. McFarland separated them." On Saturday, the 7th, there were "Four good chapel speeches. The Juniors presented to Dr. Hall a fine cane with gold head costing about \$26." Most of the students were bored by the requirement that they orate in chapel and one of Edward's classmates "threw off" the following lines which were published in *The Miami Monthly*, a periodical edited by students:

The happiest time we'll ever see  
Is while we are at college;  
And fair and pleasant are the paths  
That lead to founts of knowledge.  
But there's no rose without a thorn,  
Some ancient writer teaches,  
And now the thorn that troubles us  
Is making *chapel speeches*.

The ever-troublesome question of prohibition arose because of drunkenness and on May 16th the "Students met in Ero Hall to determine what to do about the liquor shops in town. Adjourned without doing anything." The next day the "Students met again and majority signed a resolution agreeing to put out of college any one who would patronise the liquor shops." Just what authority the subscribing students had to put another student out of college is not made known. On the day following this decision, Williams of Kentucky, who was destined to be a Confederate soldier, went into action: "Kentuck fired at a liquor seller but missed him by a few inches."

Edward spent that afternoon at the "Western", one of the three colleges for girls in Oxford, the others being the Oxford Female Institute and the Oxford Female College. Towards the end of May "Jack Shepherd left for home & I bought his room from him in the North East for \$21 & moved down there to room with Ben McFarland."

There are only nine entries for June in his diary. The completion of the railway from Hamilton to Oxford is noted on the 4th: "The junction railroad was opened with picnic & dinner in

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the campus. I & Ben went down on train & came back Monday." One day that week he "Rec'd an invitation to spend the evening at Mr. Rogers's whither I went and spent my time very agreeably while I was there, among an Alpha crowd." This last refers to members of Alpha Delta Phi and their friends; besides himself, Comly, Guy, Marshall, and Mayo were Miami chapter members in the class of 1861.

On the 10th there was "Hall this evening. Question for debate, 'Resolved that a state has a right to secede from the union'. I was the only regular speaker on the affirmative. Negative got it." The next day "Met Mr. Knowlton at dinner who told me that our folks at home had been robbed on last Thursday of some clothes & small things. John Edwards spoke in chapel on Lord Byron."

He makes two references to a graduating class of young ladies, probably at Oxford Female College of which the Rev. John Winthrop Scott was the president at this time, the Rev. Desha Morris succeeding him this year: on the 19th "Dr. Scott preaches his baccalaureate to the graduating class, consisting of fifteen young ladies;" and on the 23rd, "The night for the commencement proper, 15 addresses or compositions by the young ladies." For the sake of the audience as well as of the fifteen speakers one hopes that the weather was cool. At this time the Rev. Mr. Buchanan was principal of the Oxford Female Institute and Helen Peabody was principal of the Western Female Seminary, the last-named serving as head of the Seminary from 1854 to 1885.

On the 21st there was an "Address by Mr. Stewart before the society of inquiry at the Scott House"—this society was interested in matters religious—and on the following day "Prof. Elliott, having been elected to address the literary societies at the Scott house, performed that duty this evening. After the address, diplomas were given & Mrs. Lord played & sang most magnificently." His last entry for the month is on the 25th: "Lent Sam Williams 15c. Owe Joe Roberts at end of session \$3.05." The university's report of Edward's average for the session shows: scholarship, 99.7; punctuality, 100.

In September he returned and entered the Junior year: on the 5th he "Started for Oxford at 8:15, arrived at 11 A. M. Disappointed in not obtaining board at Mrs. Hughes's, but succeeded in getting it with Mrs. Holmes \$2.50 a wk." He roomed alone in the South East Building until the next session when John Milton Hiatt of Crawfordsville, Indiana, became his roommate. On the 9th "As my roomey, Jim Johnston, did not return, & Dave Becket resigned as sessional speaker, myself & Cooper were elected to fill vacancies."

The 1st of October was a "Memorable day of Ero sessional speeches, Cooper, myself, Evens 1st, Currie and Worden were the speakers." Edward read an essay "On Beauty" before the society on the 13th, and it was criticised by George T. Crissman,



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a student of theology in the English Normal Department. On the 16th "Dr. Hall enraged because last night in chapel a skeleton was placed on platform, faculty chairs stolen, & Prof. Swing's blackboard hacked." On the 19th he "Spent afternoon at 'Western' & went over building with my cousin & one of the teachers Miss Mills. Of course had a good time." His cousin was Sarah M. Hubbard of Indianapolis who was a student there, and the teacher was another cousin, Sarah Mills, who taught there for a short time. Edward's essay on "John Bunyan" bears the date of October 27th and carries criticisms by George Hatcheson.

There were turbulent times in November and the college, by the drastic means of expulsion, got rid of disturbing elements in the student body. On the 18th "Cliff Ross expelled from college, John Webb and Bob Dill suspended, because of the row they were in, last Saturday night", and ten days later "Little Taylor and Corwine were expelled for their fun at Hamilton." Under the circumstances, "fun" is an inadequate word.

The only other entries for November are on the 7th when "Prof. Barrett starts a singing school in town, of which I make myself a member," and on the 29th when he heard "Prof. Swing's lecture on Madame Guion"—perhaps the hacked blackboard did not hamper the professor in delivering this lecture. Edward's essay on "Fame" is dated November 24th.

The diary, unfortunately, goes no farther, except for items of expense. When he returned to Oxford on January 17, 1859, after the Christmas holidays, Edward had \$2.73 left out of his funds for the year's first session and was given \$51.65 by his father and his Aunts Caroline and Mary Ann. By June he had received from home \$55 more. His expenses were: \$15 for tuition for each session, \$61 for board from January to July, \$4 for firewood, \$21 for room-rent, while his several trips from Oxford to Beechwood and back again cost 65c one way on the railway between Cumminsville and Hamilton, and 75c on the stagecoach between Hamilton and Oxford, but when railway trains were operated between Hamilton and Oxford the fare was reduced to fifty cents. He bought "burning fluid" for his lamp frequently at twenty cents a quart, and a cord of firewood once for \$2.50. From January to July his expenses amounted to \$138.57 and from September to December to \$67.55, making the total for the calendar year \$206.12. This covered tuition, room-rent, board, washing, books, fuel, light, travel, and incidentals—surely a modest outlay for education, even in those days of the dollar's greater purchasing power. However, the account was not kept with care and there may have been other items. The university summarised a student's expenses at this time as follows: tuition in the college classes, \$30 per annum; rent of room in a college building, from \$6 to \$12 per annum; board and lodging in private families to be had for \$3 a week; \$200 covering all necessary expenses for a year. Edward exceeded this by only \$6.12.



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His active interest in the literary society is shown by several entries in both his note-book and diary. For instance, on October 26, 1860, "Winter and sessional speakers were elected in the Erodelphian Hall by ballot. On first ballot: Worden 23, Morris 12, Cooper 13, no election inasmuch as no one received a majority of the 48 votes cast. Second ballot: Worden 25, Morris 13, Cooper 10, Worden being elected for the address. For the fourth speech, on first ballot: Morris 25, Cooper 16, Andrew 5, Clopper 1, Morris elected. For the third speech, on first ballot: Clopper 21, Cooper 21, Andrew 3, no election; on second ballot: Clopper 26, Cooper 20, Andrew 2, Clopper elected. For the second speech, on first ballot: Cooper 25, Hollingsworth 22, Andrew 1, Cooper elected. For the first speech, on first ballot: Hollingsworth 31, Van Matre 6, Andrew 11, Hollingsworth elected. Order in which to speak: Hollingsworth, Cooper, Clopper, Morris, Worden. This is the highest honor that ever I have had in Ero Hall. I never had such feelings as I did when I beat Cooper for the third speech. The boys cheered and stamped and congratulated me and made my election unanimous. Before the election Frank Evans made a confession, declaring that he had attempted to gain the honors of the Ero Hall through fraud, but did not wish by admitting it to court favor from any one. He had lied point blank and swore he was not a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, but before the election it was proved on him that he was. He declined being a candidate for anything." The five orations, interspersed with music, made up the program of the Erodelphian Literary Society's 36th annual exhibition (as a series of forensic efforts was then called) held on December 18th, Edward's contribution being entitled "The System of Utility". Of this event he wrote, "The speeches all went off well." The committee on arrangements had engaged a string orchestra of Hamilton to furnish music on this occasion but some prankster sent them a letter purporting to come from the society and cancelling the engagement, so they did not come; and when it was found that they were not on the train from Hamilton that evening, "we then had to fall back upon the old established Oxford band which we succeeded in obtaining after much persuasion. My parents were both of them intending to be present but on Monday morning previous my dear Father was seized with his last illness. I went home on Thursday morning and helped to nurse him for more than two weeks. He died of sub-acute inflammation of the brain, or cerebritis, on Monday afternoon, Jan. 7th, 1861, at a quarter before one o'clock . . . I shall never forget his sickness nor his death-bed scene."

On the inside cover of Edward's note-book there is pasted a newspaper clipping of a short poem headed "Original Poetry. To Ed. N. C - - - on Learning the Death of his Father." Its substance is: believe that God does everything well. Its author's name has been erased but elsewhere Edward has recorded: "This morning I received from Sloan a few verses written by L. E. S.



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on the death of my Father which are pasted in the first part of this book." Could L. E. S. have been Lida Simpson?

Edward himself composed nine stanzas on "The Land of the Hereafter" which were published in *The Miami Monthly* for April, 1861; in them he dwells upon the glories of heaven and the joy of being reunited with departed friends "through all eternity". An article on "The Downfall of Popery" appears in the May number of this periodical in which Edward flays the Roman Catholic Church and all its works.

He remained at home for about ten days after his father's funeral, attending to affairs, then returned to college where, at this time, he and Hiatt had a room at the Widow Elliott's. Hiatt had become engaged to Miss Maggie J. Elliott and Edward declared, with commendable display of brotherly feeling, that it was "with my full agreement, I can truly say, and without partiality and without any jealousy or hypocrisy. This has happened while little I have been elected president of the Miami chapter of Alpha Delta Phi, long may she wave!" Hiatt and Maggie Elliot were married in October, Edward being first groomsman and Tom Marshall second; the couple went to Hiatt's home in Crawfordsville, Indiana, and from there to Chicago where Hiatt was to study medicine, then returned to Oxford.

Among Edward's other papers are his essay on "Manly Earnestness" dated February 9, 1860; one on "Euripides" with date of June 1st of that year; and two sets of criticisms by him, in the capacity of Censor of Ero Hall, concerning the society in general and its work. There are many other productions of his, bearing no dates, on these subjects: "The Progress of Literature, a poem", with criticism by W. R. Hollingsworth; "Hiawathic Meditations on the Rain", with criticism by James H. Cooper; "The History of Greece"; "Life"; "On the Existence and Attributes of God"; "A Story without a Name"; "The Mediterranean Sea"; "The Old Year and the New"; "On Suicide"; "We Sow Many Seeds and Reap Few Flowers"; and "Essay on Popular Delusion".

Among his text-books still preserved at Beechwood is *A History of Greek Classical Literature* by R. W. Browne, Philadelphia, 1857, in which he has written his name and the date of May 29, 1860, together with this classical ebullition on one of the fly-leaves:

### Kisses

"O kiss me and go,"  
Said the maid of my heart  
And proffered her lips  
As a hint to depart.  
"The midnight approaches,  
My mother will know.  
My kindest and dearest,  
Oh, kiss me and go!"

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She gave me the blessing  
In such a sweet way  
The thrill of its pleasure  
Enticed me to stay.  
So we kissed till the morning  
Came in with its glow,  
For she said every moment  
"Oh kiss me and go!"

One would like to believe that Edward was the author of this gay effusion but it was not likely his—he did not wield so sprightly a pen.

He noted that on March 25, 1860, Prof. Swing preached in the Old School Presbyterian Church and answered some of the popular objections to Moses's system of government in which polygamy, divorce, and other "crimes" were tolerated, by declaring that although Moses did not hold these to be right, his people, because of their superstition, would not have followed him if denied all their peculiar customs!

At "Old Miami" on June 8, 1860, Edward wrote to his Aunt Mary Ann at Beechwood saying, "I believe I would rather have heard of the house being unroofed than to have heard of the destruction of those noble pine trees, because that would have been a reparable loss, but these cannot be replaced for near a generation . . . Tom Rogers was at my room last night and expressed his regret at their destruction . . . I hope all things are prospering as well as could be expected after such a destructive tornado as that late one in May. It was indeed fortunate that it did not occur later in the season and destroy the crops. I suppose that Joe and Jack will have the plow brightly scoured by the time I come home and, of course, the corn clean and flourishing . . . I am sorry that George has given up his notions of college life, for [it is] the most varied and exciting period of a boy's life. But I shall not trouble him any more about it, only I would be glad if he would come up here next commencement."

On December 17, 1860, Julia Rogers at Oxford sent Edward a tiny envelope containing this brief message: "I shall be happy to accept your company this evening."

It was on April 12, 1861, that Fort Sumter was fired upon and on April 15th that Lincoln called for volunteers. On the 22nd Edward wrote to his Aunt Mary Ann: "Since the war has broke out I see by the papers that they have converted the Trotting Park [now Chester Park in Cincinnati] into a camp for soldiers. I have not enlisted in any volunteer company, except the home guard of the University. A company of citizens and students has been organised here and will leave to-day for Columbus. A great many students have enlisted and many have gone home. Great excitement prevails and it may break up the college. We boys who remain will form a company and *drill* just to be prepared to go, *if we are needed by the State, and not before* . . . If Joe is or should be thinking of enlisting, tell him he is too young. He would be rejected if he did. The law requires volun-



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### STUDENTS AT MIAMI UNIVERSITY, OXFORD, OHIO

From left to right: Edward N. Clopper, Thomas B. Marshall and John Milton Hiatt.

Photograph taken in April, 1861.

teers to be over 18 and under 45 years of age. Tell him he must take care of things now more than ever. Tell him to stay at home as much as he can, for you don't know when you might need him. Hiatt has gone home, went Friday. I am all alone here now. Write soon and tell me whether or not you want me at home." Mary Ann has noted on this sheet: "His last letter to me whilst at college." In mentioning "Joe" he was probably referring to Joe Strickling, a boy who worked at Beechwood; in July "poor Joe Strickling left for the army", so Caroline tells us—her parting gift to him was 85c.

Edward was graduated from Miami University on June 27, 1861, "not ten years from his first going to school" his mother proudly observed—but this was inaccurate if her other statement be correct, that his first going to school was in 1850. His Aunts Caroline and Mary Ann went to Oxford for the commencement: no doubt his mother too was there for this occasion, but she has left no statement to that effect. Caroline gave him five dollars "for performing so well".

In his note-book he has recorded that on the 24th of May "Our class was examined. In the evening we attended the senior



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party at Dr. Hall's house, an elegant affair. I came home, wrote a speech for commencement on National Egotism and, of course, delivered it; when I was through I received a bouquet from Miss Annie R. Matthews of Cincinnati with the following note: 'Mr. Clopper, allow me to express my gratification at your performance, particularly gestures. Hoping when you see the flowers you will remember toads and all delightful reptiles, I thus signify my appreciation of your *maiden* speech. Certain am I that though many more beautiful flowers may line your pathway you will sometimes when absorbed in Blackstone remember the humble offering of A Friend. P. S. Confidential: Fear of Mr. Stevens's jealousy prevents me from signing my name.'"

Of the thirty members of the graduating class, fifteen were already in the Ohio Volunteer Militia. On Commencement Day first honors were awarded to William Smith of Dayton, second to Thomas Marshall of Lima, ethical to M. C. Williams of Ft. Wayne, classical to J. A. Wallace of Clayton, Illinois, scientific to James A. Worden of Xenia, and mathematics to Edward N. Clopper of Cincinnati.

The student editors of *The Miami Monthly* wrote: "On all sides the rumor has gained credit that when the war began the University stopped. True, we did send out a delegation from our number to the war, but we can spare a full company of talented fellows and yet have a goodly number of the right stamp remaining. We confess, though, that the number now in attendance is greatly reduced. Since the last of April we have not exceeded seventy . . . But the paucity of students has not, in the least, interfered with the operations of the College. Daily Chapel exercises have been just as regular as they were before, and the door bolted against stragglers, after the second bell, just as securely as ever. Lessons have been just as long as when the classes were larger, and the Professors just as unintermitting in their endeavors as when their rooms were full . . . Students may stop, but college does not. War may go on, but so does Miami University. *As long as one man remains, there are eight Professors to teach him . . .*"

A year later Edward, too, went to war; but somehow he managed to carry on graduate studies, for at the Commencement of 1864 the Master of Arts degree was conferred upon him by Miami University.



## XLVIII

### BETWEEN COLLEGE AND WAR

ARMED with a college education which had been made possible by the sacrifices of his parents and aunts, Edward was in a quandary—should he enter the army or go to work and help to support those who had so long supported him? He decided to go to work. Before graduation he had taken an examination in eighteen subjects given in Cincinnati to candidates for public school service, scoring the maximum grade in half of them and a fraction below the maximum in four others; accordingly, on June 6, 1861, the Male Principal's Certificate was bestowed upon him, declaring that he was qualified to teach a public school as principal. Having now both a college diploma and this certificate, he looked around for a position; he would have liked to have the Philomathean Institute at Paddy's Run but this was not available; he was offered an appointment as teacher in a district school but this was not to his liking. So he took another examination, this time in Newport, Kentucky, opposite Cincinnati, and on August 17th was awarded the Certificate of the Board of Examiners of the Public Schools and Academy of Newport, evincing that he was qualified to teach in these schools and in the Academy, having obtained the maximum grade in reading, arithmetic, history, astronomy, geography, philosophy. English grammar, mathematics, Latin, and Greek, and half a point below the maximum in writing. The Newport school authority appointed him to the position of first assistant in its Academy or Seminary, as the high school was known, at \$45 a month, and there he began to teach on September 2nd. His "Aunt Tad", as he affectionately called Caroline, gave him 25c for carfare and another quarter for the ferry across the river.

At the end of the school year the students gave him a copy of *The Poetical Works of Felicia Hemans*, printed in Boston in 1861, handsomely bound in leather, and inscribed: "This volume was presented to E. N. Clopper by his pupils at Newport Seminary, June 28th, 1862". It is in Beechwood's library to-day.

Among the many daguerreotypes at Beechwood is that of a young woman and the family has always held it in special veneration. Her clear eyes look steadily and frankly at one. Her dark hair is parted in the middle and smoothed down to her ears. The forehead is high, lips thin and straight, chin firm, and from the ears hang drops matching a pin at the breast. The waist is of dark material and cut in the form of the letter

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V, revealing a well-shaped neck. The most striking features of her face are the eyes and the mouth which together express courage, determination, and readiness. The writer was once told by his mother that this was the picture of a girl whom his father was fond of at college and who died early. The picture has been cherished because he held the girl dear. Her name was Lida Simpson and her home was in Sparta, Illinois. Lida sent Edward the picture from her home in mid-September of 1861. Eight weeks before this the Battle of Bull Run had been fought and both the Union and the Confederacy were preparing for a decisive war.

If Lida was a student at Oxford when Edward met her, she must have attended Oxford Female Institute without graduating, as only the names of its graduates have been recorded, hers being not among them, and it is not in the lists of students at either Oxford Female College or Western Female Seminary. It may be that she was visiting friends there and Edward was presented to her at the time. How they became acquainted with each other remains unknown.

He wrote a letter at home in mid-summer of 1861 and then tore it up—but a scrap chanced to escape his notice when he destroyed the rest and surely it declares his love: “. . . I have already experienced. Believe me dear Lida, this is no sudden impulse, but the outpouring of an overflowing heart which . . .”

In the Autumn he wrote in his note-book that he had continued his correspondence *out West* all Summer and had received *the picture* on 13th September, having sent his own a few days before.

He must have chafed over the separation from her and wondered how he could contrive to see her. He was only twenty years of age and, like every healthy young man at the time, was drawn towards the war; well aware of his interest in it, his “Aunt Tad” gave him 62½c one day in August so that he could go to the city and see the Ohio Volunteers on parade.

On December 29th he reached his majority, “nearly one year after the death of his beloved father,” as his mother noted, a number of years later, when recalling the event. She gave him \$25 in gold as a birthday present. Mary kept track of her gifts, making a record of when they were conferred and of what happened to them. Seven years before this she had given him a gold locket “with our hair in it,” and the account shows that he lost it in 1867, so on his birthday that same year she gave him another “with your dear father’s, all your Aunts’ hair in it, with your own and your mother’s, with *Mother* engraved on it—this you *lost* in the following October, 1868.”

Having now attained to man’s estate and having a position with a salary, Edward deemed the time ripe for a visit to his sweetheart and, early in January of 1862, he went to see her. His Aunt Caroline entered in her book of accounts: “E N C gave me a few nights before he left for Sparta \$15, also to M A C C,



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and his mother \$15 which he got from E. Mills, which we two immediately handed back to him, believing he was the rightful owner of it & if not we would make him a present of it anyhow." This was income from funds entrusted to Mills by his father for investment.

He arrived at Sparta, Illinois, where Lida Simpson lived, on January 9th. In his diary he has noted that on the following evening "we argued *the question* which next day was decided in the *affirmative*"—this was Saturday afternoon. On Monday he penned a poetic outburst about his coming and knocking "at the Spartan cottage," seeking admittance "where mother, *sisters*, brother dear unite their hearts and dwell together;" and he cautions "ye curious ones" not to ask who it was nor why he came, nor try to discover the "sweet communion known and felt by loving hearts, by kindred hearts together knit with mutual heartfelt sympathy." Under this Hiawathic outpouring he noted: "Gave it to my dear Lida." He added, "Stayed with her until Wednesday morning, Jan. 15th, then started for St. Louis. Delightful hours! Effusive moments of joy! Halcyon days of bliss! Cannot be forgotten."

Their happiness was brief. Late in the following April word came to him that Lida was ill and he hastened back to Sparta. There he must have learned that she could never get well, for he made arrangements then to enter the Union Army and on July 16th at Columbus, Ohio, received his commission as an officer. Nine days later Lida died. Edward never again glowed with that consuming ardor, never again loved as he had loved—he was cheerful, kindly, loyal, and patient to the end, but the grand passion had gone out of him and lay buried with his Lida.

# XLIX

## IN THE CIVIL WAR

EDWARD was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Ohio Volunteer Infantry on July 16, 1862. He went to Camp Dennison, on the Little Miami River about fifteen miles east of Cincinnati, on August 22nd of that year and, four days afterwards, was mustered in as second lieutenant in Captain Thornton's company to serve for three years. This unit was subsequently organised as Company K, 83rd Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, under Colonel Fred W. Moore. Governor David Tod of Ohio signed Edward's appointment to this rank and station on September 25th.

Let Tom Marshall, one of Edward's college mates who was in the same company, describe their experiences:

"To illustrate how ignorant we really were about nearly everything pertaining to military matters, this incident comes to mind. Many of the regiment lived in and near Cincinnati and had now been in camp what seemed like several months. Some of them naturally wanted to see home once more, to sleep in a bed again, and eat some of the pie that mother knew how to make. A handful of furloughs, written on all kinds of scraps of paper, were granted by Lieutenant Clopper but to be good, must be countersigned by General Judah, the Commandant. I was sent on this errand and, going to his office, went in. I saw a man there with stars on his shoulder-straps, nervously walking to and fro. I asked for General Judah. I did not know a General from a High Priest, and could not have told one from the other if I had met them in the big road. As I proffered my request, the man with the stars on stopped and exploded with, "I am General Judah, sir. What do you want?" I presented my fist full of passes and then he let out on me for sure. He raked me up one side and down the other and not by any means neglecting Lieutenant Clopper. He said, "He ought to be arrested and punished for presuming to ask for furloughs in the face of the enemy, and when we were expecting marching orders at any minute." I got away somehow, through the keyhole, presumably, as I must have shrunk to about that size. There were evidently more things to learn than to march or to handle a musket."<sup>107</sup>

The troops moved from Camp Dennison through Cincinnati to Covington, Kentucky, on the third of September. "We slept that night in the streets of Covington. The market-house afforded shelter for the most, if not all of us; the butchers' benches and



the brick floor being utilized in place of the comfortable beds to which we had been accustomed all our lives. The morning dawned on us with no rations, and with nothing to do but sit around on the aforesaid butchers' benches. After a time we were all horrified to see what those greasy benches had done to our nice, new and clean blue breeches, but it could not be helped. As the commissary was to us an unknown quantity we seemed in a fair way of getting no breakfast, when Lieutenant Clopper came up. He had been a teacher on this side of the river, and some of his friends proffered his company a large kettle of hot coffee, to say nothing of other things. It was indeed a most acceptable offering and was heartily enjoyed and rapidly consumed.

"It is said that the invitation was intended as a personal courtesy to Lieutenant Clopper, being a request for the *pleasure of his company to breakfast*. Lieutenant Clopper's loyalty to his 'company' made him think the invitation was to all. We had a long wait standing 'at rest' in the street, while evident hustling was going on in the house. At last, wash-boilers and big kettles, steaming with fragrant coffee, appeared and every man had his fill, after which our Lieutenant disappeared in the house and had a royal breakfast; but giving a hundred men a full breakfast was too much, even for Kentucky hospitality, on such short notice."<sup>108</sup>

On that day, September 4th, the regiment marched to Camp King, south of Covington, on the Independence Pike, and on the following day marched back to Covington, were fed in the armory, and bivouacked on a vacant lot. Then they marched to Fort Mitchell and from there to Camp King again—for the purpose of hardening the men, no doubt; then to Camp Beechwood on the Alexandria Pike, east of the Licking River, "where we were supposed to support a battery. If the battery knew we were holding it up, it most certainly knew more than we did."<sup>109</sup>

From there the regiment moved to Camp Orchard where knapsacks and canteens were issued. On September 17th it set out on a march to Crittenden, Kentucky, thirty-three miles away, reaching there in three days, and then marched back in two—a seasoning process. On September 25th it moved from Camp Orchard to Camp Shaler, now known as Evergreen Cemetery in Newport, and stayed there until October 7th when it marched south to Falmouth, and on the 19th to Cynthiana.

"In the evening a report was widely circulated that John Morgan, with thirty-five hundred men, was approaching. We advanced to the south a short distance to strengthen the picket line. This was strongly posted behind stone walls and fences, and patiently awaited the approach of the enemy who never came. While in this camp, Lieutenant Clopper with two of his company, Snow and Marshall, took occasion to call on Mr. and Mrs. Peck, the parents of Hon. H. D. Peck, now one of Cincinnati's eminent jurists. Judge Peck and the above three had been



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY



EDWARD N. CLOPPER

Lieutenant, Company K, 83rd Regiment, Ohio  
Volunteer Infantry.

From a daguerreotype taken in 1862.

intimate college friends and it was a pleasure to be in his house, even in his absence. Their front door was bored by a bullet through its center, made during a skirmish but a short time before. A half-mile east was the home of another college friend, 'Kentuck' Williams, as he was always called, but as he was wearing the gray and was one of Morgan's men, we did not call, nor did we see him."<sup>110</sup>



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

On October 20th the regiment marched to within half a mile of Paris, and two days later marched through this town where "Union flags were everywhere displayed," and out on the Winchester Pike to Senator Garret Davis's woods, pitching camp there. On October 28th it started for Louisville and, passing through Lexington, Nicholasville, Frankfort, and Shelbyville, arrived there on November 15th. Because of its rapid marching, this regiment was called "The Greyhounds". On November 21st the brigade moved to Portland and embarked on steamboats, Company K boarding the S. B. "Belfast".

At Cairo, Illinois, on the 26th, where Company K was transferred to the S. B. "Emerald", "There was another incident here, recalling the other and more pleasant civil life of other days. Lying alongside was a barge load of Confederate prisoners, in their motley garb, the first we had ever seen at close range. While we were chaffing them, whom should we see but an old time friend of our college days, Ed (known at college as 'Tup') Southgate from Newport, Kentucky. He was a classmate of Snow's. Lieutenant Clopper, Snow, and Marshall all being acquaintances of his, greeted him and talked with him a long time. As we backed out, the last words we heard from Southgate were, 'Will meet you at Vicksburg'. After the war he became an eminent divine, but none of us ever saw him again."<sup>111</sup>

On the 30th the regiment went ashore at Memphis and into camp there; on December 20th it went on board the S. B. "Citizen" (which was its home until January 24th, 1863) and on the next day the fleet of a hundred steamboats with thirty thousand men started down stream, bound for Vicksburg. On Christmas Day the brigade was ordered ashore at Milliken's Bend, marched twenty-six miles, and destroyed a railroad bridge and two smaller bridges across Bayou Tensas at Dallas Station, together with buildings and cotton, and was back on the steamboat by morning of the 27th. From this time the regiment was part of the First Brigade, First Division, Thirteenth Army Corps—Sherman's right wing.

The fleet steamed up the Yazoo River a few miles, the troops landed, marched five or six miles towards the Chickasaw Bluffs, and bivouacked within three miles of Vicksburg. Here they were confronted with strong Confederate forces, and at Chickasaw Bayou had their first skirmish—Sherman's troops charged the rifle-pits but were driven back. On New Year's night they returned to the boats on the Yazoo and steamed up the Mississippi, then up the White River to the "cut-off" affording safe passage into the Arkansas River, and disembarked on January 10th.

They moved towards Fort Hindman or Arkansas Post with the purpose of taking it and thus opening the way to Little Rock. The attack was made in the afternoon of the 11th and the fort hoisted white flags at five o'clock. "All firing instantly ceased. Cheer upon cheer followed, while all order being cast



## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

aside, every effort was made by everyone to be the first in the fort. The flag of the Eighty-Third was the first one planted on the rampart. For two hours and fifty minutes we had been under fire and, having received this baptism, we were all full-fledged soldiers."<sup>112</sup>

The troops completed embarkation on January 15th and were again on the Mississippi, landing at Young's Point on the 23rd, about ten miles from Vicksburg. "About the second evening after landing here, we had our usual dress parade. When the line was formed, there were but eighty men in the ranks, beside the fileclosers. Company K had six men. This showing was not very encouraging, as we left Cincinnati but a few days less than five months before, with 1,010 men in the ranks. It was a fearful shrinkage, and mostly attributable to disease."<sup>113</sup>

The brigade was ordered to stop the enemy's firing on boats from Greenville, Mississippi, and attempted to do so, but the enemy simply withdrew and waited until the Yankees had returned to camp, hence the expedition was "a wild goose chase". On February 18th the regiment landed at Cypress Bend on the Arkansas bank and marched after another band of guerrillas, but was driven back to the boats; when reinforcements arrived the attempt was renewed, but the enemy had vanished.

On March 12th the regiment was on board the S. B. "Spread Eagle" and steamed up to Milliken's Bend, about twenty-five miles, going into camp there, as the river's rise had driven them out of the lower ground. "On March 19th we received a visit from the paymaster, and we got our greenbacks up to December 31st which still left us over two months in arrears. No one complained. We were not in the army for money, and considered it but the usual fortune of war and made the best of it. Of course we used it as soon as we got it, but did not think life was not worth living when we did not have it. We were not built that way."<sup>114</sup>

Grant was trying to get a fleet of transports past Vicksburg. On April 14th the order was given to march and the troops set out down the western or Louisiana side of the river. On the night of the 16th the regiment heard heavy cannonading in the direction of Vicksburg and learned that several Union gunboats and transports had succeeded in running past the enemy batteries and were ready to move the army across the river to the eastern bank. On the 20th the Eighty-Third Regiment was placed as guard at McClernand's headquarters, embarked on the S. B. "Silver Moon", moved down the bayou, out into the Mississippi, and landed at Perkins's plantation below New Carthage; on the 28th, as headquarters guard, it boarded the S. B. "Empire City" and, with other craft, dropped down below Vicksburg but was still on the western side. A Confederate fort at Grand Gulf where the Big Black River empties into the Mississippi, barred the way. The Eighty-Third Regiment was on a barge lashed to a steamboat and ready for the attempt.



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The fleet of steamboats was under weigh at eight o'clock and the troops watched the Union gunboats as they began firing at the fort, circling in order to bring all their guns into action. After five hours of this, the gunboats withdrew. The regiments went ashore and marched five miles across the neck of land to De Shrank's where they were out of range. The following night the gunboats attacked the fort again and, being successful this time, the troops crossed. It was in the afternoon of April 30th that the Eighty-third went over, spent the evening at Bruinsburg, and that night moved up as a reserve, the enemy having been met at Magnolia Church. The Confederate army had evacuated Grand Gulf and was between the Yankees and Port Gibson. It retreated and the next day the Union army was in Port Gibson. The Eighty-third moved to Willow Springs and guarded a road there for a few days; on May 7th it camped at Rocky Springs on a branch of Big Sandy Creek, nineteen miles from Port Gibson. Two days later it was on the march again and camped on the 10th near Cayuga, about twenty miles from Jackson; after having moved on about ten miles and driven off some Confederate pickets, it came back to Bethesda Church and proceeded towards Raymond about seven miles on the 13th. On the 15th it marched through Raymond and camped a mile beyond. On the next day it went west and met the enemy at Champion's Hill. Here a battle was fought for several hours and the Union force was kept from blocking the Confederate retreat to the junction a few miles to the west where the Jackson road and the road on which the Eighty-third stood, came together. The Yankees camped on the battlefield and the Confederates were in full retreat next day. Then the Union forces pursued them and attacked their new position at Black River, the Eighty-third being on the extreme left and charging with fixed bayonets across an open field towards a Tennessee regiment which at once surrendered.

On May 18th the Black River was crossed and camp pitched. The Union forces, in besieging Vicksburg, had captured its outer defences and on the 19th they came in sight of the city's main fortifications. The lines were drawn closer. On the 21st the Eighty-third was ordered up near the front and was stationed in a deep gully just north of the road, which became its camp site during the siege. The next day Grant ordered a charge. First, the artillery bombarded the Confederate rifle-pits, then the long blue line stormed and took them in the face of fierce firing, reaching the brow of the hill on which stood the fort and lying there for hours. Company K was in the force which had got to the top of the hill. On May 25th a truce was granted for burial of the dead and during it the men of both sides talked and laughed together, resuming the fighting as soon as it had ended. When darkness came the Union forces withdrew. After three more days another truce for burial of the dead was agreed to, each side came out and the men exchanged good-natured banter during the period, then took up the fighting again when it was over.



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The siege was a long one. Rifle-pits and trenches were dug in May and June. Every hill facing the Confederate works was fortified. Thirteen-inch shells were fired from mortars on boats. After forty-seven days of cannonading and musketry fire, on July 3rd the Confederate commander made overtures and on the next day the forts were surrendered.

The Eighty-third was now assigned to the First Brigade, Fourth Division, Thirteenth Army Corps, Department of the Gulf. On July 5th it moved on, crossing Big Black River next day, and on the 7th marched through Edwards and over the Champion's Hill battle-ground; camped near Clinton on the 8th and stayed there a day; on the 10th marched only ten miles, as the Confederates were disputing the advance; drew near to Jackson where breastworks had been constructed and the Union forces devised protection with fence-rails and earth. On July 12th the Yankees moved forward to within four hundred yards of the Confederate breastworks and fortified their line. A truce was declared on the 14th for the burial of the dead. "During its continuance, some of our division climbed trees in order to see the inside of the enemy's works, but they were promptly treated to a volley as a lesson that a flag of truce must be respected in every detail."<sup>115</sup> Picket firing was heavy during the two following days and on the 17th it was found that the Confederates had evacuated Jackson after having destroyed whatever might have been useful to the Union forces.

On the 20th the regiment started back to Vicksburg with the army, passing through Mississippi Springs and Raymond, and camping on Champion's Hill battle-field where Sergeant David B. Snow of Company K played a piano in the Coker House. The march was continued on July 23rd, the regiment passing through Edwards and reaching the Big Black River, camping that night in the gully which it had occupied during the siege of Vicksburg. The next day it marched to a spot on the bank of the river about a mile below the city where it was under the protection of the new line of fortifications. Here it stayed one month. "While here, there were many furloughs granted and they were, most certainly, well merited. There also seemed to be a regular hegira of officers, as many of them resigned, for various reasons."<sup>116</sup> One of the officers who resigned then was Lieut. Edward N. Clopper who had been promoted to the rank of first lieutenant on May 1st, 1863, at the camp near Vicksburg, and was honorably discharged there on August 2nd of that year upon tender of his resignation.

At Beechwood is a small, leather-bound book entitled *Elizabeth or the Exiles of Siberia*, from the French of Mme. Cottin, published in Providence by Doyle & Hathaway in 1827, in which Edward has written: "This little book I put into my pocket at Port Gibson, Miss., on the 2nd day of May, 1863, the day of our entry into the town after the battle on the First of May." Upon returning home he gave it to his mother.



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An old black leather portfolio containing his Civil War papers bears his name and the date of February 20, 1857—he had used it in his days as a student and had it with him in his days as a soldier. Across one of its sides he wrote: “*Notice*. This Portfolio ran the blockade at Vicksburg on Thursday night, April 16th, 1863, in an open barge.” With his papers are several notes of the Confederate States of America in denominations ranging from one to a hundred dollars; and a small envelope, evidently of a type distributed among soldiers to encourage their writing to their parents, for it carries a poem, “Welcome, Mother”—this set Mary’s sentiments to overflowing and, in her relish for the dramatic, she wrote on it: “Far, far, from mother, exposed to all the *horrors* of the battlefield and all its dangers, at Vicksburg, May, 1863.” She recorded in her book that Edward “came home in health after passing through nine battles,” on August 9, 1863.

He had been impelled to withdraw from the army by a sense of duty to those at home—his mother and two aunts without protection at Beechwood and in need of care, as he saw it. Morgan’s Raiders had been threatening Cincinnati, and families in the city were terrified. The Kents had fled to Beechwood as to a refuge; Luke Kent, the jeweler and old friend of the Cloppers, together with his eldest son, had joined the force which had crossed the river into Kentucky to defend the city, so his wife and younger children including Lillian (Amelia) who was then a girl of thirteen years, were afraid to stay at their home in the city and hurried out to Beechwood where they spent the Summer. Edward decided that the proper course for him to pursue was to return home, take charge of the household, and establish himself in business.

With a little capital he formed a partnership with a man named Marshall H. Maxon and the two became merchants at 131 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati, in September of 1863. Their written agreement sets forth that they were to be partners in the business of provision and produce merchants, and commission merchants, in Cincinnati; that they were to rent and occupy a store-room; that each was to put in \$300 cash and give full time to the business; that expenses, profits, and losses were to be shared equally; and that neither partner was to endorse any note or otherwise become security for anyone without the other’s consent.

Edward was no business man and the venture came to an end early in the following April. The firm’s ledger contains accounts with several concerns and individuals; there was an investment of \$600 in stock of the steamer “Ohio Belle” and a shipment of goods to Mobile valued at \$2,481. So ended this attempt to earn a livelihood.

In those same months Edward pursued graduate study at Miami University and was awarded the Master of Arts degree.

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His interest in affairs military did not lapse, however. In the midst of his business career Governor David Tod of Ohio commissioned him as Adjutant (with rank of first lieutenant) of the Sixteenth Regiment, Ohio Militia, in Hamilton County, for five years on condition that within ten days he provide himself with a uniform and take the oath. This commission is dated December 22, 1863, and he took the prescribed oath a few days later.

Late in June of 1864 he went back to the army, not as an infantry officer this time but in charge of the Georgia Depot for the Commissary Department at Chattanooga, serving from July 5 to November 27, 1864, except for a brief period in September when he was at Beechwood attending to home affairs. When he was leaving Beechwood, September 23rd, for the return journey to Chattanooga, his "Aunt Tad" gave him two dollars. A few months later the war was over.

From some notes which have been preserved it appears that Edward took part in a Fourth-of-July celebration held in a grove of trees near Chattanooga, his contribution being a speech—a grandiloquent one—beginning, "Firmly trusting in the Executive already tried through more than seven fires, we are congregated to celebrate this, our national holiday . . ."



# L

## EDWARD'S MARRIAGE AND VISIT TO TEXAS

A YOUNG Englishman named Arthur Howard Baker, only son of Daniel and Bessy Baker of Birmingham, had come to America to make his way in the world and, in 1860 when he was twenty years of age, was employed as entry-clerk by R. W. Booth & Company, wholesale dealers in hardware at Pearl and Walnut Streets in Cincinnati. He boarded with a family by the name of McClintock which had its home then on Fourth Street between Vine and Race. The head of this family was William McClintock who had been born in Pittsburgh in 1809, was a saddler by trade and a rover by disposition; his wife, Eliza Eccles, was a cheerful, kindly Englishwoman whose widowed mother had brought her and her brothers to America from Liverpool in 1833. William and Eliza had three sons and three daughters: James, a printer; Samuel, a saddler; William, who was fifteen years of age in 1860; Ellen, the eldest daughter, married and living in Virginia; Mary Caroline, now twenty years of age; and Bessie, nine; and all but Ellen were at home.

Arthur and Mary Caroline fell in love with each other. They were young and of the same age, he well-bred and of some education, she a fascinating girl with mischievous greenish-brown eyes and jet-black hair. Mary Caroline was a creature of moods and her nature was made up of contrasts—she was sprightly, yet pensive; at times impulsive, at others cautious; now capricious, now restrained; friendly, yet diffident; now talkative, now reticent; temperamental, with flashes of anger; sensitive, and capable of bitterness; considerate, yet jealous; appreciative as a rule, but contemptuous at times; loyal in spirit, but occasionally indifferent; seemingly religious, yet undevout—now Puritanical, now strangely liberal, in thought and behavior; with a deep respect for home ties, yet fond of change—and an excellent travelling companion.

Although she was torn by these opposing forces within her, nevertheless she revelled in them. "I am an oddity," she would declare in later life, nodding her head in a determined way and smiling whimsically—but even this was more of a pose than a conviction. She enjoyed being observed and admired but shrank from the obligations arising from such notice; she both liked and dreaded company, preferring a life of relative seclusion with occasional visitors and frequent jaunts. Curiously enough, with all her conflicting emotions, she had a lively sense of humor and delighted in roguish ways and flights of extravagant fancy;



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MARY CAROLINE MCCLINTOCK

1840-1929

Wife of Edward N. Clopper

From a daguerreotype taken about 1860.

once she sent 25c to a music publisher with a letter saying, "I can make you large sales in this town and surrounding country"—and no one laughed more heartily than she did, afterwards, at such instances of her impulsiveness, yet at the moment she had been in earnest.



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She loved Arthur and Arthur loved her. Their affection for each other was ardent and deep. Doubtless they would have been married, but Mary Caroline's mother objected. Eliza was ambitious for this attractive daughter of hers and unwilling to have her wed an entry-clerk, however gentlemanly he might be. For a son-in-law she preferred Robert Clark, an army officer of Pittsburgh whom Mary Caroline had met in New Orleans and who was a fellow-passenger on Captain Golden's steamboat from New Orleans to Cincinnati—he had been granted leave and accompanied her to Cincinnati to bid her good-bye.

When Arthur understood that his suit was hopeless he made up his mind to return to England and, as a parting gift, he presented to Mary Caroline a handsome leather-bound album containing a number of engravings—on its pages he had written a brief letter and four stanzas entitled "Farewell", subscribing himself "A., April 4, 1861." Here he tells his beloved that he knows this parting will be forever and that "ocean's waves shall roll" between them; then he describes her—

Those beauteous eyes, thy cherub smile.  
Will thrill this heart with joy no more . . .  
I've gazed upon those blooming cheeks  
That brightened with a crimson glow,  
Those raven locks, in glossy waves,  
That cluster round a brow of snow . . .

Suddenly the Civil War burst out and, eleven days after these lines had been penned, President Lincoln called for volunteers. Instead of returning to England, Arthur enlisted in the Union army and carried with him to the south a small daguerreotype of Mary Caroline in all her striking beauty.

Then Eliza broke up housekeeping in Cincinnati for a time and with her husband took Mary Caroline, young William, and Bessie to Pittsburgh. There, on December 3, 1861, Mary Caroline wrote to her sister Ellen (McClintock) Neblett at Sussex Court House, Virginia, saying, "We left Cincinnati this fall for Pittsburgh and will remain here for the winter. I spent two weeks at Grandma's [Sarah (McCullough) McClintock Simpson at Monroeville, Allegheny County, Penna.] last month, and had a pleasant time, all asked about you and longed to see you. I left Willie there. Bessie is going to school at Monroeville and is a child to be *proud* of . . . Mother and Father send their love to you and all the family."

Arthur Baker sickened somewhere in the south and passed away on October 3, 1863. One supposes that he was taken prisoner, that he died in captivity, and that a Confederate officer examined his personal effects months after his death for, hidden between Mary Caroline's daguerreotype and the back of its case, there is a slip of paper with these words in delicate handwriting: "I shall ever hope that the fortunes of war will one day soon favor me with the privilege of seeing the original of this beautiful picture. 'Rebel'. August 9th, 1864." Those were romantic days!

## AN AMERICAN FAMILY

It seems likely that Arthur, knowing he could not live, left instructions for the forwarding of his few possessions to Mary Caroline and the Confederate officer carried them out when conditions permitted. Her daguerreotype, as well as one of himself, is now at Beechwood. His body was brought to Cincinnati and buried in the Booth family's lot in Spring Grove Cemetery, and from time to time in the next half century Mary Caroline visited his grave; she never laid flowers upon it—that would have been unlike her—but would stand, looking at it for a few moments, a wistful expression in her eyes.

In 1863 William and Eliza McClintock with their family were back in Cincinnati, keeping house at 80 West Seventh Street, and probably had a boarder or two. It was late in this year that a new store was opened at 131 West Fifth Street and its sign bore the names "Maxon & Clopper". Mary Caroline told me that her mother went into this store to buy victuals and was waited upon by Edward N. Clopper. Eliza and Edward, both being genial and friendly, liked each other from the first. Perhaps Edward began to eat lunch at the McClintock table, perhaps Eliza had Mary Caroline with her some day when she went to the store—however this may be, Edward and Mary Caroline became acquainted. Both had lost their loves by death, but both were young and loved life, too. Mary Caroline was attracted by Edward's heartiness and sincerity, while her winsome ways and "her witching smile that caught his youthful fancy" did not fail to make a strong appeal to him. It was in 1863 that her portrait was painted by L. Schnabel.

Edward quit the store in the Spring of 1864 and served during most of the year's remainder in the Commissary Department of the army at Chattanooga. Then, on January 25, 1865, he and Mary Caroline were wedded in Christ Episcopal Church on Fourth Street. Edward's Aunt Caroline had bought a new cape for herself for the occasion and some silver salt scoops for the bride—two of these are still at Beechwood. So Mary Caroline—Mary Carrie, as Aunt Caroline called her—came to live at Beechwood. It was an ordeal for her, this attempting to settle down with her husband and three elderly women into the routine of a long-established home—not because of any friction with Aunt Caroline and Aunt Mary Ann, for they were friendly and considerate, but because of the instant antipathy of Edward's mother and herself for each other, an antipathy which was inevitable, given the natures of these two women, and which deepened with the passing of the years. As Mary Caroline saw it, Edward's mother "put on airs" and was domineering in her manner towards his two aunts who were meek and submissive towards her. It was not in Mary Caroline's make-up to be submissive, so the two clashed. Edward and his aunts did their best to keep peace in the old home but it was an impossible task and, in less than three years, Edward and Mary Caroline took up their residence in "the cottage in the yard", only a hundred



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feet or so from the main house. Here, too, they lived three years—the happiest years of her married life, Mary Caroline afterwards declared—then moved to a house which they had bought in Cumminsville.

Early in 1865 Edward still kept accounts for the store and commission business which he had been connected with—the winding up of its affairs—and the name of I. M. Watters stands prominently in them. Again he was examined in eighteen subjects and another male principal's certificate for Cincinnati schools was issued to him, this one dated October 13, 1865, and valid for three years—but he was given no school at this time. The next day Mary Caroline gave birth to their first child, Augustus, whose span of life was but a few hours; Aunt Tad gave Edward ten dollars.

The family's holdings of land in Texas were a burden because of the taxes and trespassing. For many years attempts had been made to dispose of them but sales at long distance are difficult to negotiate; then the Civil War intervened; and now that the war was over, Edward determined to make an effort on the ground, so he left Beechwood for Texas on November 24, 1865—and Aunt Tad gave him five dollars. In December she gave Mary Carrie ten dollars.

As an instance of their Texas real estate troubles, Darius Gregg says in a letter written on January 31, 1861, at Houston to Joseph (who, unknown to him, had been dead for more than three weeks) that Reuben Barrow claims Mary (Este) Clopper's 200 acres on Cedar Bayou but his deed is not recorded in Harris County and that time and a lawyer's fee will regain the land; Barrow has sold timber off it to the railroad which has reached it and will reach Houston by March 1st. Continuing, he says that land is valued at \$10 an acre but would not bring \$2.50 cash now; most of the people have stopped payment for want of means. He requests a power-of-attorney to sell, make title, or sue for the 200 acres on the southwestern side of Cedar Bayou in Harris County which were sold by Meredith Duncan to Elizabeth J. Este on December 20, 1841, and bequeathed by her husband, Edward E. Este, to Mary (Este) Clopper in his will dated October 25, 1842. Mary had the power-of-attorney drawn by her nephew, Edward Mills of Cincinnati, acknowledged it before Samuel S. Carpenter, the commissioner appointed by the Governor of Texas to take acknowledgments in Ohio of deeds and other instruments relating to Texas, and sent it to Gregg on February 14, 1861.

Writing at Houston to his mother on the day after Christmas, Edward told her that he had looked at her Cedar Bayou tract and that it ought to be valuable but "there is no sale for lands now". He had rendered all Clopper lands in Texas for assessment and would pay the taxes before returning home. He hopes to sell the remainder of the Harrisburg tract and intends to leave for Cincinnati on January 2nd. He had arrived in

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Houston on December 6th, had met several men, and had talked with Gregg. David G. Burnet is expected at Galveston on every steamer from New York. General Sherman has promised to pay the balance he owes by the first of the year. Edward hopes all are well and happy at Beechwood and asks whether his wife is contented, as in her last letter to him she had written that she was going to her mother's; he sends her a hundred kisses. Mary noted on this letter that Mary Caroline did go to her mother's two days before Christmas.

With regard to Mary's land the Harris County (Texas) surveyor stated on December 29, 1865, that the New Orleans and Texas Railroad crossed and ran through the northern border of the Meredith Duncan Survey on the west bank of Cedar Bayou in Harris County and that there was a station of this railroad at Cedar Bayou.

Edward managed, in December, to sell the remainder of the Harrisburg tract of his grandfather's estate and his Aunt Caroline entered in her account-book that at this time she received from him \$712 as her share of the proceeds.

On his journey back to Cincinnati Edward bought in New Orleans on January 7, 1866, presumably for shipment to his family, a half-barrel of pecans for \$26.13 and a barrel of oranges for \$11.50.



# LI

## BEECHWOOD IN CIVIL WAR YEARS

WRITING at Baltimore on May 21, 1861, to her Aunt Mary at Beechwood, Lucy Ann (Este) Reynolds says she is glad that her aunt had taken the trip mentioned in a letter she had received from her. Such change is necessary when the heart has been torn by affliction [Joseph had died early this year]. Her own family are all well "in these troublous times" and their city has been quiet and orderly except on two days of panic. All through the Winter there was great distress among the poor and the unemployed, and although large amounts of money have been expended in their behalf, of course the relief was only temporary, and what is to become of them now God only knows, as every one is pushed for money and our wealthiest citizens find it hard to meet their expenses and are obliged to practise strict economy. "Oh, I do pray that peace may be restored & that the people of this country may be saved all the horrors of civil war & that brothers will not imbrue their hands in brothers' blood. For my part I cannot take sides with North or South. I have always been strong for the Union while there was union. I think the South has done wrong, very wrong, & acted with too much precipitation but as their rebellion was not crushed in the beginning when it might have been, the Government has no right to attempt coercion *now* the consequences are too fearful & too sickening to think of. As a nation I believe we deserve punishment & we are now suffering from the hiding of that Providence whose goodness towards us has been slighted & so sadly abused. We are brought very low & we deserve it, but still we must pray that God in his wrath will remember mercy & roll back the tide of war & that we may enjoy the peace & prosperity which has been ours thro' so many long years. I do feel so comforted when I think that the *Lord reigneth* and do cast all my care upon him. Oh! that he may deliver us in his own appointed time. We are still in the city, but expect to move into the country next week; our place looks so lovely every thing so fresh and green. Mr. Reynolds & the children are all well & unite in sending much love to you. Remember me kindly to Misses Caroline & Mary Ann. Joseph [her husband] had a letter from Ned Mills the other day, he was at Morristown & sails for Europe in a few days. I do hope & pray that he is not permanently diseased & that he may return entirely restored to health. Give much love to Edward." Her sympathies clearly were with

the North, as were those of the Beechwood Cloppers, but the Maryland Cloppers were Confederates—another instance of family division in this great crisis.

Mary Augusta Hutton, who was born at The Woodlands in 1857, told the writer that one day in the course of the Civil War a troop of Yankee soldiers stopped in the road opposite the house and the officer in command sent an orderly to the kitchen with a request for food. The negro slaves were so frightened that they fled to the woods, but the family prepared a tray and had little Mary Augusta carry it out to the officer—a tiny Confederate flag sticking up at its top! The officer took the food as he smiled and patted the child's head, then the troop moved on.

Caroline wrote at Beechwood on June 13, 1861, to her cousin Ellen M. Clopper at The Woodlands, saying that the principal reason for her failure to answer Ellen's letter sooner was that "Mrs. General Harrison was and is still very ill—do not think she will live long—Sis Mary went down to the bend [North Bend] to see her—was gone several days—and we had a great deal to attend to—having no assistance but a boy—and he needs constant looking after—and when night come, I felt too fatigued both in mind & body to write or do any thing else these exciting times." Apparently Ellen had asked Caroline whereabouts in Texas the Cloppers' lands were located; Caroline cannot give much information but knows there were some in or near Harrisburg, some on Round Point, and some on the Colorado at the head of the Raft; "our agent", Darius Gregg, who lives in Houston, seven miles from Harrisburg, can give their location. Caroline writes that the Cloppers would be glad to dispose of some, "as we stand in need of cash just now—our house leaks badly and needs a great deal of repairing—but we hate to go in debt for anything . . . When I look back on the past 6 or 8 months I can scarcely believe what I have past through and borne up under it [death of Joseph in January, outbreak of Civil War in April]—of myself, I know I could not—but God who has ever been good & mindful of us gave us strength to bear up . . . but chastisements are necessary for us—else we would not receive them—and so, in a great measure, it appears to be in a National point of view—we have not lived up to our privileges—but abused them, and now God is suffering us to be punished for it . . . Let us turn our thoughts to the Lord and pray that he would have mercy upon us as a nation and restore peace again to our once happy country. This Civil War to me is *awful* to think of—Brother rising against Brother—Father against son and son against Father—O! it's ten fold worse in my eyes than a war with a Foreign Country—O! dear Cousins, Aunt & Uncle—we think of you all daily and our dearly loved little state—Maryland—we pray that all may work together for good. We have just read in the paper that it was thought there would be an exciting time in Frederick to day—and that there was troops stationed along the road & at Rockville—but we hope there will be no fighting or anything of the



kind to alarm you, poor dear Uncle & Aunt, it seems hard that they in their old age should be brought to witness such an unhappy state of things." Ellen had asked Caroline to give her views of going to Texas and Caroline replies that times have changed since she was there but she liked the country although she had some privations to contend with; some months ago she had heard that times were hard there and money very scarce; "we can have no communication now at all—for which we are very sorry—and it may be now so that we will never realize anything from there of our dear Father & Brother's hard earnings, at least during our life." She writes of the garden at Beechwood—beautiful roses, strawberries passing, raspberries coming, but a poor prospect of apples and peaches this year.

"The cars run from the city out to Cumminsville now every 15 or 20 minutes—so that is quite a convenience—they stop by the Mill-creek House." Spring Grove Cemetery looks beautiful now; last week "we all" planted flowers in our lot, "I felt that day—and often since—as if it would not be long before my weary bones would be laid there [she lived fourteen more years] . . . My greatest earthly wish to live is to nurse and take care of Mary Ann should she be sick—she has just come in with Mary. Love to Cousin Douglas & family, Cousin Rachel and all friends as if named—my hand shakes so I can hardly hold the pen—they are very sore with the salt roome [rheum]." She writes of "our dear Eddie" as a comfort to all, kind, thoughtful, nothing selfish about him, "he will graduate [from Miami University] in about two weeks, then I presume will study law with his cousin Edward Mills who is a good lawyer & a man of business . . . I would like to go up when he graduates—but we cant all go & I wish Mary Ann & his mother to see him graduate—so I will deny myself and keep house two or three days while they attend commencement." She is glad that Cousin Augusta & Cousin William are at The Woodlands now—"you will feel better by all being together at this trying time." If Cousin Ann and Amelia are at Cousin Rachel W's she wishes to be remembered to them—Rachel, daughter of Andrew Clopper, married Henry D. Waring; Ann and Amelia were her sisters. By "Cousin Augusta & Cousin William" she meant Francis C. Clopper's daughter, Mary Augusta, and William R. Hutton, her husband. "June is a sad & trying month—the 17th will be the 15th anniversary of dear sister Rebecca's departure from earth to heaven, I trust. When you write to Mary Burgess, give our love"—[this was Mary Young Clopper, daughter of Edward N. Clopper by his second wife, Hetty Barclay Young, who had married Richard W. Burgess].

Mary's nephew, William Este Burnet, was shot and killed in battle at Spanish Fort near Mobile on March 31, 1865; three days later Richmond was taken, and on the 14th of April Lincoln was shot.

During the war civilians tried to help the men in the armed forces by holding "benefits" of various kinds. One object was to



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supply them with toilet kits—brush, comb, wash-cloth, etc. In 1862 Caroline gave ten cents nearly every month to what she called the “Sanitary meeting”, by which she probably meant one of the many Sanitary Fairs held to raise money for use in helping the sick and wounded and where toilet kits were fashioned for soldiers. In October of 1863 she gave a dollar to George Miller, artillery soldier, and in November fifty cents to a collection taken up in Cumminsville Presbyterian Church for the benefit of army men. Then in February of 1864 she gave twenty-five cents to little Sarah M. Este, who was staying at Beechwood, to contribute at a “Sanitary” for two soldier’s “housewives”, thread, and comb. In October of 1861 she paid 75c for a flag which she donated to a soldiers’ “benefit”, and in December she dropped 25c into the collection-box at another meeting of the sort.

Through these stirring years when feelings ran high and when anxiety for the country’s fate and for the safety of loved ones in its service oppressed well-nigh every family, life had to go on at Beechwood as it had to go on in other homes—there were duties to be performed, prayers to be uttered, goods to be bought, visits to be made. The Cloppers were faithful to the church and found consolation in their faith; in April of 1861 Caroline gave ten dollars to her pastor, Rev. S. R. Wilson of the First Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati; she continued to pay \$16.50 a year as pew-rent to this church and attended services there, helping a little also in the activities of the Cumminsville Presbyterian Church—in July of 1862 she contributed some of the fruit, sugar, and cream for a raspberry festival it held. On Thanksgiving Day of 1864 she gave \$2.50 to Rev. Andrew J. Reynolds of the Cumminsville church, and \$3.50 in October of 1865. She also gave a dollar for home missionary work in the border states.

She did not restrict her mites to the Presbyterians, however, for one day in October of 1863 she gave thirty cents “to Mr. Campbell for church in Western Virginia”—this was Alexander Campbell, founder of the Disciples of Christ and president of Bethany College, who probably addressed the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church on this occasion.

Purchases had to be made, supplies of necessities laid in, improvements built. When her brother Joseph passed away Caroline bought a black bonnet for \$4, a veil for \$1, and a black dress for \$4.25. The next month—February of 1861—with the coming Spring season in mind, she spent \$1.10 for having her straw bonnet dyed black and “done up”. When the year was about to end she paid \$7.50 towards the cost of a headstone for Joseph’s grave in Spring Grove Cemetery, and her sister Mary Ann probably paid a like sum. In June of 1863 Caroline spent \$4.25 for a bonnet and \$4.05 for dress goods. In September she paid \$4.02 for the tiny grate in Beechwood’s north bed-chamber which she and Mary Ann occupied, and \$1.25 for setting it; Mary Ann, no doubt, paid a like sum.



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Edward, with Marshall Maxon, had opened his store at 131 West Fifth Street in Cincinnati in September of 1863 and had given up the business in the following April, although he had to keep its accounts for well-nigh two years afterwards because of their gradual settlement. In December Caroline spent 87½ cents for goods and in February fifty cents for a can of peaches "from Eddie's store".

In May of 1864 she paid \$13.80 for black silk dress goods, 45c for buttons for the dress, and \$3 for having it made. She also "laid out" \$18.75 for construction of the cistern at Beechwood, and Mary Ann likely matched this. In June the two sisters bought lumber for the new kitchen and had it "boated out" from the city to Beechwood on a canalboat. That month they sold three old bedsteads at auction for 75c!—and one was of cherry wood which had cost Caroline \$7.50 at second hand. In September Caroline paid \$13.75 for the plastering of the new kitchen and \$14.75 for the tin-work—and Mary Ann must have paid like sums for this improvement. In November Caroline bought a bonnet for \$3. In February of 1865 she paid \$50 as her portion of the cost of carpentry on the new kitchen. A lawn dress cost her \$6.45 in June. In August the two sisters bought a supply of coal—two hundred bushels @ 23c, plus \$6 for "boating it out". Next month Caroline paid \$1.50 for a quart of old Bourbon whisky and \$1.12½ for half a pound of tea—a high price due to the times.

There were trips and visits—as many, seemingly, as in peace years. Mary went to Indianapolis in the Spring of 1861, where her niece, Mary (Mills) Hubbard, lived—this was the visit referred to by Lucy Ann (Este) Reynolds in her letter. Cousin Rebecca C. Pierce of Valparaiso, Indiana, came to Beechwood in January of 1861 and stayed until April; Caroline bought clothing for her in March that cost \$5.24 and made her a parting gift of \$3.50. In July of 1863 Caroline went to Valparaiso—it was her first visit to relatives there—and when she left she gave \$1.50 to Alice, Lawrie, and Nelly.

She has recorded with a strong Union bias, "I took sick on the day Morgan and his thieves were brought to the city." This daring Confederate raider, General John Hunt Morgan, had terrified the people of Cincinnati and its environs, hence his capture released feelings long pent up. With two thousand men he had raided Kentucky and, on July 8th, had crossed the Ohio River into Indiana. Turning eastward, with a superior force in pursuit, he entered Ohio at the village of Harrison on the 13th and was reported as having crossed the Colerain Pike at Bevis, headed towards New Burlington. Word then came that he and his men were encamped between Venice and New Burlington and, later, that they had gone through Glendale to the Little Miami Railroad, had halted to feed their horses in sight of Camp Dennison, and had marched on to Williamsburg, twenty-eight miles east of Cincinnati. Many of his troopers were cap-

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tured on Buffington Island and at other points on the Ohio River and taken down to Cincinnati on steamboats, the officers ordered held on Johnston's Island as hostages for the safety of Union officers in Libby Prison at Richmond, the private soldiers being sent by railway to Indianapolis. The *Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer* of July 29, 1863, reported the capture of Morgan at Salineville, Ohio, and his arrival with some of his officers on July 28th in Cincinnati where they were held in the City Prison pending their transfer to Columbus. This newspaper's edition of August 5th carried an item dated at Columbus, July 30th, reporting the incarceration of Morgan and twenty-nine of his men in the state penitentiary there on that day. He escaped and fought again in the south until killed.

Amelia E. Kent (Lillian) who died in 1940 at the age of ninety years, was fond of relating that in the Summer of 1863 when she was a girl of thirteen, her father and eldest brother having joined the force guarding the city from this raider, her mother brought her and her younger brothers to Beechwood from their home down town because of fear that the city might be burned and its residents killed.

In mid-August of 1862 Cousin Joseph McKibbin was at Beechwood for a visit; he was colonel of a cavalry regiment and Acting-Inspector of the Army of the Cumberland under Rosecrans and Thomas.

Cousin Sally Chambers of Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania, came in the following Winter and Caroline gave her a pair of gloves and three "tortoise rings" to take to the children at her home—the children of her brother, Benjamin Chambers. In March of 1865 Caroline visited Oxford, Ohio, and gave \$2.50 to Julia—was her surname Rogers? In the Summer of that year Mary (Este) Clopper's niece, Lizzie or Elizabeth Nottingham, visited Beechwood for ten days—Caroline gave her \$12.25 in clothing and cash, and Mary Ann gave her \$8.50, which leads one to surmise that she was more or less in need.

The ever-wandering McClintock family had lived at 80 West Seventh Street in Cincinnati in 1863 and 1864, then in 1865 they seem to have moved to Delaware, Ohio, possibly to a farm, and Caroline journeyed there in July to visit them; the round trip fare was \$4.70 she tells us, and she made a present of two dollars to Bessie who was then fourteen years of age; Samuel seems to have been ailing, for upon her return home Caroline paid two dollars for some medicine for him and 25c for sending it there.

Little Sarah M. Este was at Beechwood either all the time or at intervals between 1861 and 1866. It is believed that she was the daughter of Mary (Este) Clopper's brother, Alfred Este of Constantia, New York, who had a large family and was in straitened circumstances. From time to time Sarah, or Sally as she was called, was given things—a pair of stockings, a half dollar—and once, in December of 1863, Caroline "laid out" twenty cents in four dolls for her to send to the Great Western Sani-



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tary Fair in Cincinnati. In April of 1865 she gave her five dollars. Sarah left for home in August of 1866.

Memoranda were made concerning a few marriages and deaths which occurred in these years. On January 7, 1864, Lewis E. Mills, son of Mary (Este) Clopper's sister Sarah Ann (Este) Mills, and Jean, daughter of the late Charles G. Springer, were married.

Caroline spent \$2.40 for "going to see Dr. Oliver die"—this was Dr. J. Q. Oliver; he passed away on February 1st, 1861, in his 38th year, and the funeral service was held in his brother's residence at Pleasant Plain.

On February 28, 1864, "our dear aged friend", Anna Tut-hill (Symmes) Harrison, widow of President William Henry Harrison, died at her son's, Scott Harrison's, near North Bend, at the age of 88 years and 7 months. She had been a close friend of the Cloppers and had attended Mary when Edward was born in 1840; she made a little dress for him and, later, when he was three years old, gave him a small Bible—both of these gifts are still treasured at Beechwood. For many years there were tall pear trees at Beechwood called "Harrison pears" because the Harrisons had given them to the Cloppers when they were saplings; they bore round fruit good for stewing and preserving, stood for many years, and were succeeded by a few seedlings which are now flourishing.

On July 5, 1865, Mary wrote, "My friend Mrs. Anna H. Taylor died at Columbus, Ohio. *All gone.*" Mrs. Taylor was the youngest and only surviving daughter of President William Henry Harrison.

Certain business transactions took place in December of 1863. On Christmas Day Caroline and Mary Ann conveyed to Edward an acre and a quarter of land—a Christmas present, no doubt—being the remainder of four and a quarter acres of which three had already been transferred to him by Rebecca.

On December 10th Caroline, Mary Ann, Edward, and his mother agreed to give a right-of-way 75 feet wide through the Clopper Farm to the Marietta & Cincinnati Railroad Company, the consideration being \$4,000 and a family ticket good for one year. The amount of land to be conveyed was just under four acres. Henrietta Johnston then owned the land adjoining the Clopper Farm on the east; when the railroad cut through her place she disposed of her entire plot and gave up her attractive home there. In the Spring of 1864 the company paid the Cloppers \$1,000 and in the following December \$3,000.

Edward decided to invest his share of this money in whisky, so he bought one hundred barrels for \$10,738.69 and paid down \$2,000 in cash, the whisky being held for his account; it was sold six weeks later at a gross profit of \$140—but charges amounted to \$363.17, hence on his investment he lost about \$224. His unsuccessful venture in the commission business had failed to teach him that he was not designed for a commercial career,

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and even this additional loss was not enough to dissuade him—he was of the opinion that what he needed was more training. so he paid a fifty-dollar tuition fee in February to Bartlett's Business College in Cincinnati and studied how to prosper in the trading field. Fortunately he did not go farther in that direction, but turned to his proper sphere as an educator.



## LII

### LIFE AT BEECHWOOD AND SUNNYSIDE FROM 1866 TO 1879

THE Clopper Farm, as Beechwood was sometimes called, had the common difficulty of finding steady laborers. One man worked on the place until April of 1867 for ten dollars a month in addition to his board and was succeeded then by a Canadian couple, the man being paid sixteen dollars a month and board and his wife \$1.25 weekly, but they stayed only three months. Then a sixteen-year-old boy was employed at ten dollars a month and board; he served until November of 1868 when he was arrested for theft and committed to jail. The next boy was paid the same wages but quit after eleven weeks, giving way to another who lasted eight weeks. Then came a man who worked by the day at \$1.25 and left after ten weeks. Next came a German at twelve dollars a month who remained during the rest of 1869, being succeeded in January by a negro at a dollar a day who quit in March. Then a white man was paid \$1.50 a day and he stayed on the job for eight months, returning in February of 1871 for a few weeks. Another worked during the Summer for eight dollars a month and board, and after this season a man named Grimes was employed now and then as the need arose—for instance, on March 18, 1874, he was paid fifty cents for driving the Clopper sisters to call on Emma Sayres; after such calls the sisters usually rode home on a street-car.

Edward and Mary Carrie took up their residence in "the cottage in the yard" in November of 1867, moving from the main house at Beechwood which Caroline, Mary Ann, and Mary (Este) Clopper, all three now grown old, continued to occupy.

Domestic service was almost as unstable as farm labor: one woman was employed at the main house early in 1869 and was followed by another who stayed for a time and then returned after an absence. A negress was paid to wash and iron clothes until the Summer of 1870 when a maid-of-all-work was engaged at eight dollars a month and board—she was more reliable and remained until the end of 1872. The next year a German woman who, with her husband, had rented from the Cloppers a cottage near the railroad at a hundred dollars a year, was paid for doing the family wash. Thereafter, it seems, the "hired girls" came and went more frequently than ever; they did not like being isolated in a retired spot with three elderly women and preferred the livelier environment of the village or city.

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Mary Carrie's sister, Bessie McClintock, was sixteen years of age in 1867 and lived with the family at Beechwood, moving to "the cottage in the yard" with Edward and Mary Carrie in November of that year and attending the district school in Cumminsville. Their brother, William Craig McClintock, was employed then as a printer in Cincinnati and paid her board for a time—\$5.50 in September and \$30 in November of 1867 are credited to him by Edward "for Bessie's board" in the accounts for those months. Later she lived with her parents on their farm in Clermont County but felt thwarted there, so arrangements were made for her to make her home again with Edward and Mary Carrie and to help with the care of the children and household affairs in return for her board and a stipend. Edward paid her a few times in the Autumn of 1874 but she did not stay long and the next year found her back at Beechwood, preparing the "cottage in the yard" for her parents. Again in 1879 she was helping in the Clopper household, for in November Edward paid her ten dollars as "balance for services".

Edward and Mary Carrie had a succession of servants: Lizzie, Anna, Susan, Louisa, Sarah, Amanda, and Minnie, who were paid from \$2 to \$2.75 weekly in addition to board and room.

The live-stock of Clopper Farm consisted of a few horses, cows, hogs, and poultry. In April of 1866 Edward paid \$125 for a grey horse branded "U S" and warranted safe property. In August Caroline paid \$3 to a "cow doctor" and \$3.25 for medicine prescribed for the cow "Lilly". In December she gave 75c to a negro for helping to kill two hogs. A small red cow named "Molly" was bought for \$60 in April of 1867 and sold with a calf ten months later for \$54. A cow and a calf were bought in June for \$82, and a calf was sold in October for \$8.50. The grey horse "Bill" was sold in 1868 for \$110 and a brown mare, five years old, was bought for \$99.50; a calf was sold for \$10.95 and another bought for \$11.50; the cow "Rose" was sold for \$60. In 1869 a calf was sold for \$11.20 and the next year a cow was disposed of for \$48.75.

Four pigs, weighing 389 pounds when dressed, were sold @ 6½c a pound in November of 1867. A month later a hog, weighing 228 pounds when dressed, was sold @ 8c a pound. The next year a hog weighing 186 pounds brought 9c a pound: in 1869 two hogs, weighing 735 pounds dressed, were sold @ 10½c and a sow with seven pigs went for \$20; in 1870 six pigs were sold at one time for \$6 each and at another time two six-weeks-old pigs were bought for \$15; in 1871 a boar was bought for \$5 and three hogs weighing 958 pounds sold @ 4¼c a pound.

From 1867 to 1869 barnyard fowls were sold at from 30c to 50c each, a dozen or two at a time; also ducks @ 50c each or 13c a pound when dressed; while dressed turkeys fetched from 13c to 20c a pound. Hen's eggs were disposed of at from 15c to 40c a dozen, depending upon the season, five to fifteen dozens at



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a time. Butter was sold at from 30c to 50c a pound, the quantity varying from three to thirteen pounds at a time. In June of 1867 a hive of bees was bought for ten dollars.

Most of the agricultural products were consumed by the family itself and by the live-stock, the surplus being sold at current prices: potatoes @ \$1.50 a barrel; tomatoes @ from 50c to 60c a peck, and, once, two dozen of tomato plants were sold for 75c; apples @ \$2 a barrel; pumpkins @ 10c each; fodder @ 12½c a shock; hay and oats at market prices. Old paper was disposed of @ 4c and 4½c a pound. Gravel from the bar in Mill Creek just above Clopper's Ford brought in a little income, too, from time to time. In 1871 the expenses at Beechwood for ploughing; hauling manure; sowing corn, oats, potatoes, timothy and clover seed; cultivating; mowing grass, making hay, and hauling it; cutting, binding, and hauling oats; cutting, shocking, husking, and hauling corn; and digging potatoes; all amounted to only \$57.20 according to the accounts, although it seems incredible.

The record of farming operations on the customary scale ends with 1871 when Edward and Mary Carrie moved away from "the cottage in the yard", with the exception of a few items, now and then, during the next eight years concerning the sale of hay, fodder, corn, oats, poultry, and a pig. Beechwood virtually ceased to be the Clopper Farm when Edward left it. For years an increasing income had been realised from letting more and more land as pasture to other stock owners instead of cultivating it, thus relieving the Cloppers of the farm-labor problem, until all outside of the grounds surrounding the main house and the cottage had been given over to this use. During his aunts' lifetime Edward's share of this income was one-third. Late in the nineteenth and well into the twentieth century Herman Dickhaus, a Spring Grove Avenue dairyman, drove his herd of cows through the creek and over the railroad to these pastures daily, year after year, from May to October.

Purchases also tell a little of the story of how the family lived. In January of 1866 Edward bought a Jenny Lind carriage for \$275, his Aunt Caroline putting up \$125 as her portion of its cost; perhaps his Aunt Mary Ann matched this, leaving only \$25 for him to contribute. In March, towards a barrel of flour for the family, Caroline paid \$5.37½ or a third of its cost, probably, the others making up the balance. In February of the following year Caroline paid \$7.12½ as her share of the price of another barrel—likely the half of it—and in May Edward alone gave \$15.50 for a barrel. Prices generally rose in the Civil War and did not get back to normal until 1870.

In May of 1866 Caroline must have a Spring bonnet and bought one for \$4.17. In August she paid \$15 for a new set of teeth! Her candlestick of copper plated with silver was replated in November at a cost of \$2.10—it is still in service at Beechwood.



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In January of 1867 Edward acquired an eight-day clock for \$10 from the family's old friend, Luke Kent, the jeweler—doubtless this time-piece is the one in an absurdly ornate black-walnut case whose pendulum carries a mirror in the form of a four-pointed star; Mary Carrie had it with her during her last days in Indianapolis where it marked the hour of her death; it is now in the north bedchamber at Beechwood.

In October of 1867 Caroline "laid out" ten dollars in a waterproof cloak for herself and five in a coat for Mary Ann. In March of the following year she paid five dollars as her portion of the charge for weaving a rag-carpet—the sisters had cut and sewn the material into strips for this purpose, no doubt. In May her inevitable Spring bonnet cost \$7.50, and in December a merino dress and gloves \$10. In July of 1869 she paid \$1.50 for six small knives and \$3.30 for six plated forks, all "with name put on".

Edward smoked cigars and a pipe, wore kid gloves, and usually had a little brandy, ale, or wine in his home—for sparkling catawba wine he paid \$13 for a dozen of bottles. When he and Mary Carrie moved into "the cottage in the yard" on November 23, 1867, he sold a carpet and oil-cloth to his mother for \$16 and a carpet to his "Aunt Tad" for \$15, then paid \$50 for furniture, \$43 for a carpet, \$9 for a hemp carpet, \$4.80 for a stair-carpet (which must have been for the main house, as there was no stairway in the cottage), and \$15 for a cook-stove. At this time Caroline gave them \$25 to help pay for a carpet and forks, \$2.50 for six teaspoons, \$3.70 for tea, sugar, and other provisions. and also made them another present of five dollars while Mary Ann gave them ten.

Edward bought a wardrobe for \$16 in January of 1868, and a fur overcoat for \$32 in December. Beer cost him \$3 and a pound of tea \$1.50. In February of 1869 he paid \$25 for an evening dress coat, \$3.40 for wine, and 75c for a valentine—for Mary Carrie, surely. In March a barrel of flour cost him \$9.25. His son Oliver was a month old in November of this year and so he invested five dollars in a cradle; as this was the season for game and sea-food, his account shows purchases of quail and oysters which he and Mary Carrie washed down with ale costing \$1.15. In December he spent a dollar for ale, fifty cents for cigars, \$2.50 for a stereoscope which is now kept at Beechwood—every family had one of these at this period—and \$75 for a watch and chain which he presented to Mary Carrie on Christmas Day. He was fond of wearing a silk hat and bought one for five dollars in February of 1870.

Writing at her home in Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania, on December 3, 1866, to her cousin Mary Ann at Beechwood, Sallie B. Chambers says that she got home about the first of June (1865?), presumably from a visit to Philadelphia where David and his wife were, David having been ordered to Arizona [probably David B. McKibbin]. A death from cholera has occurred in Mifflinburg.



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"Is Edward living with you yet? how I would like to visit you while you are all liveing together . . . Cousin Mary E, have you got little Sadie yet? [Sarah M. Este.] I suppose she is quite a big girl, able to do all the work, but if she goes to school she will be of little or no acount at work; our Sadie goes to school every day. she is of no acount what ever to work but if she onley does well at school we will ask no more of her."

Sallie B. Chambers, daughter of Benjamin and Sarah (Barber) Chambers, was born in 1817 and died in 1889, unmarried. She visited Beechwood several times. The "little Sadie" she refers to as living with Mary (Este) Clopper was, probably, Sarah M. Este, who seems to have been a child of Alfred Este's. The child mentioned as "our Sadie" must have been her niece, Sarah E. Chambers, daughter of Benjamin and Elizabeth Eleanor (Simonton) Chambers who had been born in 1856 and who became the wife of M. L. Ross.

It appears that Sallie B. Chambers was visiting Beechwood again in August of 1869, for Caroline bought two handkerchiefs for \$1.50 at that time and presented them to her; in this same month Caroline and Mary Ann paid \$11 for two photographs of their mother—these must have been photographs of Rebecca (Chambers) Clopper's portrait which still hangs on the wall at Beechwood; one of them is kept with her letters, the other was likely given to Sallie who carried it back to Mifflinburg where an enlargement was made; this enlargement hung on the wall in the house at 615 Market Street, Mifflinburg, until James Chambers's death there in 1941 when the place was sold.

The Johnston family who lived in their Swiss chalet east of Beechwood did not relish the coming of the railroad whose trains began running past their residence in 1870, so they sold the place and its furniture; Caroline bought three window-blinds from them for \$4.50 and also a gate. In June of 1872 she paid \$6 for a new bonnet and in July 90c for a quart of "good old Bourbon"; she was now in her seventies and rheumatic pains may have assailed her, for in October of 1873 she bought a bottle of King-of-all-Pain for 50c—also a bonnet ribbon for 44c. Only a few more items appear in her account, for she was nearing the end of her days: in January of 1874 she spent 15c for candles and a dollar for wine; in March a dollar for 9 $\frac{1}{4}$  lbs. of sugar; in April a Spring bonnet must be had, so she bought one for \$4.25 and some ribbon for 15c; then in May, with Mary Ann and Mary (Este) Clopper, she purchased a barrel of flour.

Edward liked to be well-dressed and liked to have his wife and children well and fashionably clothed. A new silk hat for himself cost \$6.50 in October of 1871; in March of 1872 he paid \$15 for a coat of blue Tricot cloth for himself and in April \$36 for a dress for Mary Carrie. In December of 1873 a dress for Mary Carrie cost \$35. Edward paid \$6 for another silk hat in September of 1874, and in the following March \$20.50 for a coat and hat for himself; then in June \$22 for a dress for Mary



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Carrie. The price of flour had gone down—in November of 1871 he paid only \$7.25 for a barrel, less than half the price in 1866. A small music-box, for Christmas no doubt, was bought in December of 1872 for \$4.50 and was not long in going the way of most toys; in the same month a cow was acquired for \$26 and kept to supply milk for Bessie Clopper who was then one year old.

The horse "Charlie" was sold in the Summer of 1874 and a black horse and buggy-harness purchased for \$113.50. In March of 1877 the horse "Prince" and an old buggy were sold for \$75. In August of 1874 a cider-mill was bought for \$15 and this must have been used in the apple-orchard at Beechwood, east of the main house. At this time the McClintocks were living on a farm in Clermont County and Edward got butter from them, paying \$4.80 for this in January and \$2.80 in November at forty cents a pound. In May of 1876 he paid \$5 for the walnut window-cornices which are now in the north bedchamber at Beechwood; and in October of 1877 \$15 for a base-burner anthracite coal-stove, the type of heater whose top was a cylinder to hold the fuel and whose middle was a bulging mass of little windows glazed with mica through which one could see the coal burning—a cheerful as well as an efficient contrivance.

The record shows that in February of 1875 Edward paid a dollar for "Col. Sellers"—this could only have been "The Gilded Age" by Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner (whose chief character is Colonel Sellers) which had been published the year before, and this copy stands now on a shelf in the library at Beechwood, its cover dilapidated but its contents as fresh as ever. Henry M. Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent" in two green volumes cost him ten dollars in April of 1879 and these, too, have their place among the books on travel at Beechwood; in this year he became the owner of several other works: a large, red-bound volume on "Masterpieces of European Art" was purchased for \$17 in May, and in October Bryant's "Popular History of the United States" in several volumes at \$6 each—all these are at Beechwood to-day.

In June of 1877 Mary (Este) Clopper bought in Richard Cluxton's store in Cumminsville a parasol for \$3.25 and had it charged to Mrs. Bowler on account of the sand-bar. The Bowlers must have bought sand from the Cloppers who owned a bar in the creek; their gardener was a man named Cluxton, probably a son of Richard's, and the sand was paid for by arranging a credit at the Cluxton store, apparently.

After his unsuccessful excursion into the commercial world Edward took up educational work again and continued in that field without further interruption until his death. The town of Cumminsville, after examination, issued to him in August of 1866 a principal's certificate valid for two years and he served as principal of its public school until the Summer of 1868, being paid a salary of \$100 a month during the first year and \$110 during the second. He wished to have the building (the Union



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Graded School at Knowlton and Langland Streets) equipped with more than desks, benches, and blackboards so he set about getting an organ for use in singing classes and held a concert in Cluxton Hall in March of 1867 for the purpose of raising a fund with which to buy one. His Aunt Caroline bought a ticket for this concert, paying fifty cents. The affair was a success, as may be gathered from the fact that the school board made him a gift of \$7.68, the balance remaining—but at the same time there seems to have been some hostile murmuring, as indicated in this amusing letter: The Board of Directors of the Cumminsville School, on March 29, 1867, thanks Edward for having carried out the plan for a concert to raise money for the purchase of an organ, which he had suggested, and its secretary, R. B. Pullan, adds, "I hope the music of the Clopper organ may produce harmony in all departments of the School, and that it may prove an instrument highly instrumental in abolishing some other instruments."

In those days it was customary for school principals to buy the prescribed textbooks and sell them to the pupils, thus supplementing their salary with the modest difference between the wholesale and retail prices. However, at the opening of schools in September it was not usual for an educator to have ready money—the lean vacation season deprived him of that luxury—hence Edward borrowed \$100 from his aunts in the Autumn of 1867 and paid \$160.60 to Sargent, Wilson, & Hinkle, publishers of the McGuffey readers which were used in the Cumminsville school; one supposes that this sum was for books which he in turn sold to the pupils, although his account book has no entry of profit from their sale. Bessie McClintock, Mary Carrie's sister, attended the Cumminsville school at this time as a pupil in Grade A; her copy of McGuffey's "New Fifth Eclectic Reader", bearing her name and the date of January 20, 1868, is kept in the library at Beechwood.

In January of 1868 Edward organised a night school and, as the building had no artificial light or extra fuel, he bought two lamps for \$5 and twenty-five bushels of coal for \$5.50. Then in February he received \$40.50 as proceeds from this source in the preceding month, from which one concludes that it was well patronised. Its net proceeds for February were \$37. How long it was kept open that year is not known—Edward made no further entry of it in his accounts for that Winter, so it probably lasted only until March.

Upon leaving the Cumminsville school in June of this year he was presented with a copy of Noah Webster's unabridged *American Dictionary of the English Language* published by G. & C. Merriam, 1868, which is still in use at Beechwood. It contains this printed message:

"MR. E. N. CLOPPER,

"Dear Teacher:

"We cannot permit this occasion to pass without tendering to you some testimonial of our esteem. While no present within our

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ability to procure can be worthy your deserts, we hope that this poor tribute of our regard may be accepted.

"This day, with some of us, will close long years of attendance at this school; and with all, it will sever the pleasant relation of Teacher and Pupil that has existed between us. We can only express our heartfelt sorrow that we can no longer receive instruction from your lips or be guided by your kind hand. You have done us good, and we thank you and hope you will forget any trouble that we have given in the thoughtlessness of childhood, and remember us only as scholars, who cherish the memory of your kindness.

"You have taught us by precept and example to be studious, kind, gentle, and good, and we hope we will not forget the lesson, and that you may receive your reward from the Great Teacher, both here and hereafter.

"Very sincerely, your attached pupils:

W. J. Applegate  
Charles Fine  
J. R. Reeder  
Lizzie Pullan

G. W. Coolidge  
Susie Miley  
Emma Eastman  
Josie Robinson

"Cumminsville, June 26th, 1868."

With a first-class certificate issued by Special School District No. 9, Edward became principal of the Camp Washington public school at a salary of \$120 a month in September of 1868 and continued in that position for eleven years. The letter of the Board of Trustees for the Camp Washington School District notified him that he had been elected to the office of principal and superintendent of the school for the ensuing term at a salary of \$1,200 for the term of ten months. Camp Washington was then an independent political unit and was annexed to the city of Cincinnati in 1869.

In June of both 1870 and 1873 Edward obtained, after examination, the Cincinnati male principal's certificate, each valid for three years, and in June of 1876 the Cincinnati English principal's certificate valid for five years.

Here also he organised a night school, its net proceeds up to mid-January of 1869 being \$31, and by the end of that month \$20 more. His salary for the day school was increased to \$135 a month for the scholastic year of ten months beginning in September of 1869; to \$150 a month in September of 1870; and to \$170 a year later. Another source of slight income for principals was the annual taking of the school census, and in October of 1869 Edward was paid \$15 for this service in Camp Washington; again at the beginning of the following year he received this sum for having done this task and at the same time realised a profit of \$25.50 from the sale of school-books to pupils. In February of 1872 he profited by \$22 through the sale of copy-books to pupils, by \$24.33 in this way in September of 1875. and by \$30 from this source two years later.

Night school brought him an additional income at \$2.50 a night for five nights a week or \$50 a school month of twenty days, in the Winter months, until 1875; afterwards, if the night school was maintained, someone else supervised it. In September



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of 1876 his noonday meals in Camp Washington cost him thirty cents daily; in May of 1878 he lunched at Mrs. Loew's for 25c daily and continued to get his noon-day nutriment there at this price until he left the state in November of 1879.

At the opening of the school term in the Autumn of 1877 a position as teacher was vacant and a young man was being sought to fill it—presumably Charles P. Belknap was chosen.

On the evening of April 28, 1871, the eighth annual exhibition of the Camp Washington Intermediate and District School was held. A program of twenty-nine numbers was arranged: recitations, music, tableaux. Leah and Julia Caldwell played an instrumental duet; and Julia Caldwell took part in a "Colloquy". Jennie Parvin and Ella Brashear played an instrumental duet.

Edward had a school picnic at Oak Grove in June of 1873. His faithful Aunt Caroline contributed two dollars towards its expenses and in all probability others did likewise. It appears that the grove was at Oakley and that the party was taken there from Camp Washington on a Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad train (now the Baltimore and Ohio), Edward paying the company \$55.15 for the round trip.

In the hope of adding to his capital and of increasing his income Edward had a cottage built in the Summer of 1868 upon his land in the west pasture of Beechwood. To finance it in part he borrowed \$550 from his Aunt Mary Ann at five per cent interest and the balance from a building association to which he paid \$2.50 in weekly dues. Among his payments for its construction were \$104.60 for stone and hauling, \$72.80 for the cellar wall, \$200 for lumber, \$80 for carpentry, \$50 for plastering, and \$75 for painting. From his records one gathers that he did not rent this place until September of 1869; for five months he received ten dollars monthly and after that \$8.35; in 1872 a man named John Williams occupied it and paid the rent for years, sometimes in cash, sometimes in labor.

Mary (Este) Clopper borrowed \$200 from Caroline in March of 1866 and, apparently, a like sum from Mary Ann, with which to pay for improvements on a house near the creek then occupied by "Dutch Henry" who seems to have raised vegetables there for market. In 1868 Mary paid back to Caroline and Mary Ann \$428.75, including interest; "it ran me close," she declared.

At about this time Caroline, Mary Ann, and Mary (Este) Clopper jointly purchased a lot from Mrs. Janet Thomson for \$2,200. This was on Third Street (now called Chase Street) in Cumminsville; originally Knowlton Street was First Street, and Lingo was Second. Edward bought it from them later on at the same price but his mother let him have her third for \$500 and on January 1st, 1878, she asked him to pay her five dollars monthly until the balance of what he owed her had been discharged.

In January of 1866 Edward paid off a note for \$100 which had been given to Joseph M. Strickling in June of 1865. A year



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later he paid \$80 and thus "lifted" a note for \$160 given to Strickling and Lakeman, half of which had already been paid. That same month he paid \$32.05 as his share of two joint notes given to J. M. Strickling by Maxon & Clopper, and in February of 1867 Maxon & Clopper paid to J. M. Strickling \$200 in full of all claims. This finally disposed of the ill-starred commission business whose debts had outlasted its life.

Edward then was able to reverse the process and lend a little money—in September of 1869 Frank Eversull borrowed \$100 from him for six months at twelve per cent interest, and paid it back ten months later. On January 1st, 1870, Edward's college mate, T. B. Marshall, and Edward Marshall gave him their note for \$75 for one year at ten per cent interest.

The Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad Company altered its line and paid the Cloppers for additional land in 1869, Edward receiving \$600 as his share in July. Next month he was paid \$12.85 for the stabling of horses at work on the railway for nine days, and also \$2.85 as a witness fee in the railway case. Later, it appears, the company needed still more land for its right-of-way and made a first payment for it to the Cloppers in October of 1873, Edward's share being \$222.22 or one third, and his Aunt Caroline's the same; doubtless his Aunt Mary Ann received a like amount; this land was probably for the station built opposite Beechwood and called "East Cumminsville".

A new foot-bridge across Mill Creek from Spring Grove Avenue to the railway was constructed in 1870. Prior to this time residents on the slope of Clifton hill had used Clopper's Ford through the creek, going in vehicles or on horseback, and they continued to do so for many years, but the coming of the railway with its tracks on a newly-built ridge of land made the use of this old outlet more difficult. There had also been a footbridge since the eighteen-thirties—often carried away when the creek was in spate. Edward paid four dollars towards the cost of the lumber used in constructing this new one. It was probably swept away by a flood soon afterwards for in 1872 he and Ludlow Apjones, son of Charlotte (Ludlow) Jones, owner of land nearby, raised money by subscription among local residents and business men "for erecting a foot-bridge to connect the Cincinnati and Spring Grove Avenue with the new station of the Marietta & Cincinnati R. R. at or near Clopper's Ford in Cumminsville." The bridge was put up in 1872 and in the following year the railway company had its station built there; for about half a century residents of Cumminsville boarded and got off "accommodation" trains there, crossing the creek on the foot-bridge. Cumminsville ceased to be politically independent and became a part of Cincinnati in 1873; ultimately the city maintained the bridge as one of its public works.

Edward wished to establish his family in a home of his own apart from Beechwood, where he could play a more active part in the social and religious life of the community and where



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his children could have companions of their own age, so he bought a house and lot in Cumminsville from Janet Thomson for \$7,200, in March of 1871. The premises are now known as No. 4234 Hamilton Avenue, a few doors above the Presbyterian Church; the lot measured 80 feet by 193 feet; and to this place he gave the name of "Sunnyside". He paid \$1,500 in cash, having borrowed \$2,000 from the LaFayette Bank on March 4th for sixty days, traded his lot on Third (Chase) Street now valued at \$3,000, gave a mortgage on the property for \$1,800 (which was paid and cancelled in March of 1875), and must have paid \$900 additional in some form which does not appear in his records, unless it was cash from the sale of building association shares inasmuch as he both gave a mortgage on west pasture land at Beechwood and sold such shares in January and February of 1871. This mortgage on one and a half acres of the west pasture was paid and cancelled in July of 1880.

With his family he occupied Sunnyside in the Spring of 1871, moving there from "the cottage in the yard" at Beechwood, and it was his place of residence for eight years. A man named Chesnut and his daughter boarded with the family there from January to April of 1872, paying \$32 a month; this was, no doubt, the husband of Margaret, daughter of John and Janet (Langlands) Thomson, and the man of this name who substituted for Edward one night in January of 1872 at the Camp Washington night school—for which service Edward paid him the full allowance of \$2.50.

In this year he continued to receive an income from pasturage (which increased annually until it amounted to \$240 in 1876) and from the sale of fodder and hay raised on his land at Beechwood; he also received a few dollars from the sale of gravel taken from the bar in the creek. He sold old coins and seals for \$6.73 in June of 1872—and one wishes now that he had kept them and handed them down! So also with the gold and silver which he sold in December of 1875 for \$124.32! An interesting item of these times is two dollars for ten weeks of shaving—probably every Saturday at twenty cents a shave.

The property on Everett Street in the city continued to yield an income as well as to incur expense; a "new house" was built on this lot in the Autumn of 1874 costing more than \$2,000 and making the structure there a double dwelling, apparently, for "both sides" brought in \$55 rent monthly. The Bowlers annually paid \$5 as rental for the ram in the ravine. In January of 1876 the name of Mrs. Salzman appears in the list of tenants; she paid rent at intervals in sums ranging from \$20 to \$60 and amounting to \$240 a year; in February of 1878 she leased the property for three years—this was probably on Spring Grove Avenue near Mad Anthony Street. The Cincinnati City Directory for 1872-1880 has Mrs. Theresa Salzman, widow, house and dairy, Spring Grove Avenue, Cumminsville; in 1880 the location given was south side of Spring Grove Avenue opposite Mad Anthony Street.



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Like his grandfather, Edward pinned his faith on real estate as a basis of wealth but, unlike him, he was not a reckless plunger. He bought small pieces and paid for them as soon as he could. In April of 1874 he acquired some lots in Indianapolis from William S. Hubbard, husband of a cousin of his, who lived there, and paid \$214 of the price; it seems that his second payment was \$232.69 including taxes and was made in March of 1875; his third \$253.70 including taxes, a year later; and his final one \$239.18 including taxes and interest, in March of 1878. He also bought a thirty-foot lot but where it was located his records do not disclose—he may have got it from William Thomson in Cumminsville—at any rate, in April of 1876 he paid \$470.33 and “lifted” his first note given in connection with its transfer.

He paid weekly dues of \$2.50 to a building association from 1869 and monthly interest of \$6.60 from 1871 to 1876. In 1872 he paid interest to both of his aunts; later, instead of paying the money to them direct, he had necessary repairs made at his expense upon Beechwood and “the cottage in the yard”—and these came to more than the interest he owed. Having inherited from his Aunt Caroline her “Rose Cottage” and one-acre lot on the north bank of Mill Creek, he placed a mortgage on it in July of 1876 as security for a loan of \$500 from William R. Williamson. Then, in May of 1877, he had the mill lot subdivided and paid \$30 for a plat, hoping that people would buy the lots and build houses on them—but almost no one ever did.

Texas land still held out a faint promise of money to be realised—and made an ever-recurring demand for taxes. Writing at Houston on June 25, 1866, to Mary (Este) Clopper, Darius Gregg reported that he could find no sale for lands then; indeed, they could not be sold as well then as when Edward was there. He intended to start for Kentucky in a few days but his wife would not go with him. If he should go to Cincinnati he would spend a few days at Beechwood. He has just paid taxes on land except on the 714 acres in the Brown League which Dr. Hesters bought.

Then came three letters written at Houston in 1870 by J. E. Foster and addressed to Edward. On April 4th Foster says he has been offered 75c an acre for the M. Duncan 200 acres on Cedar Bayou; that the Clopper lands in Harris County had been sold for taxes a short time before, and that he had bought them in for the family, paying \$12. On August 8th he reports having sold the Cedar Bayou land for one dollar, silver, an acre; and asks whether he should send the silver or sell it for currency. Then, on December 10th, he apologises for having failed to send the proceeds of the Cedar Bayou land sale earlier and encloses a draft for \$125, retaining \$61 with which to settle up taxes on other lands, mentioning Matagorda, Fort Bend, Bexar, and Harris Counties: “I have a great deal of trouble about payment of taxes since the war as so many incompetent and irresponsible men are made assessors & collectors.” This last statement refers, apparently, to “carpet-baggers”.



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Texas land was, for owners so far away, such a care and expense that Edward disposed of all that he could. On April 4, 1877, D. E. E. Braman at Matagorda wrote to Edward saying that Joseph and Mary (Este) Clopper had sold to Thomas F. Corry 500 acres off the northern part of the Clopper League (No. 7) for \$500, hence 1,714 acres of the upper half of this league were left for him; that he had offered these 1,714 acres of Edward's at 75c an acre to Jonathan E. Pierce who refused to give this price, declaring that 50c an acre was enough; and that Abel H. Pierce had offered 33c cash which was declined, as 65c is low enough. Then, on May 6th, A. H. Pierce wrote at Indianola, Texas, to Edward offering 50c an acre; Edward answered that he would take \$1,000 cash and on June 4th Pierce wrote agreeing to give this and asked Edward to learn whether James Esburg of Cincinnati owned a quarter of the R. R. Royal League in Jackson County which he also wished to buy. The Pierces were cattle dealers and stock raisers, according to their letter-head. On July 30th a draft for \$990 was sent to Edward by an Indianola bank, being the \$1,000 collected from A. H. and J. E. Pierce less one per cent commission and exchange. Edward complied with A. H. Pierce's request and arranged the purchase of the Esburg land for him. Shortly afterwards Pierce bought the southern half of League No. 7 from the Ludlow family and then owned all of the league except Corry's 500 acres which also he sought to get. So, after many years, League No. 7 in Matagorda County passed out of the Clopper family's possession altogether and Nicholas's child-like faith in its future was never justified.

In August Edward went to Texas and a memorandum of his tells us that he spent \$122.20 for fare, taxes, hotel etc. When on board the steamer "St. Mary" in the Gulf of Mexico, bound for Texas, he wrote on August 12th to Mary Carrie saying that in New Orleans he saw her brother, Samuel E. McClintock, who had plenty of work and good wages, and was rooming alone; that he himself likes the French coffee and "takes kindly to his rations"; and that he expects to arrive in Galveston this day. Five days later, at Houston, he again wrote to Mary Carrie: "Would you believe it, I am about to have offered to me the superintendency of the public schools of this city! The Mayor is waiting for me to make up my mind about it. There is now no superintendent and the schools are just being organized for the first time to open on the 1st Monday in October. Salary of Sup't is \$2,000 for only 8 months in the year . . . Capt. [J. E.] Foster is interesting himself largely in my behalf and I have been introduced to many leading educational men here. This city is double the size of what it was in 1865 and has a population of nearly 30,000. How would you like to come here to live? . . . Say *nothing* to *anyone* about my prospective offer of the Superintendency of Schools, because it has not been officially offered to me as yet. I am well satisfied, however, that all I have to do is to say that I will accept it. It is a *big thing* & a fine oppor-



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tunity for preferment." He says that he is staying with "Jock" Thomson (son of John and Janet Langlands Thomson, who married Mary Walker) and that one evening he supped with Sarah (Walker) Richardson, Jock, and Mary. Perhaps Mary Carrie demurred at leaving Cincinnati where they had been settled for six years in their home at Sunnyside; perhaps they were both doubtful about the wisdom of taking their young children to live in a different climate; at any rate, Edward did not become superintendent of schools at Houston at this time but returned to Cincinnati and resumed his work as principal of the Camp Washington school—and yet he longed for a change. The family's fatal interest in Texas lived in him. That far-off land had cast its spell upon him and drew him on as it had drawn his grandfather in the pioneering days.

Gifts have a good deal of significance—they indicate affection, friendship, sympathy, the giver's special interests which he seeks to share, and sometimes the receiver's actual need. Certain names in the record kept by Caroline are of persons hard to identify—for instance, "Lydia H." was given five dollars in January of 1866 and it is not known who she was. Next month Ara Oliver and Mary Agnew each received \$2.50—a gold piece, no doubt. In June of 1867 Caroline gave \$20 to Mary Agnew, Carrie, and Maggie; in February of 1859 she had given "\$2.25 for charity—\$1 to Mrs. Agnew, \$1.25 to Carrie & Maggie". Letters dated August 7, 1867, at Dublin, Ireland, came to Caroline from S. Browne, Carrie Agnew, and Maggie E. Agnew. S. Browne, who appears to be the Agnew children's aunt, writes at the request of her sister (presumably Mrs. Agnew) who, with her two daughters, arrived in Dublin on July 7th after having been ill on the voyage from America. The two girls were not sick until within two days' sailing of Cork. Caroline is thanked for the money she sent, which has been "appropriated to each" as she desired. Mrs. Agnew rejoices over the addition to Edward's family (the birth of Joseph who lived only three months). Carrie Agnew was born on 29th Sept. 1855 and Maggie on 15th Dec. 1857. With them "Aunt Carrie" is now a household word and, with "Aunt Mary Ann", is a synonym for everything kind and good. Caroline and all the Clopper family are thanked for their "Christian kindness to sister & her little ones in the land of strangers". Remembrances are sent to Aunt Mary Ann, Edward, Mrs. Clopper and baby, also to Mrs. Johnston and family (who lived in the Swiss chateau east of Beechwood).

Carrie Agnew wrote in Dublin on July 15, 1868, to "My Dear Aunt Caroline" thanking her for a present. At school she learns geography, grammar, spelling, Brewer's Guide to Science, Mangnall's Historical Questions, Child's Guide and History, as well as French. She and her sister go to Sunday School, learn catechism and read a chapter, have monthly examination, and the year's best scholar gets a prize, the one who attends regularly gets another, and there is a tea-party. They live near the sea



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and bathe in it daily. Uncle has taken them to all the nice places in Dublin. She invites Caroline to come and stay a month, and is glad to hear that the dog "Pompey" is still alive. To this letter Maggie E. Agnew added a few lines thanking "My Dear Aunts" for a present and for flowers sent from Beechwood; they have a nice house in Dublin and a garden with fruit in it; they live very near the church and the Rev. Thomas Lytle is the minister's name; and their grandparents and uncles are kind.

Mary Ann probably made as many gifts as did her sister Caroline but she did not keep a record of her income and expenditures, so we know of only a few of them and only through memoranda in her sister's record.

In July of 1870 Edward and Mary Carrie went to Lebanon, Ohio, and visited William Craig McClintock who had recently settled there in the printing and newspaper business; Caroline made them a parting gift of \$1.50 and Mary Ann of \$5. In December Edward was given a twenty-dollar gold piece by his Aunt Caroline.

The year 1871 was not marked by many gifts, although the country was entering upon a short period of prosperity—which ended with the panic of 1873—and, moreover, it was the year in which Edward bought Sunnyside and made his home there. In August, when Mary (Este) Clopper and Edward were leaving for New York, she gave them \$2 and to her grandnephew Ollie \$1; on the day they left Edward was given \$40 by his mother—with which to pay her expenses, probably—and \$2 by his Aunt Mary Ann. Caroline gave Edward \$7.50 in September and, on October 6th when Bessie Clopper was born at Sunnyside, she presented her with \$5 "on her arrival in this country". Her final gift this year was made in December and cost 65c—two chamber-pots to Mary Carrie! How Mary Carrie must have shrieked with mirth!

In these years William and Eliza (Eccles) McClintock were living on a farm which they had named "Oakland" in Clermont County, Ohio, and were trying to pay for it; William gave his grandchildren, Ollie and Bessie Clopper, two pigs and these were sold in January of 1874 for \$26.50. Caroline gave a dollar to Mary Carrie in April of this year and, in May, ten dollars to Hetty Clopper and Frank Clopper and a dollar to "Missy", all of Greensburg, Pennsylvania—Hetty must have been Edward N. Clopper's widow, Frank and "Missy" her children, whom Caroline and Mary Ann visited in the following August.

There is pathos in the ending of a record; in the case of the aged it means that the end of life itself is approaching. So with Caroline and Mary Ann—their last little gifts were made in February of 1875, the one gave two dollars to Mary Carrie, the other four dollars to Edward.

Religious activities always appealed to the Cloppers. They were loyal Presbyterians but their interest was not confined to their own church; for instance, in January of 1867 Edward gave

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a dollar to the Methodist Sunday School in Cumminsville. Caroline and Mary Ann contributed towards the support of the First Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati of which they were members and, in addition, helped the Cumminsville Presbyterian Church occasionally with small gifts—in February of 1868 Caroline gave three dollars to its minister, the Rev. Andrew J. Reynolds. The two sisters had attended services in the "Old First" down town for many years, each paying 32c for carfare after street-cars had been provided, and putting ten or fifteen cents into the collection-box besides paying pew-rent and making occasional contributions of five dollars towards the minister's salary, but as they grew older they found it more convenient to go to the Cumminsville church. Edward was a member of the Cumminsville congregation and in April of 1869 gave \$20 to Rev. Reynolds and one year later \$25 to his successor, Rev. William Stryker, who served only a few months, giving way to Rev. James B. Foster in June of 1870. Late in March the church discussed charges concerning Stryker who settled the matter by resigning and going to Goshen early in April. In April of 1870 Caroline gave \$5 to Rev. Stryker; Edward contributed \$3 to a fund for a Presbyterian festival and at the same time gave \$5 to the Christian Church on Fergus Street in the village; in November he donated \$5 to the Methodist Church. His mother paid \$30 to the American Bible Society of New York in September of 1870 for life membership for Miss Mary Este Mills of Minneapolis.

Edward was ordained an elder of the Cumminsville Presbyterian Church in May of 1870, thus holding the same position in this congregation as his father had held in the "Old First". It appears that he pledged \$20 a year towards the support of the Cumminsville church and in 1871 subscribed \$150 towards the building of its manse—this he had paid in full by March of 1872—while his aunts paid \$15 into the manse fund in July of 1871. In March of this year Caroline gave \$2.50 to the Cumminsville minister, Rev. James B. Foster; then, in December, she and Mary Ann left the "Old First" and united with the Cumminsville congregation. During the four years of life remaining to her, Caroline made a regular weekly contribution of 25c towards the minister's salary and special little gifts on occasion, such as \$5 to help pay the debt on the manse and \$1.50 for Mary Carrie's candy table at a festival for the benefit of the manse in 1873, one dollar for two tickets to a concert for the benefit of the church organ fund in January of 1874, half a dollar to the Ladies' Benevolent Society, and a dollar to Rev. John Haight who had succeeded Rev. Foster.

In August of 1874 Edward gave \$5 towards "gas in church"—and to forestall the irreverent, let it be said at once that this was for illumination, not garrulity; next month he gave \$10 more towards it. In May of this year his Aunt Caroline had given \$2.25 for this purpose. It seems that one evening in August a Prof. Ridge



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gave readings (and one supposes that they were literary, not spiritualistic!) by way of benefitting the fund for the installation of gas in the church, admission being fifty cents, and Caroline bought one ticket while Edward bought three.

Mary Ann gave similarly, without question, but she kept no accounts or, if she did so, they have been lost. For her, Caroline handed \$2.48 to Rev. Haight in June of 1875, shortly after her death, to cover the contributions which, doubtless, she would have made in person during her last weeks if she had been able to attend.

Edward gave \$7.85 to a church fair in February of 1875, \$10 towards the expenses of the Presbytery in April, \$2.20 to a festival for the benefit of the Methodist Church in November, and \$35 to his own church in December. His payments in 1876 were: \$50 in February to the church for repairs, a church assessment of \$5 and \$2 for two bottles of wine for use in communion services in April, \$10 to the church in November, and \$6.60 spent at a church sociable in December. He paid \$44.50 to the church in April of 1877 and seems to have neglected to enter other contributions of his in his accounts for that year. He attended the Presbytery in April of 1878 and was dunned for payment of his subscription to the Cumminsville church in November of 1879 when he was preparing to leave the state—George L. Thomson, secretary of the Board of Deacons, reminded him of his promise to pay \$50.

Journeys at intervals were among the family's simple pleasures. In January of 1866 Caroline, Mary Ann, Mary (Este) Clopper, and Sarah M. Este all visited Rev. A. J. Reynolds, probably at Lithopolis, Ohio, near Columbus; Caroline paid \$6.60 of the expenses. In May of that year Caroline went to Dayton and to Urbana. In July Edward rode to Delaware, Ohio, to see the McClintocks and his "Aunt Tad" gave him a dollar when he set out.

Mary (Este) Clopper was in the east in the Summer of 1867. One evening, late in July, she wrote in Jersey City where she was visiting her relatives, the Miller family, this little note to her grandson, Joseph C. Clopper, Jr., who had been born at Beechwood on June 17th: "As Grandma expects to leave here for Somerville in the morning, then go from there to Morristown on Friday, she sends her dear little Grandson Josie a pair of socks to keep his feet warm this very *hot* weather, and hopes he keeps well, I knit them for you while here. I hope Pa, Ma, and Aunties all keep well. Your cousin Mrs. Miller desires her love to you and all the rest. Grandma." To which she added, after her return home, "lovely babe, he died September 29th and was *buried* in them. I came home to be at his funeral—dear precious little Joseph."

Concerning her, Alfred E. Mills of Morristown wrote some years later: "I always spoke of Mrs. Clopper as Aunt Mary Clopper. She made long visits at the home of my grandfather

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Lewis Mills on Washington Street in Morristown and, after his death in 1869, at the home of my Father in Macculloh Avenue. She used frequently to speak about her Father (of whose military record she was proud) and about her Este and Kirkpatrick relatives, so that I necessarily gained considerable knowledge of them. In a letter which she wrote to me on March 6, 1879, while I was an undergraduate at Princeton and which I still preserve as characteristic of my aunt, she names a number of her relatives who were Princeton graduates as worthy examples for me to follow. As this part of her letter may be of interest to descendants of Moses Este and to descendants of his Father-in-law, David Kirkpatrick, I will quote her allusion to these relatives who were graduates of Princeton: 'Cousins of mine (she says) Dr. William Sloan; Rev. Jacob Kirkpatrick; Uncle Judge Kirkpatrick of New Brunswick (referring to Chief Justice Kirkpatrick); his two sons—Cousin E. Gaston, Hon. William Sloan of Flemington; his brother John; also my brother, Judge D. K. Este.'

"Mrs. Clopper was a great friend of Mrs. Dickinson Miller (née Van Voorst) of Jersey City. The friendship was owing to the relationship existing between Mrs. Miller's husband, Dickinson Miller, and Mrs. Clopper, both of whom were descendants from David Kirkpatrick of Mine Brook, N. J. Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Clopper made several trips together by horses and carriage between Jersey City and Cincinnati."

Lewis E. Mills, son of Mary (Este) Clopper's sister, Sarah Ann (Este) Mills of Morristown, New Jersey, and Jean Springer were married in 1864. They liked to travel and in 1867 Lewis published a little book entitled "Glimpses of Southern France and Spain" in which his attitude is insufferably smug and his behavior to a Spanish customs officer, as described by himself with great satisfaction, was nothing short of insulting—one hopes that his manners improved as he became a more seasoned traveler. At Beechwood is a copy of the *New Testament*, bound in wood taken from a tree which grew near Alloway Kirk on the banks of the Doon, with pictures of the cottage in which Burns was born and of the monument to him; it was given to Mary E. Clopper in 1870 by "Lewis & Jeanie". On July 29, 1870, at Stirling in Scotland he wrote to his Aunt Mary at Beechwood mentioning places which he and Jeanie had been visiting, among them the Giant's Causeway in Ireland—and this makes one wonder whether he shipped some of its blocks of basaltic stone to Cincinnati and presented them to his aunt, for such stones have been on the Clopper family's lot in Spring Grove Cemetery since that time. Four years later he wrote to her from Moscow saying that he intended to go to Egypt and Syria in the following Winter with Jeanie. He died in Florence, Italy, on April 10, 1878.

Caroline attended a fair held in Dayton in September of 1867. Next year, in August, she and Mary Ann were visiting friends in Oxford—it is likely they were the Rogerses—and she distributed \$5.50 in presents there. On the 7th of this month,



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while they were there, Lute R. Rogers wrote at Oxford to Mary (Este) Clopper; one gathers from her letter that she had a daughter named Annie, that her home was in another state, and that she, too, was on a visit to this town. Could she have been Lucinda Brainard of Oxford whose marriage to Thomas H. Rogers inspired Joseph to write a poem? In her letter she expresses her regret that on this visit to Ohio she cannot see Mary (Este) Clopper and "dear old Beechwood". She continues: "We have been enjoying your sisters' visit very much and have often spoken and thought of you"; then, with the death of Edward's children in mind, she goes on: "I am sorry to hear of the trials which Edward and his wife have had. Indeed I believe this world is only a disciplinary place to us all, if we could only regard it so, to fit us for one where alone true pleasure can be found . . . We are expecting to start for home the first of next week if nothing prevents and I send you in this brief note my greetings and my adieux." She says that she has tried to induce Caroline to accompany her home but without success. She invites Mary (Este) Clopper to visit her. "My husband ever looks back with fond recollections on your delightful home & his friendship with Mr. Clopper." She thanks Mary (Este) Clopper for the gift to Annie—apparently a little money because she intends to buy something for her that will *last* and be a reminder of the giver.

In 1869 there was more traveling. On May 13th both Caroline and Mary Ann left Beechwood, bound for Valparaiso, Indiana, and probably "changed cars" at Lima, Ohio, the "cars" to their destination costing Caroline \$10.40 and the return trip on a sleeping car \$12; her presents there were: \$2.50 to Maryetta Pierce and 75c to her children, \$3 to Cousin "Ginnie" Letherman and \$3.95 to her children, 75c to Mrs. Smith and Nelly, \$2.65 to Cousin Jo Pierce's children, \$2 for a lawn dress for "Ginnie", and \$1.75 for two pairs of stockings.

Edward and Mary Carrie went to Cleveland in July, the tickets costing \$17 and the expenses there \$30. In August Edward paid \$2.80 for fare and expenses to a teachers' convention. His mother had been visiting somewhere and returned home on September 24th. In November a jaunt to Oxford and back cost Edward \$4.35.

Only two trips have been entered in the accounts for 1870. In September Caroline and, no doubt, Mary Ann, went to Loveland, Columbus, Groveport, and probably to Lithopolis for the record says: "we went to see Mr. Reynolds"—this must have been Rev. A. J. Reynolds, formerly the Presbyterian minister at Cumminsville. In December Mary (Este) Clopper rode to Terre Haute, Indiana, and visited James and Sophia W. Cook whose home had formerly been in Morristown, New Jersey, where they were married in 1821; Sophia's nieces, the Misses Condict, lived with their aunt in Terre Haute after James's death in 1872; Sophia died in 1881 and was buried in Morristown.



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Edward and his mother were in New York in August of 1871. He says that he paid \$15 for a round trip ticket—which seems incredible now—and spent \$25 while there. On the 5th of the month they strolled both in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, and on the seashore at Coney Island—surely enough of a contrast for one day!

We are told of two journeys in 1872. Mary Carrie rode to Cozzaddale, Ohio, in July to visit her parents on their "Oakland" farm in Clermont County which they had acquired the year before. In August Caroline went again to Valparaiso, Indiana, by way of Lima, Ohio, where lodging and two meals cost \$1.50 while waiting to "change cars"; she returned home on September 18th after having presented \$20 to Cousin "Ginnie" and Carrie May (her namesake) and having distributed \$3.25 among "Holly, Kizzie, Willie, Chamie, Ladie, Charlie, Alice, Ginnie, and Laurie"—children of William and Maryetta Pierce and of Joseph and Jane Mary (Pierce) Letherman.

We know of only one trip taken in 1873: Caroline went again to Greenfield, Ohio, in August, Mary Ann accompanying her.

There was more going about in 1874. Edward ran over to Indianapolis in March, the round trip costing \$7.85; he went, doubtless, to see the lots which Hubbard had offered to sell and which he bought next month. In July Edward and Mary Carrie went on an excursion to Put-in-Bay in Lake Erie, paying \$42.75—and often, in later years, did Mary Carrie speak of her pleasure there. That same month she and Edward rode to Cozzaddale and visited the McClintocks.

The great event of the year was the visit which Caroline and Mary Ann paid to relatives in Pennsylvania and Maryland. In preparation for the trip Mary Carrie persuaded them to cast off what she called their old-fashioned garments and to don those which she had designed for them. Instead of going up the river on a steamboat as members of the family had done when bound for the east in former years, they went by rail, leaving Beechwood on August 18th. In Greensburg, Pennsylvania, they stayed about three weeks with the family of their late uncle, Edward N. Clopper, and when they left there Caroline distributed \$11.85 in presents. Some twelve days after their departure from Greensburg, bound for The Woodlands in Maryland, their cousin Mary (Clopper) Burgess wrote saying she was glad that they had arrived safe at "dear Gustie's"—by whom she meant Mary Augusta (Clopper) Hutton, the mistress of The Woodlands. After a visit of a month at The Woodlands, near which they had had their own home more than half a century before, Caroline and Mary Ann started back to Cincinnati on October 15th; Caroline's parting gifts were \$6.35 at the Woodlands, \$1.30 at Echodale, \$2.75 at Edgewood, \$2 to the Orme family, and \$2.50 to the Warings. Her last entries of expenses on this trip are characteristic: "fare from The Woodlands to



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Cincinnati \$16, sleeping car \$1.50, coffee 10c, candy for children 10c, poor woman 10c, street-car to Beechwood 15c." It was the last earthly journey for the two old sisters.

In July of 1875 Mary Carrie rode to Petersburg, Virginia, and visited her sister, Ellen (McClintock) Neblett, who lived at Sussex Court House. The fare and sleeping car berth cost \$22.25. She had with her the two children, Ollie and Bessie, and her sister Bessie McClintock. Mary Carrie stayed only two weeks—she "was so tormented by fleas, and Ollie was almost sick with them". Bessie McClintock, who did not return so soon, tells us in her diary: "Before Mary went home we took a delightful trip to Norfolk, Old Point, and the Capes, visited Fortress Monroe and had a delightful walk along the sea shore where I gathered shells to remember the Old Fort and beautiful sea when they are 'lost to sight, to memory dear'."

The year 1876 was noteworthy because of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia held to commemorate the first century of the country's independence. Not to attend it was deemed a great misfortune and people made real sacrifices to get there. On June 20th Mary (Este) Clopper left home with her nieces, Sarah and Mary Nottingham of Virginia who had been on a visit to Beechwood, bound for the exposition and New Jersey: that night they stayed at D. K. Este's home in Cincinnati and started next day on board the Steamboat "Fleetwood", Capt. Campbell, for Huntington where they boarded a Chesapeake & Ohio Railway train. The party got off the train at Staunton and took a hack from there to Walnut Grove, a short distance away, the fare being a dollar. There Elizabeth was visited, Mary's niece who had married a man named Bell and whose address in 1880 was Cuckoo Post Office, Pendleton Station, Louisa County, Virginia; Mary's sister, Elizabeth (Este) Nottingham, had died in Danville, Virginia, in 1857, leaving several daughters.

With Elizabeth Mary went shopping in Staunton on July 11th and bought a "Bussle" for fifty cents, dress goods, buttons, stationery, overshoes, soap, scissors, pills, and eyewash. Here she received at least two remittances of money from her son, Edward.

Leaving Walnut Grove on August 22nd, she changed cars at Charlottesville and arrived in Jersey City the next day. Friends or relatives there apparently persuaded her to go with them to see the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia and, in spite of her 76 years, off she went with them, for according to her account she left Jersey City on the 24th for Philadelphia by way of Camden, crossed on the ferry there, and paid fifty cents entrance charge to the "Centennial". She went back to Jersey City and there received more money from Edward in November. Homeward bound, she left Morristown, her birthplace, on December 5th and Jersey City nine days later.

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In Morristown she was visiting her nephew, Alfred Mills, son of Lewis and Sarah Ann (Este) Mills. Alfred had married Katharine Coe and had three children who lived beyond infancy; he was the mayor of Morristown in 1874.

On October 3rd Edward addressed his mother in care of John Van Vorst at Jersey City and sent her \$25; he wrote that he wished to rent Beechwood before she came back, reserving the western rooms for her own occupancy; he hoped that his cousin, Alfred Mills of Morristown, would be elected to Congress; and told her that Willie Pullan had returned home from Minnesota, his health gone, and would go to Florida. In her reply his mother must have written in an ill temper, resenting his letting of Beechwood and charging him with having turned her home into a "tenement house". She was haughty, arrogant, and sensitive to the point of being morbid. Mary Carrie would not have her at Sunnyside, so it was necessary for her to live at Beechwood, which she did not own although she had a right to a home there; Edward's aunts being dead, she could not live there alone, so he was compelled to let a part of the house. Edward was patient, yet firm, with her and addressed her again on October 26th in care of John Van Vorst at Jersey City, reporting that he had rented the house to a family named Gentry, she to keep two bedchambers and to have the use of the parlor; he added that he would go east later on and bring her back; and concluded: "I have advice of the death of Aunt Hetty, Mrs. Clopper of Greensburg, Pa." He went east at Christmas time, taking his little daughter Bessie with him, and Mary has recorded that they returned on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, reaching home "the last day of the year. I had been away six months. I took a bad cold, had a nice visit."

In the Summer of 1876 Edward borrowed \$135 from the La Fayette Bank and took Mary Carrie and Ollie to see the exposition in Philadelphia, the round trip costing \$175. In April he had attended the presbytery at Glendale, Ohio, and took two others with him, paying \$1.95 for three round trip tickets. As already mentioned, he went to Texas in 1877; then, in August of 1878, he and Mary Carrie enjoyed another holiday at Put-in-Bay in Lake Erie.

For recreation in this period there were, besides travel, the stage, the circus, the race-track, the baseball ground, home talent performances, festivals, and hunting. Edward enjoyed them all. In January of 1867 he spent 25c for a matinee but does not tell us the play's title; in April he paid 50c to see the minstrels and two dollars to see Edwin Forrest act; and in May he gave 75c to see "The Black Crook", that elaborate spectacle and perennial favorite. "Hanlon's Superba" was another spectacular attraction of long life and popularity which Edward paid \$1.50 to see in April of 1869. In June he went to the races, the fare and entrance fee costing \$1.30; next month he paid a dollar for dinner and the circus, and a dollar for cigars. In August his



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regiment, the 83rd Ohio, held a reunion and this cost him a dollar; in April of 1871 the Army of the Tennessee held a banquet at seven dollars a plate and he attended it also. He had a treat on May 14th, 1870, in seeing "Rip Van Winkle"—with Joseph Jefferson, no doubt, in the principal part—and, as he paid \$3.20 on this occasion he must have had Mary Carrie with him for she often spoke in after years of her delight in "Joe Jefferson as Rip"; more than nine years later (in September of 1879) Edward again saw "Rip Van Winkle", paying this time \$1.25. Being a member of the Odd Fellows' order he contributed \$2 to its festival in June of 1870 and, being principal of the Camp Washington school, he spent \$5.50 for the Camp Washington festival that month. In July admission to a baseball match cost him a dollar.

His Aunt Caroline also liked a bit of recreation. In June of 1872 she spent fifty cents to see the "elephant and show" in Cumminsville. There seems to have been a series of sociables at the homes of Cumminsville residents in January of 1874, for Caroline put in her mite of eight cents at Edward's, the same at McMakin's, and five cents at Parvin's—the assessment upon each person attending, perhaps. In May she gave 70c to the "Darkies' Festival" and in June a dollar to pay for edibles at another festival. In April of 1874 Edward paid six dollars for four tickets to see Edwin Booth and took with him Mary Carrie, Bessie McClintock, and Miss Hunter (their boarder), as Bessie tells us in her diary. In October he paid \$2.25 to see Barnum's circus; the amount suggests three tickets at 75c each and surely Mary Carrie and Bessie McClintock went with him for in their girlhood they had lived in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where the Barnums had their home and, indeed, Bessie was born there. Mary Carrie often told of attending church in Bridgeport and seeing "Tom Thumb" with the Barnum family in their pew, and of Mr. Barnum's tucking him under his coat and letting him rest there when he grew sleepy. Edward liked hunting, too, and spent \$9.50 for a hunting excursion in November of 1874; two years later an outing of this kind on Thanksgiving Day "with new double-barreled shot-gun" cost him \$4.25.

In February of 1875 Edward conducted a "spelling-bee". Webster once ponderously defined a bee as "an assemblage of persons who meet to engage in united labor for the benefit of an individual or family", having in mind a husking-bee or a quilting-bee, for example; but in subsequent editions of his dictionary he was content with the simpler wording: "a neighborly gathering for work or competition". To this spelling contest Caroline gave 25c, which suggests either that an admission fee was charged or a collection taken up to meet expenses. The bee was held on February 14th according to Edward's accounts and someone who was present made a crude drawing of the scene, picturing Edward as "Big Injin Ed" giving out the words and agonised figures labelled Evans, Haight, Brashear, and others

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in the throes of trying to spell such words as *Wapakoneta*, *business*, *receipt*, and *paroxysm*.

The family had a lively time in October of 1875, for in that one month Edward spent \$3.50 for tickets to Barnum's Hippodrome, \$1.90 to the exposition, \$1.55 to the Zoo, and \$1 to a concert. The Summer months are lean ones, financially, for a teacher, hence he is likely to make up for lost time when he receives his pay in the Autumn. In February of 1876 Edward "laid out" three dollars for tickets to the Opera House and for supper after the performance.

One gathers from the records that in May of 1877 Cumminsville's "home talent" staged an entertainment, inasmuch as at that time Edward paid \$4 for suits for "Jarley's Wax-Works" (living pictures, no doubt), so he and Mary Carrie must have taken part in it. In June there was a festival at Ludlow Station and Edward spent \$2.15 there. He liked good music, too, and in May of 1878 paid \$5 for two tickets to "The Messiah".

In the Autumn of 1871 the Tyler-Davidson fountain in Cincinnati's Fountain Square was dedicated. Among its bronze figures is a chubby little boy, revelling in the freedom of nakedness, and joyously pulling his mother towards a pool of water; his nudity caused a ridiculous furore among the prudes who look upon Nature with a perverted eye, and their protests were so laughable that Edward was moved to burlesque and regaled his friends with this outburst:

### DER SCHMALL POY ON DER FOUNTAIN

Der schmall poy shtandts on der fountain  
Und he dont got notting to wear;  
Ef I had yust two pair of *breetches*  
I tink I would give him a pair.

Der schmall poy vat shtandts on der fountain—  
Und his mutter, she take him to schwim—  
I tink he find dat vater too koldt—  
I would n't do it if I vas him!

Der schmall poy shtandts on der fountain  
Und he dont got on any close—  
Und dem gals, dey all plush und dey say,  
"Vat he means by such conduct as dose?"

Perhaps he submitted this to the Cumminsville Ladies' Correspondence Association; if he did so, the Association did not long survive the onslaught! It was still active, however, in the late eighteen-sixties and was holding lively meetings. Edward wrote the minutes of two held in the Winter of 1868-69 but no further account of its gatherings has been found. Concerning one of these he has recorded that the society met at the home of Mrs. Thomson, Senior (Janet Langlands Thomson of "Willowburn") on December 18, 1868; that among those present were Miss Kingsbury, Ella Burgoyne, Frances Burgoyne, and Messrs. Griffith, Wolf, and Burgoyne; that John Thomson read the



"Budget Box Journal"; that Mr. Walker read *Artemus Ward on London*; and the person appointed to the office read the contributions in the Budget Box. For this occasion the "Budget Box Journal" which was read by John Thomson had been written by Edward himself as his contribution under the pen-name of "Ralph Rodney"; it was a "newspaper" and, as its heading proclaimed, "Devoted to the Entertainment of the L. C. Association". It contained items of alleged local news—for instance, the "News from Hamel Town" (a tiny hamlet at the junction of Colerain Pike and West Fork Road): "Stocks light, West Fork gravel quoted at par." The railway which was to connect Mt. Pleasant (Mt. Healthy) and College Hill with the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railway at Dane Street, was under leisurely construction and this "Journal" reported, "Mt. Pleasant Railroad advancing towards College Hill." It announced that General Grant, who had recently been elected to the Presidency for his first term, had appointed to serve in the new administration, M. S. Turrill as Secretary of State, Armand de Serisy as Secretary of the Interior, Gen. S. F. Cary as Secretary of War, R. B. Pullan as Secretary of the Treasury, and J. F. Lakeman as Postmaster General; and it added this reminder: "Gentlemen, don't forget your Cumminsville friends when you make appointments." Fashionable ladies of this period affected an unnatural posture in walking called the "Grecian Bend" and this led the editor to remark, "'As the twig is bent so will the tree incline'—if that be true some of our young ladies will grow queerly if the Grecian inclination prevails very long."

The other meeting whose minutes Edward recorded was held on January 8, 1869, in the home of Mrs. McMakin and was in the nature of a celebration, for it was the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans fought on January 8, 1815. Miss McMakin read a poem and played the piano; Mrs. Eastman also read a poem; Mr. Parker read "The Modern Belle" from Kidd's *Elocution*; Miss Knowlton read from *The National Normal*, a magazine, an article in defence of woman; Mr. Griffith read Artemus Ward; and Mr. Willis read the pieces found in the Budget Box; then, for the next meeting, William Thomson, Miss Stratton, Miss Parker, Miss Eastman, Mr. De Serisy, Miss Williamson, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Turrill, and Miss Maggie Thomson were appointed as readers; Miss Thomson to preside at the Budget Box; and Mr. J. W. McMakin to sing a song.

The Miss Eastman mentioned here was probably Emma Eastman who had been one of Edward's pupils and the Miss Knowlton was, no doubt, Martha Jane who married Frank Eastman and had Frank and Sidney; she was a daughter of Ephraim Knowlton who had the contract for digging a mile of the Miami and Erie Canal along the southern edge of Cumminsville in 1827, was the village postmaster in 1838, and married Mary Ann Burgoyne by whom he had three children: Martha Jane, Sidney Burgoyne, and Annie who died young. Sidney Burgoyne Knowlton



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married Martha Harrison Dodsworth and had Annie. Annie Knowlton married Ferdinand Zimmerman, having no issue.

Another organisation of which Edward was a member was the I. O. O. F., having joined it in June of 1869; he paid dues to it regularly and, in December of 1874, took the Golden Rule degree at an encampment.

He was active in Cumminsville politics in the Spring of 1870. He served as secretary of the Republican township convention held in March with 'Squire Burgoyne in the chair, but was put on the "reform ticket" for the office of village clerk by a group of progressives which the *Cincinnati Daily Enquirer* in its issue of March 31st termed "malcontents". There was intense interest in the election of April 4th, partly because of the question of annexation to the city, partly because of dissatisfaction with organised control, and no fewer than nine sets of candidates were nominated for local offices, among them the "regular", "anti-ring", "Cumminsville", "independent", and "reform" tickets. J. F. Lakeman was a general favorite and was re-elected as mayor, easily defeating O. C. Hays, the reform candidate, but the race for other offices was spirited. The opposition had scattered its strength among so many tickets, however, that the "regulars" gained the day. The total number of ballots cast was 589.

On May 4, 1878, Edward was appointed by W. S. Cappeller, the auditor for Hamilton County, as treasurer of funds arising from the Ministerial and School Lands in original surveyed Township No. 3 in the Second Fractional Range of the Miami Purchase, being reserved Sections 29 and 16—that is, set aside for the benefit of religion and education in accordance with the contract for the Miami Purchase between John Cleves Symmes and the national government, and in harmony with the general provisions of the Ordinance of 1787.

At the same time the county auditor appointed Robert Simpson, Samuel Hannaford, and Henry Caldwell as trustees of such funds. On June 8th Edward, Frederick Parker, and Samuel Caldwell bound themselves to the State of Ohio in the sum of \$2,500 for the faithful discharge by Edward of his duties as treasurer. Cappeller, the county auditor, had formerly been a partner of the writer's father-in-law, Henry Moser, in the mercantile business at Mount Healthy. The amount of the bond given is an indication of the income from these public lands.

The McClintock family moved from 238 West Fourth Street to 556 West Ninth Street in Cincinnati one day in February of 1870 and one gathers from the accounts that Mary Carrie stayed with the family for a time, helping them, and was there also in March according to Bessie McClintock's diary; Edward paid board to Eliza (Eccles) McClintock that Spring, evidently for Mary Carrie.

When the McClintocks bought the farm "Oakland" in Clermont County they gave a promissory note for \$1,000 on April 24, 1871. It was a foregone conclusion that they would not be able



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MARY (ESTE) CLOPPER

1800-1881

From a photograph taken about 1875.

to meet this and Edward must have done so for them, inasmuch as it was in his possession later; he states that it was paid in full on January 30, 1875.

Leeches for Ollie! They cost \$2.20 in April of 1876. The child may have had boils and these were applied to draw the pus.

In mid-October of 1878 Edward was out of town and on Friday, the 18th, he sent a message to Mary Carrie together



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with \$12 for her, saying that he might leave on the steamboat "W. P. Thomson" on that day if he were sure of getting back in time for school on Monday. In January of 1879 he presented Mary Carrie with \$50 in gold.

In the five years from 1875 to 1879 Edward borrowed from the La Fayette Bank in Cincinnati from time to time, sums ranging from \$50 to \$135 for from thirty to ninety days, and put up U. S. bonds as collateral security.

Mary (Este) Clopper often brooded in a spirit of resentment over both real and fancied wrongs. Hers was a nature which could not easily forgive and forget. For instance, on Christmas Day of 1869 she was given a copy of Rev. J. R. MacDuff's book *The Mind and Words of Jesus* and when she had read in it these assertions: "The greatest test of an earthly soldier's courage is patient endurance" and "Often there are earthly sorrows hard to bear—the unkind accusation, when it was least merited or expected", she underlined them and in the margin wrote "my experience", referring to an altercation which she had had with Mary Carrie when she had called at the cottage in the yard one day in October of 1868 and stressing it as a *memorable* ordeal, "*never* to be forgotten by me", because of the way Mary Carrie had treated her.

Edward tried to make her life pleasant but it was difficult for him to show her the attention she craved, because Mary Carrie would have nothing to do with her. As she grew older she naturally became lonely, as her condition was solitary, and let suspicion make it harder for people to associate with her. Edward cared for her slender resources and drew from his own pocket in order to supplement them, but nevertheless she took him to task for what she suspected to be indifference to her rights, as in a letter which she wrote at Beechwood on March 12, 1878, and addressed to him: "Let us reason together about business matters. In December 1874 at his house on 7th St before he went to Europe—they went in the Spring—Lewis Mills told me as your father's sister Ruhamah died leaving no will—of course I knew it—your father came in legally for one third of the property she left and I as his widow was entitled to one third of that—since then things have changed with me. I never said any thing to your Aunts about property—never asserted my rights—tried to get along peaceably with them . . ." Mary was wrong in this, however, for her husband Joseph deeded his interest in Rachel Ruhamah's property to his two surviving sisters, Caroline and Mary Ann. She refers also to \$300 which Joseph owed her and only partially repaid, intending to discharge the debt out of payments for Texas land, "then you know the war coming on, payments stopped." She mentions other items—a note of Edward's, balance due her from proceeds of sale of Texas land bequeathed by her brother Edward Este, likewise balance due from sale of another Texas tract, and a small sum bequeathed



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to her by Mary Ann—"sometimes it is well to stir up the mind by way of remembrance if I am only your aged mother."

Nine rooms and hall at Beechwood, newly papered, were advertised in November of 1878 for rent at \$15 a month, the western rooms being reserved for Mary, who, however, went east for a visit. On the 27th of that month she left by rail for Jersey City with Edward and seven-year-old Bessie Clopper, Edward's daughter. They arrived at Jersey City early in the morning of the 29th and Edward started back to Cincinnati that evening, having accompanied his mother to make sure of her safety. Mary went to Somerville, New Jersey, 32 miles southwest of Jersey City, at the end of the year and spent the last half of the following February in Morristown, leaving New Jersey in May and going to Louisa County, Virginia, where she visited Elizabeth at "Oakwood", and arrived home on June 17, 1879.

When she was in Morristown Edward wrote to her twice, addressing her in care of Alfred Mills. He sent her \$61.67 of which \$50 was a bequest from his Aunt Caroline, some of the balance was hers from the Everett Street property, and \$7.50 "from Annie". He said that he had not yet found a tenant for Beechwood; the baby (the writer) was growing and cow's milk agreed with him; "I am applying for the Superintendency of the House of Refuge [this was a public institution maintained by the city of Cincinnati for the care and training of delinquent children]. It is vacant March 1st. If I get it, it will be permanent and better salary than at teaching. All well now at home and at the cottage . . . Don't mention about my trying for the Superintendency of the House of Refuge. I might not get it, you know. The Board meets next Thursday." "At home" were Mary Carrie and their two children; "at the cottage" were the McClintocks—Mary Carrie's parents and sister Bessie.

How much irony there is in life! Edward wanted this superintendency but did not get it, while his son—the baby he mentions—grew up and got it, but did not want it! The writer was appointed in 1912 by Mayor Henry T. Hunt and it was during his brief reform administration that the House of Refuge was supplanted by new institutions called "Glenview" and "Hillcrest".

Mary (Este) Clopper sent two receipts to Edward in that month of February in addition to that for the \$61.67—one for \$81 to be credited on his note and another for \$8.17 for similar credit. On the 26th at Morristown she wrote of her anxiety about Edward's wife and baby because of "so much cold stormy weather"; she will be very glad to hear that Beechwood is rented—"then I will cheerfully return. You think of making a change too—I trust all will be for the best. I do hope the shrubbery and bulbous roots will not be taken away any more from Beechwood, if the roots are spared they will come up again even if the hungry rabbits do eat off the bark. I will be very glad when I get safe home again. Do you think you can come for me—and when? If you get that place will you have to move



and live there?" She has been in Morristown for two weeks and writes of "very delightful sleighing . . . the place has been unusually gay this Winter. Alfred's wife attends so many parties—as yet her daughters attend school, Latin, French, music and singing, very modest, kind, sweet, affectionate girls—Edie 4½ is a great pet, talking to me while I write . . . they say I must stay till May. Have received two letters from Mrs. Miller, she will soon come in her carriage when we will make some visits and I return home with her. Last week we were expecting Jeanie—she was coming with Lucy Lea but got a letter Lucy's children have scarlet fever, and Jeanie's uncle was confined to his bed, that she did not like to leave him now . . . They have had two large parties here this winter. Alfred is doing a fine business—lives handsomely &c. Julia Cobb has visited me three times, on Monday we spent the day and dined with her at her boarding house . . ." She got some flannel in Jersey City for Edward's baby; his cousin, Mrs. Miller, stitched it on her machine and marked the scallops for her to work in Morristown; it is ready now and "is only to keep him warm and let him know Grandma loves him and glad he is so well—he must keep well—sleep good at night, kick, grow, and crow, by daylight when his sister Bessie can help to take care of him . . . When I left Jersey City little Marie and her sister Sally were both in bed—are now better—but Mrs. Miller's last letter informs me Mrs. Van Vorst and her son the Dr were both confined to their beds—Dr had neumonia—said she felt very sad—I do hope she will not be taken sick—since her fall she has a rush of blood to the head with nervous faint spells when she is anxious or over-fatigued . . . I now hope once more to set at the Communion Table in the old church next Sabbath where 61 years and 6 months since I sang with them the words "How much is mercy thy delight, Thou ever blessed God, my life which thou hast made thy care, now I devote to thee". She has just come from the dinner table and urges Edward to cultivate the power of conversation—"Alfred does not talk—he thinks & studies—it seems so unsociable." At the top of the first page of her letter she wrote "This is a grand, elegant house—double sash windows—burn 30 ton of coal a year—keep two servants &c—I have a good time of it."

Alfred, it will be remembered, was the son of Mary's sister, Sarah Ann (Este) Mills, who had died in 1842. He was a lawyer.

On June 11, 1879, Edward's wife, Mary Carrie, went into Bell & Miller's store on Fourth Street, west of Vine Street, in Cincinnati, laid her parasol and pocketbook on the counter, looked at goods displayed, selected a piece, and turned to get her pocketbook in order to pay for the goods, but it was gone! Boxes on the counter were searched without finding it. Having been in Pogue's store earlier, Mary Carrie returned there to see whether she had left it in that place but a salesman assured her that she had carried it away with her. Back then she went to Bell & Miller's where she asked the saleswoman, "Are you sure that



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you know nothing of my purse?" The woman flew into a passion, denied any knowledge of it, and demanded that she be searched. Mary Carrie declined to have her searched, and left the store. The upshot of the matter was that the saleswoman brought suit for damages on the ground that her reputation had been assailed. Edward paid a lawyer a retainer of \$50 in July to defend Mary Carrie, the case was tried, and the verdict acquitted her of any injury to the woman. In his letter written at Beechwood on July 8, 1880—a year later—to Bessie McClintock who was then in Houston, Texas, he tells her that the trial had ended the day before in "acquittal for us" after two days of fighting in court. Four days later he and Mary Carrie paid \$100 to the law firm of Jordan, Jordan, & Williams, their attorneys, in full for legal services in the case of Pauline Mack vs. E. N. Clopper and Wife.

## LIII

### CAROLINE, MARY ANN, AND OLLIE PASS ON

OF NICHOLAS Clopper's four daughters the eldest and the youngest died at Beechwood in 1845 and thirty years afterwards the two remaining ones passed on. Caroline and Mary Ann had been well-nigh inseparable throughout their lives and when one went the other could not long survive. Mary Ann was taken at Beechwood on May 27, 1875, and then lonely Caroline would sit on the lawn beside a great beech tree and mournfully fix her gaze across the valley upon Spring Grove Cemetery where her sister had been laid beside those who had gone before; whenever Mary Carrie called at the old home and found Aunt Caroline so depressed, she would lead her from the spot and try to draw her mind to other thoughts, but the bereavement was too deep to bear up under and the sisters were reunited in death on December 17th.

They had taken a long journey together the year before and had seen their relatives in the east—perhaps they understood it was for the last time and when they bade good-bye they knew it was forever.

Three days before her death Mary Ann gave Edward a deed to her  $1\frac{75}{100}$  acre plot on Spring Grove Avenue in Section 22, her sister Caroline to have its rent during her lifetime and at her death its rent and title to vest in Edward, his heirs and assigns. This deed is recorded in Book 443, page 526, and the plot measured 14 poles, 21 links on the avenue between G. Grammer's lot and McMakin's lot, running back to Mill Creek, *less* a lot 40 feet front sold to the Cincinnati & Spring Grove Avenue Company, and *less also* a leasehold in the northwest corner of it to the Stratton family 72 feet front by 85 feet deep next to the east line of McMakin's land recorded in Book 117, page 436.

The two sisters made their wills on this day also. Bessie Clopper was in the fourth year of her age at this time and remembered seeing her father and a lawyer who was writing, by the bedside in the north chamber at Beechwood where her grand-aunt Mary Ann lay stricken.

Mary Ann bequeathed to Edward her real estate, as follows:  $4\frac{19}{100}$  acres or one-half of the homestead known as Beechwood; her share of lots 286-7-8 in Wade's plat A on north side of Everett Street  $30\frac{1}{2}$  feet west of Jones Street; her share of lot 6 in M. S. Wade's Subdivision in Section 31, Mill Creek Township; *except a lot* 100 feet front on Cincinnati & Baltimore Rail-



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road extending to canal at east end of Beechwood, given to Mary Caroline Clopper; and the balance of her real estate in Ohio and Texas to Edward. Notes against Edward with interest to her death were to be marked *half paid* and then given to her sister Caroline, and at Caroline's death to Edward; but before they were marked half paid, the following named amounts were to be paid out of them to:

Ann and Amelia Clopper \$50 each .....	\$100
Mary Burgess and Sis Stewart \$25 each .....	50
Cousin Rachel Waring's family .....	25
Cousin Mary Augusta Hutton .....	20
Missie Clopper \$10, Frank Clopper \$5, Frank's mother \$10 .....	25
Mary (Este) Clopper .....	75
Ella Clopper .....	10
Jennie Letherman of Valparaiso, Indiana .....	50
Alice \$10, Jennie Jr. \$10, and Carrie May Letherman \$10 .....	30
Cousins Julia, Susie, Rebecca, Jennie, and Sadie Pierce \$5 each .....	25
Marietta, Kezia, Wilhelmina, and Hollie Pierce \$5 each .....	20
Bessie McClintock .....	25
Cousin Jerry Pierce and wife \$10 each .....	20
Rev. A. J. Reynolds .....	25
Satira Young .....	5
Cumminsville Presbyterian Church .....	50
	\$555

All her chattels were bequeathed to her sister Caroline and she expressed her desire that Mary (Este) Clopper be secured in a homestead at Beechwood during her lifetime. Edward was named executor.

In Edward's account as executor of her will her real estate is estimated to be worth \$11,000 and her personal property \$1,000. The bequest of \$75 to Mary (Este) Clopper is marked *paid*, along with others.

Caroline bequeathed to Edward her real estate, as follows:  $4\frac{19}{100}$  acres being her one-half of the homestead known as Beechwood; lot 38 in M. S. Wade's Subdivision in Section 31; her interest in lots 286-7-8 on north side of Everett Street,  $30\frac{1}{2}$  feet west of Jones Street; *except* any interest she might have in the 100-foot lot between the railroad and the canal at the eastern end of Beechwood devised to Mary Caroline Clopper by Mary Ann, which bequest she confirms; and the balance of her real estate in Ohio and Texas to Edward. Notes against Edward were to be cancelled at her death, after the following bequests were made:

To her namesake, Carrie May Letherman of Valparaiso, Ind. ....	\$150
Carrie May's mother, Mrs. J. Letherman of Valparaiso, Ind. ....	50
Joseph Pierce of Valparaiso, Ind. ....	100
Each of the three children of William Pierce dec'd of Val. 20	60
Sallie B. Chambers of Mifflinburg, Penna. ....	100
Each of Sallie B. Chambers's two single sisters \$25 .....	50
Rev. A. J. Reynolds .....	50
Mary (Este) Clopper .....	50

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Mrs. Eliza McClintock .....	25
Bessie McClintock .....	25
	<hr/>
	\$660

Her chattels were to be divided equally between Mary (Este) Clopper and Mary Caroline Clopper. Within five years after her death \$300 out of her estate was to be given to the Cumminsville Presbyterian Church. Edward was named executor, and in his account her real estate is estimated to be worth \$10,000 and her personal property \$600.

In her diary Bessie McClintock tells us that on June 3, 1875, she was in town, shopping; "I bought a new black silk dress, I am so delighted to have it, it is Aunt Mary Ann's present and I shall always hold it sacred to her memory. I miss her so much. Poor Aunt Carrie went to the city with Mrs. Boyd, she looks very badly, I hope she will get better and stronger." On June 6th she wrote, "One week ago this time I was performing my last affectionate office to Aunt Mary Ann, making a wreath for her coffin . . . The funeral took place at three o'clock in the afternoon, many came to the house. The Joneses were the nearest connections of the family, next to our family. There was a very large attendance at the church, the day was beautiful, giving all who knew Aunt Mary Ann [the opportunity] to show their respect to her memory. It has been very lonely all week, I miss her very much, she was always so glad to see me when I went to see her, which was at least twice a day. It is raining very hard but notwithstanding Mrs. Clopper and Aunt Caroline are gone to church . . . There is the church-bell ringing, I should like to be there."

In the Summer of that year Bessie went with Mary Carrie and the children to their sister's in Sussex Court House, Virginia, and on August 22nd she entered in her diary, "Have received letters telling me to come home and that Aunt Caroline is dying. I am so sorry. I would love to see her once more before she leaves us forever. I did not imagine when I left home that Aunt Caroline would be taken so very ill in such a short time, but we never know what one day will bring forth. We are preparing to return home next Wednesday." Mary Carrie and the children had preceded her; Ellen (McClintock) Neblett and son Douglas, whom she had been visiting, accompanied Bessie McClintock back to Beechwood. She did not write in her diary again until January 6th of the following year: "Aunt Caroline took sick in August and was not expected to live but lingered on until December and then died very quietly. I sat up with her, nights, and did all I could for her but, poor old lady, her time had come."

A letter showing genuine feeling was written by J. F. Lake-man of Cumminsville two days after Caroline's death:



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TO EDWARD:

"Permit me to say a few words even in a poor and imperfect manner, growing out of the demise of your aunt *Carrie*, the last of your Grand Fathers family and which has brought to my mind this day reflections and remembrances of earlier days and most vivid recollections. Near thirty-nine years ago I came west. Young and somewhat ambitious, not knowing a single person except the Stevens family who settled in Mt. Healthy a short time before. In a very short time and almost the first acquaintance I made was your Fathers and your Grand Fathers family. They were all sociable, kind, sympathizing and fond of society without ostentation. I don't think they bore the least ill-will to the most unfortunate of our race. Such were your ancestors poorly by me expressed, I know, because language with me fails to express their true goodness. It is not flattery for me to say that a more united, a more devoted family in all that constitutes happiness I have never known excelled or rarely equalled. These are my convictions in an intimate acquaintance of over thirty eight years. What food for reflection on this beautiful Sabbath day, and at the burial of the suffering *Carrie*, the last of your Grand Fathers family. What influences for good they have done, what lasting impressions they have made, eternity only will reveal—Their works will surely follow them, and increasing years will more visibly impress them.

"I have just been reading a long letter written by your *Dear Father* on the Death of our first born, written in 1852, and some Prose and Poetry from your several aunts—all breathing the sweetest sentiments of sincere friendship.

"I trust in the remembrance and death of such, we may *all* be made to feel the powers of *Love* and true charity, and thus be prepared to meet them in that world of the Redeemed whither they have gone. Our own children had an affectionate love for *Carrie*, and talk of her kind and affectionate advice to them in her frequent visits at our humble Home. Excuse these imperfect, but to me impressive remembrances of an acknowledged good and loving family.

"Sincerely your friend

"J. F. LAKEMAN."

This is a remarkably fine tribute, and not to the Cloppers only—it is also one to its writer who, all unconsciously, reveals his own lovable nature. He resided in the old Ludlow Station in Cumminsville and was its last occupant.

Of all her generation in the family Mary (Este) Clopper, now 75 years of age, alone remained. She could not live at Beechwood without companions, so Edward let part of the house to a tenant, reserving the western rooms for his mother's use; from her sitting-room to her bedchamber above it there is a narrow, winding staircase which gave her privacy; and adjoining her sitting-room there was, in her time, a little kitchen where she could prepare her meals. The tenant of the eastern side left in the Summer of 1878 and another was not found until September of 1879; during most of this interval Mary (Este) Clopper was visiting in New Jersey.

There was held at Beechwood on March 9, 1876, a public sale of furniture and household goods belonging to the estates of Caroline and Mary Ann Clopper, deceased. A notice printed

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in both English and German had been distributed in Cummins-ville. William McGary was the auctioneer. Incredible as it seems, the gross receipts were only \$56.35 and the expenses \$17—Edward and his mother had kept all the desirable pieces, no doubt.

Five of Edward and Mary Carrie's children were claimed by death in childhood. Augustus, their first-born, lived only a day; little Joseph fifteen weeks; Alice only a day; Oliver but little more than eight years; and Nellie only a month. A few days after Nellie was born Edward hopefully wrote to his brother-in-law, William Craig McClintock of Lebanon, "The night you stayed at your mother's last week, we welcomed a *little stranger* at our house. We propose to cultivate the acquaintance of our 2d daughter for several years, God willing." But God was not willing; and this was a pathetic illustration of Thomas à Kempis's words, "Man proposes, but God disposes".

For nursing at time of child-birth Mary Carrie usually had Samantha Stratton who was paid five dollars weekly, and who lived with Harriet Stratton, seamstress, on the south side of Spring Grove Avenue opposite Mad Anthony Street.

One of the many treasured possessions at Beechwood is a handsome Swiss music-box which Edward bought from the John Church Company in Cincinnati for \$70 in December of 1877 as a Christmas gift to the family. It plays six pieces by Donizetti, Tedesco, Verdi, Rossini, Weber, and Schulhoff, its tone unusually mellow for such an instrument. In February of 1878 Ollie fell ill with scarlet fever at Sunnyside and the music-box gaily played its airs, trying hard to draw his attention away from his suffering, but as the little lad grew worse, it fell silent. The days dragged on, anxiety changed to despair, and on the 27th this son, whom Edward and Mary Carrie had loved almost to the point of adoration, was taken from them. Mary Carrie wrapped his school-books in a paper and put the parcel away—it is on a shelf in the library at Beechwood to-day. More than half a century later old teachers and pupils of the Camp Washington school still recalled the lovable lad and his father's devotion to him.

At the age of 86 years one of those teachers sent a letter to the writer of these pages, concerning old times—he was Charles P. Belknap and, referring to Edward and Ollie, he said, ". . . And what an adoring father he was! You know, of course, that a little brother preceded you in your family circle—a husky, up-standing little chap, full of life and vitality. Your dear father adored him, and tho' the lad was not yet of school age, brought him to the school-house almost every day of the week. Teachers and pupils all regarded him as "heir apparent to the throne" and wheresoever he chose to roam he was received by all with warm affection. But, suddenly, the grim reaper stepped in and carried him to the realm of heavenly bliss. It almost broke your father's heart—he appeared a sadly changed man for a



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long period of time afterwards. I also knew your mother quite well. She grieved so long and deeply for her little boy . . .”

A year after the child's death his grandmother wrote in Morristown, “. . . every circumstance this time last February is before me—dear precious Ollie.”

To her dying day Mary Carrie cherished the music-box and, heavy as it is, took it with her to Indianapolis where her last years were spent. It is at Beechwood now.

On New Year's Day of 1879 Edward's last child—the writer of these lines—was born at Sunnyside and was given his father's name. Mrs. Baldwin nursed Mary Carrie for five weeks and was paid \$30. In March a cow was bought for \$50 so that “Neddie” might have its milk, and in April a baby-carriage with a rug was purchased for \$15.25. The loss of Ollie led his parents to lavish attention upon this infant and they made his baptism in June an occasion for rejoicing, sending out fifty cards of invitation and serving a supper to the guests. On the day of this sacrament his Grandmother Clopper's gift was a note bearing six per cent interest from November of 1878 for one hundred dollars “to be kept for you till you are twenty-one years of age.”

## LIV

### EDWARD ENTERS PUBLIC LIFE IN TEXAS

A CALL from Houston came to Edward in the Autumn of 1879. There was no hesitancy this time—he answered it at once and went as soon as he could.

John Reichmann, Secretary and Treasurer of the City of Houston and Trustee of its Public Schools, wrote to him on October 29th saying that H. H. Smith, Superintendent of Schools, had resigned and asking him whether he would accept the office if elected. The salary would be \$2,500 for eight months, of which \$2,000 would come from the Peabody Fund—hence it would be necessary to have the approval of Dr. B. Sears of this Fund at Staunton, Virginia, and, having obtained this, Mayor Burke of Houston would nominate him to the City Council.

George Peabody (1795-1869) was an American financier and philanthropist who became a prosperous London broker and, with a gift of \$3,500,000 established the Peabody Education Fund for the promotion of schools in the south of the United States. The general agent for this Fund, B. Sears, whose office was in Staunton, Virginia, addressed a letter to Edward on November 6th informing him that the financial assistance to the Houston schools was to be diminished and finally discontinued, but that, if the city could assume the support of the superintendency, his appointment to this position would be desirable.

On this same November day two other letters were written to Edward, one from Joseph Richardson, Postmaster at Houston, whose brother John, also of this city, had married Sarah Walker of the Cumminsville family; and the other from John Reichmann.

Richardson told him that others would be seeking the superintendency and that Sears would do the deciding; he had a poor opinion of the retiring officer, for he “would not *wear* well in this community or in any community where there exists any degree of penetration. As to his administration I am inclined to think he had his favorites among the Teachers who are almost exclusively ladies & the favorites were, I think, generally Northern pet importations (he is really a yankee, tho’ stated to be from Tenn.) or the friends of influential parties in town, chiefly the latter. Ladies without friends or supposed to be without friends had, I have understood, cause to complain because of harsh, uncalled for & unwarranted remarks. I think a straightforward, efficient *gentleman* who needed not to manipulate to commend himself would be seen to be a great improvement.”



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Reichmann replied to Edward's stated willingness to accept the appointment that he was glad and hoped Sears would approve so that he might be elected by the City Council. He added that at this time Houston had 27 teachers in its public schools: 14 in white and 9 in colored elementary and grammar schools, and 4 in the high school.

Two days later Reichmann wrote again to Edward, informing him in this letter that Mayor Burke had received word from Sears that his appointment would be acceptable to the Peabody Education Fund and assuring him that, although this Fund was withdrawing its support of the Houston schools, "we have no doubt that the City of Houston will pay the same salary thereafter out of her own or the State School fund apportioned to our city," and if Edward was willing to take the position under these circumstances he would please to telegraph to Mayor Burke who would then call a special meeting of the city council to elect him.

Edward, like Barkis, was willin' and on the 13th received this dispatch from Reichmann: "Unanimously elected. Come and take charge as soon as possible." Postmaster Richardson wrote on the 15th concerning this action by the City Council and also reported the illness of his sister-in-law, Sarah (Walker) Richardson.

It was not a simple undertaking to break long-established ties in Cincinnati and make new ones twelve hundred miles away. Edward resigned the Camp Washington principalship which he had held eleven years—not an easy thing to do, for teachers, pupils, and residents were strongly attached to him, as he was to them; nor was it easy to withdraw from the Cumminsville Presbyterian Church of which he was an elder and of whose Sunday School he was the superintendent.

A black walking-stick with a gold head inscribed "E. N. Clopper from the pupils of Grade B, 18th Int. School, Nov. 24, 1879" and a large silver tray and coffee set bearing these words: "A Token of Esteem to Mr. E. N. Clopper from the Teachers and Pupils of the 18th Dist. and 'C' Int. Schools, Cincinnati, O., Nov. 24th, 1879" were presented to him by the Camp Washington School. A copy of the *Holy Bible*, King James version, was "Presented to Sup't E. N. Clopper by the Teachers and Scholars of the Cumminsville Pres. Sabbath School at their Farewell Service Meeting, Sabbath Evening, Nov. 23rd, 1879" and Taine's *History of English Literature* in four volumes, handsomely bound, was "Presented to Bro. E. N. Clopper by the Members of the Cumminsville Presbyterian Church at their Farewell Service meeting, Sabbath Evening, Nov. 23, 1879." All these gifts are at Beechwood to-day. Mrs. A. L. Fillmore who, as Ella Hall in childhood, attended the Camp Washington school and was present when the teachers and pupils bade Edward good-bye, called at Beechwood on April 23, 1938, more than half a century



after the event, and related that they all gathered about him and sang "Blessed be the tie that binds", weeping as they sang.

He gave up his home, Sunnyside, on Hamilton Pike and offered the place for rent. A public sale of his furniture and household goods (except certain pieces which the family especially valued) was held there, William M. McGary acting as auctioneer and receiving a fee of \$37, the proceeds being \$365. The cow was disposed of for \$25—a low price for a quick sale. McGary was named as Edward's agent to manage all his Cincinnati property and to collect the rents.

He bought a railway ticket to Houston for \$39.75 and left Cincinnati on November 27th, going by way of St. Louis and travelling from there in a sleeping-car without further change. He arrived in Houston on Sunday morning, November 30th, and was met at the station by the president of the school board, Capt. E. W. Taylor; Mayor Burke, Capt. Foster, and others called upon him later in the day.

W. H. Williamson of Cumminsville, with whom Edward had often played chess, wrote on December 9th acknowledging receipt of \$100 which Edward had sent him in payment of a note and reporting that Mary Carrie and her two children, Bessie and Edward Jr., were to leave Cincinnati that evening on a steamboat on their way to Texas. Two days later he wrote again, enclosing Edward's note for \$100 which was dated August 9, 1879, and saying that Mr. Miller—probably Charles A. Miller, the undertaker—had taken Mary Carrie and the children to the steamboat "Sherlock" on the 10th, as its departure had been postponed a day. At New Orleans the little party went on board of a steamer and had a rough voyage on the Gulf, Mary Carrie declaring in after years that she was the only passenger with the hardihood to appear in the dining saloon.

Mary Carrie's sister, Bessie McClintock, went to Houston that Winter and remained there six years, organising and conducting a small private school for girls during most of that time. In her very interesting diary she does not tell us when she arrived there, her first entry at that city being dated February 1st, 1880, when she mentioned a few past events which she had neglected to record; the first reference to occurrences in Houston concerns her going to prayer-meeting with Edward on the 4th, only eight other persons being there.

Mary Carrie enjoyed living in a region strange to her but felt more like a visitor than a resident although many attentions were shown her. For instance, Mrs. M. J. Cushing wrote in Houston on March 31, 1880, inviting Mary Carrie and Edward to go to her place at any time and get flowers, having notified her tenant on the place to let them have all the flowers they wished to take; they both went the very next day and got roses.

After having spent the Winter and Spring in Houston Mary Carrie left there on May 23rd for Cincinnati, taking Edward Jr. with her as, she declared, the prolonged season of heat in Texas



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would be bad for him, but leaving her daughter Bessie with Edward and her sister, Bessie McClintock. She went to "the cottage in the yard" at Beechwood where her parents had their home, the main house being occupied then by a family named Wayne and by Mary (Este) Clopper who had the western rooms as her place of residence, while Sunnyside had been let to a family named Domhoff at \$31 a month.

She had been in a disturbed state of mind for some time and for no apparent reason. In her diary entry for May 5th Bessie McClintock says, "Mary was so unpleasant last night, does say such bitter things to one. It makes me feel miserable. I think it so wrong to have so little love and respect for one so near you." Bessie Clopper, years afterward, recalled another outburst of her mother's at this time: her father, with Edward Jr. in his arms, was pacing the floor, saying not a word, while her mother was pouring out a tirade because the women school-teachers were so devoted to him and paid him so much attention. It was sheer jealousy. To be consistent, she would have had to rave at all times against all who knew him, men and women alike, for whoever knew him admired him. Even now, as I write these lines sixty-odd years after his death, there are old people who were pupils of his and who still delight in singing his praises. One of them, an elderly woman, told me not long ago that she had called on a dentist who, when a boy, had been a school-mate of hers in Camp Washington; they talked of their principal and the dentist confessed that he himself had been a mischievous lad and was sent one day to the principal's office for punishment; Mr. Clopper did not punish him, however—he only looked at him as though he were disappointed and said, "My boy, I was counting on you to help me have a good school here and keep things in order, but you've gone back on me," then added that he still hoped for that help. The dentist declared that, boy though he was, he went out of the office with such a sense of his own importance in the scheme of things and of his own responsibility as a member of the school that he gave no further trouble and saw matters thereafter in a new light which had lasted through the years. But Mary Carrie could be gracious in her manner.

Writing at Beechwood to Edward on June 17th, 1880, Mary (Este) Clopper mentions a storm and the breaking of the canal bank in two places "above Murmett's Basin and below us—the water rushed into our cellar . . . Rhoda Carey and her Mary spent the afternoon with me Decoration Day, after tea we went to the cottage—Mary received me most cordially and pleasantly, babe was well—did not hear from there till the next Monday evening, setting with the family on the porch Mr. Wayne told me that Mr. McClintock had told him as they came from the city on the car, the babe was very sick, Dr visiting him &c—on Tuesday I went to the cottage, did not see him, he was sleeping, his mother told me he was a very sick child, Sabbath night did not think he would



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live, and she had written to you &c. When I went again I did see the dear little one in his hammock very much better, and his striking resemblance to dear Ollie—dear, dear happy Ollie, no more sickness or suffering for him. Yesterday as I was going to the Missionary Society, saw him walking with his mother, spoke to both. Had an interesting meeting, came home and, as Florence wanted to go to the prayer meeting, after tea I went over with her . . . today I enter on my 81st year . . . I feel perfectly well as ever I did, and enjoy every day as it passes . . . 8 were baptised, Florence Wayne one of them . . . The gardener and Mr. Wayne both pay, the fence on this place needs much attention, the bridge stands but needs fixing, hardly safe, the bad boys are as numerous as ever . . .”

Mary (Este) Clopper wrote her will on March 18th, not in the usual legalistic way but in the form of instructions addressed to her son: “In case I should be so suddenly taken . . . I have enough to pay my funeral expenses, and it is my wish, will, and desire that a stone . . . be put at my grave by the side of my husband to mark my resting place, and a *rose* . . . I do wish you to keep my father’s portrait, and the large hair matrass. Give some things to Samantha Stratton and Dutch Louisa. My best china things send to my nieces, Elizabeth Bell, Sarah & Mary Nottingham with a pair of my best blankets and white bedspread. My likeness, some pictures, my clothing and other bedding send to my brother Alfred and his family—they *need* everything. Sell the feather beds, three—keep for yourself the bolster & pillows for your matrass in the front room—for what you sell after expenses are paid *send* the *money* to my brother Alfred, North Constantia, Oswego County, New York. I would like you to keep Adie Rogers Boy from Whittier’s poem, dear Ollie used to look at it so much. Keep any other things you wish. I wish Mr. Reynolds invited, he has been by me, [to conduct] my funeral—give him \$25. The folding chair I have given to Samantha. Elizabeth Bell’s direction is Cookoo Post Office, Pendleton Station, Louisa County, East Virginia. You keep this. I joined the church under Dr. Wm McDowell’s ministry in Morristown, N. J., Sept 7th, 1817, then Dr. Joshua L. Wilson’s in Cincinnati 1827, then 1st church in Cumminsville I think 1868. Keep as an old memento the large lookingglass, my father got it from Italy very many years ago.”

Fate did not let Edward carry out these instructions. A stone and a rose-bush were placed at her grave in the family lot in Spring Grove Cemetery. Her father’s portrait was probably given to relatives of hers, for the writer has never seen it. One gathers that Adie Rogers had painted a picture of Whittier’s Barefoot Boy but the writer does not recall ever having seen this either. An old mirror, probably the one referred to, hangs in the library at Beechwood. The woman she refers to as “Dutch Louisa” was, if memory serves me well, a German who lived in the gardener’s cottage near the railroad; although I was not yet three years



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old when Mary (Este) Clopper died I have always had, in what I believe to be memory, a vivid picture of her sitting in the southwestern room downstairs at Beechwood, smiling and offering me a cookie, and beside her at the time was Louisa.

For the Cumminsville Presbyterian church, C. F. Rankin wrote to Edward on April 1st acknowledging receipt of \$50 in payment of his subscription of 1877 and reporting that many were joining the church at the revival meetings then being held.

William M. McGary, the real estate agent in Cumminsville to whom Edward had entrusted the care of his property, sent \$61.43 to him in Houston on March 8th, this amount being the rents collected, less expenses.

McGary paid to Mary (Este) Clopper monthly her share of the rent of the Everett Street property.

In Houston on April 26th, Edward wrote to his mother saying, "This month April will make five months that you have recd Beechwood rent @ \$15. That makes \$75 and I send you the following receipt. Please sign it and return it to me. Keep on taking Beechwood rent & after a while credit it on my \$500 note as so much paid on it. Did you collect \$2 from Samantha Stratton in March? If not please do so & keep it on my a/c." His mother noted at the top of this paper, "The receipt was for \$75 a legacy left me in her will in the Spring of 1875 by Mary Ann C. Clopper, my son her executor. Returned the receipt Monday 26th April 1880"—but the two dates could not have been the same.

Edward had written to her on March 9th telling her of the death in Houston of Sarah Walker, wife of John Richardson, and that John was carrying this letter to Cincinnati. He was glad to know that Ella Mills, Jeannie Mills, and Aunt Louisa called on her at Beechwood. On Mardi Gras he went to Galveston and called on Preston Perry at whose house David G. Burnet died. Perry told him of the purchase of half of Edward E. Este's tract in Medina County and the taxes paid on the whole could not be got back; 738 acres were left for Mary (Este) Clopper. Little Neddie was learning to walk, Mary Carrie had not weaned him yet. Bessie was learning at school but was very fond of play. Houston has plenty of money for schools and salaries are paid promptly. School buildings and property are all paid for, no debts. He thinks of buying a cottage and lot for himself and family, six rooms and fifty-foot lot for \$2,000.

H. H. Smith, Edward's predecessor in the superintendency of Houston's schools, now in charge of the Normal Institute at Huntsville, Texas, wrote to Edward on May 24th asking him to take part in a Summer institute there from July 7th to August 13th for about \$200, board costing \$14 or \$15 a calendar month including washing. This invitation was declined, as Edward had business to attend to in Cincinnati.

The second annual commencement exercises of the Houston Normal and High School were held on June 18th. The program was made up of recitations (several of them in the German



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language), music, tableaux, an address by A. S. Richardson, the presentation of diplomas, and the awarding of the Peabody prize medals. Three days after this event Edward boarded a train, on his way north; his daughter Bessie and his sister-in-law Bessie McClintock remaining in Houston.

Writing at Beechwood on June 26th to Bessie McClintock whom he addresses at 291 Texas Avenue, Houston, Edward tells her that all are well but Neddie is pale from recent illness. He had taken Mary Carrie and her mother into the city the night before where they heard the Jubilee Singers but missed the 10:30 avenue car returning and were obliged to wait for the 11:30 Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad train which landed them at home at 12:10; Mary Carrie's father had cared for Neddie who missed his mother and cried. "I suppose Mr. Wann comes regularly"—referring to Thomas Wann, a widower with a thirteen-year-old son who had been courting her since March, had proposed in June, and was rejected in August. Edward then asks whether Henry cares for Charlie—evidently a horse; "if the weather is pleasant take a ride out Main St. Henry can hitch up for you. But don't go out in the mud—it is too hard to clean the wheels."

It will be remembered that Edward had been made treasurer of the public funds derived from Section 29 of Millcreek Township in Hamilton County, Ohio, for the support of religion and that Samuel Caldwell was one of the bondsmen held with Edward for the faithful performance of the duties of this office. On March 8th Caldwell wrote to Edward making known to him that a *resident* treasurer of the fund was preferred and that Edward should not invest any part of it otherwise than as directed by the common pleas court. On July 28th Edward turned over to him the sum of \$1,930.22 in bonds and cash, being the entire amount of the fund after distribution to churches. His account of this Ministerial Fund for the period from October of 1878 to July of 1880 shows that he had received from Isaac Bates, the former treasurer, \$2,038.33 invested in U. S. bonds which were sold and the proceeds invested in bonds of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad and also in one \$100 U. S. bond. Then the \$2,000 in bonds of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad were exchanged for an equal amount in bonds of the Masonic Temple paying six per cent. Interest was collected, expenses paid, and the balance of the income distributed among the Cumminsville Presbyterian church, Camp Washington church, Winton Place church, First Evangelical German Protestant church, York Street Methodist church, Asbury Methodist church, two Roman Catholic churches, and College Hill Presbyterian church—hence the share of each was inconsiderable. Edward relinquished the office with a sigh of relief and started back to Houston alone on July 29th.

In an entry made in her diary at Houston on July 14th Bessie McClintock wrote: ". . . Mr. Wann comes every evening, is one of the kindest men I ever met, nothing is too good for



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me . . . I have a little day school which is doing well. My drawing school is also very flourishing . . . I do wonder whether Mr. W. is the man. I think very little about him, he does not electrify me in the least but I know he is perfectly good and sincere, but still I would like a younger man and would like one more my opposite in complexion, he is brown-eyed and brown-haired like myself. I have much amusement with him and May Thomson. Mr. W. gave me a handsome copy of Byron's Poetical Works. His sister sent her love across the Atlantic to me."

Edward's mother, writing at Beechwood on August 8th, told him that when he left she had watched him cross the foot-bridge and go on until he was out of sight, then had gone to her room and had prayed for his safety—did she have a premonition that she would never see him again? "When you have passed your four-score years, left alone as I am, parting with a dear, an only child—all the heart holds dear on earth—after filling the relation of daughter, sister, niece, cousin, aunt, wife, mother, grandmother—sisters and brothers-in-law one after another now in the peaceful grave—*then* perhaps you can realise my feelings of utter desolateness that only my own heart knows—this heart was for the strongest ties of friendship, and perhaps too sensitive to conflict with coldness and selfishness, yet I keep cheerful—I still do enjoy the many hourly blessings I receive and can truly say 'Goodness and mercy have followed me, all my days'. *You* are spared to me, blessed with health, a useful, respected, honored citizen, an affectionate kind son, and doing well—what could a mother ask for more?" She mentions having received from him a newspaper (New York Daily Graphic of July 7th) with scenes of Houston, a postal card from St. Louis, and a letter from Houston dated August 1st, the day of his arrival there, and referring to a visit to the Hubbards in Indianapolis on the way. "Last Saturday eve Mr. Wayne paid me only \$15—I did ask, he said he had been disappointed in receiving money &c. The gardener paid. Mr. McGary is now able to ride out, hope he will be able to attend to Everett Street. Sometimes I fear the family [Wayne] will move away from here, I do hope not—think it is inconvenient and so lonesome in Winter—the people here are not attentive to them, they are accustomed to good society and feel it—once were wealthy, kept their carriage, servants &c. I made a delightful visit at Mrs. Brown's, Clifton, all enquired for you . . . Miss Nelly is so good, indeed they all are—Peter is now in southern California, met Mr. Shields there—I had a glass of such delicious Cal. wine. Mr. Shields [who once lived in the cottage at Beechwood] kindly sends me a pamphlet. Peter likes [it] there—it is too dark to see." She continued the letter on August 14th, having visited a Mrs. Phillips for two days in the meantime. She has heard from Mary Hubbard of Indianapolis saying they were glad to see Edward but his visit was too short. "On last Wednesday Lewis Hubbard and wife came to visit me, I was so very glad to have them come,



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on Thursday he got a carriage, we took a lunch basket, fruit cake &c, rode through the cemetery—going to Clifton had a narrow escape, the express, no warning signal, but no accident—a lovely ride to Zoological Garden, much entertained, sat to rest under the cool shade of a large tree and enjoy our lunch, returned through Mt. Auburn and the city. Had a good time yesterday, Lewis & wife were over to Covington and this morning went in to the Art Union, public library, and shop at Shillito's &c. Lewis has a lovely amiable wife, will be 20 next month, they are so happy, leave on Monday perhaps for Niagara. Lewis is 28. I will miss them so much when they leave. Mrs. Goforth is quite sick . . . Mr. Alden [minister of Cumminsville Presbyterian church] has gone to Chautauqua—his last sermon was from Genesis, 'And Lot pitched his tent towards Sodom', a most faithful warning to everybody, hope good may come from it. Joseph Thomson will preach here during Mr. A's absence . . ." August 16th. Lewis Hubbard and his wife left on two o'clock train. "I do enjoy the visits of my friends, never feel it a burden as some do, to try to make it comfortable for them. I was made to live in society—yet can be contented, even happy, in solitude . . . Remember me kindly to John Thomson & wife. Have you met Ben Ludlow, he lives in Austin . . . Got a beautiful letter from Jeanie Mills from Massachusetts, all our friends are well & enjoying themselves."

On his return to Houston Edward resumed his work as superintendent with enthusiasm and with confidence in the future. John Reichmann had written to him in July telling him that the Academy property had been purchased and would be repaired, and that Sears of the Peabody Fund had died, hence there might be no aid from this source thereafter.

He wrote to his mother on August 21st, referring to the visit of a week which Mary Carrie and Neddie had paid at the home of Mary Carrie's brother, James McClintock, and he wishes they were in Houston but it is too hot now. On the 19th he had taken Bessie Clopper and Bessie McClintock to Galveston where they had a good time on the beach, reminding him of his visit there with his mother in 1854; at four o'clock in the morning he went fishing on the bay with two other men, stayed out until after sun-rise, and came in with—good appetites. He has been unanimously elected as Superintendent of Schools for another year and has bought from Capt. Foster 2½ lots with house and stable on Preston Street in Block 27 on south side of Buffalo Bayou, paying \$1,000 down; the house has two storeys, hall and porches.

On August 26th he wrote to Mary Carrie who was still with her parents in the cottage at Beechwood and we learn from his letter that Judge Harmon in Cincinnati had overruled a motion for a new trial of the Mack case. He has bought Capt. Foster's place for \$3,600, just half of what he paid for Sunnyside. The banana trees in its yard are growing well. At present it is occu-



pied by a tenant and he expects to have possession by October 1st, possibly sooner. Bessie McClintock has the promise of many scholars for her little private school and wishes to rent Mrs. Bell's small school-house on Texas Avenue opposite Dr. Blake's. "She *takes* very well indeed with the people here." She has given up Tom Wann and he has dropped her. He would like to dispose of Sunnyside in Cumminsville and has asked McGary to advertise it at \$8,000 and sell for not less than \$7,500.

In September he wrote seven letters to Mary Carrie, chiefly about her coming to Houston and the furnishing of their new home there. He tells her to take the rent paid by the Sunnyside tenant and buy her ticket to Houston. Bessie McClintock has made a mistake in discarding Mr. Wann. On the 19th he described his life in Houston and advised her about the journey south. A man named Porter was living in the house he had bought, so he cannot move into it until it is vacated. Negro women are making \$2 and \$3 a day picking cotton on the plantations, hence domestic service is hard to find. The Academy will be a fine building when finished. The Peabody Fund has paid the \$1,000 promised for the last school year and \$750 for half of the coming one. Bessie McClintock expects to get the little school-house on Texas Avenue; she sketched him with his double chin and he encloses the drawing which is a profile showing sideburns, mustache, and tiny goatee as well as double chin.

Two days later he wrote to her again, saying that Porter was preparing to move and that Bessie McClintock had engaged the little school-house and had ordered desks, table, and black-board.

The last letter he wrote to Mary Carrie bears the date of September 26th: "As I write now I am listening to the fall of the rain upon the large leaves of *our banana* tree, growing handsomely in front of one of the windows in *our dining* room. You must know that we are safely moved into our own house now and I already begin to feel like a *lord* instead of a *tenant*. We moved out of the Roos house yesterday . . . I am sorry to hear about Mr. Williamson's ill fortune. He was a good friend of mine. If you see him before you come away, tell him I have beat the town at chess since I came back. Without boasting I may say that I have played with six different gentlemen a number of games, about 22 or 23, and only lost six games."

His enjoyment of his new home was brief and Mary Carrie was never to share it with him.

## LV

### EDWARD DEPARTS THIS LIFE IN TEXAS

EAGERLY striving to put his new home in order and helping to carry his books into the house when they were delivered, Edward became very warm, took a bath, then sat in the cool hall. A cold came on and quickly developed into pneumonia. He died on October 2nd, only six days after he had written so hopefully to his wife and when, it seems, he had no suspicion of illness.

Sixteen teachers signed the following statement in the Houston High School on October 4th, addressing it to Mary Carrie: "We have met in our accustomed places, but not with our usually unclouded faces and light hearts—for we look and listen in vain for the face and step of one who, promptest, merriest, brightest of all, has left us. We, with our limited earthly vision, feel that in the death of our beloved Superintendent and Principal, he has been taken before his life was complete. Useful and untiring in every sphere where Public Good was in question, unselfish, attentive, affectionate, and ever thoughtful to those he loved, he won the respect, admiration, and affection of all who ever came under the influence of his association. Yet in the home circle his noble qualities were best shown. To the wife and little ones, the aged mother, and other dear relatives, his loss is irreparable: with them be it our privilege to unite in mourning his untimely end—looking with Faith beyond the Present to the Future, where we shall better understand the mysterious working of that Kind and Heavenly Father who never willingly afflicts; but in submission let us bow, feeling as well as saying, 'Thy will, not ours, be done'."

Houston's mayor at the time, W. R. Baker, sent Mary Carrie a copy of the resolutions adopted by the City Council and added his "personal regrets not for the loss the Public have sustained but for the irreparable and overwhelming misfortune that has overtaken you, in depriving you of a husband respected and honored by the Public and affectionately remembered by all who had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance." These resolutions were passed on the very day of his death and speak of him as "a zealous and efficient leader in the cause of education" and mention "his upright life among us, embodying, as it has, all the virtues which the true citizen should represent"—qualities which "have endeared him to the hearts and minds of the entire community"; in his death "the City of Houston has suffered a loss as well to her educational interests as to her citizenship,



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which is and will be ever deeply felt and deplored by the entire community, and by none more so than the younger portion of our people who have felt the good and quickening effect of his able and energetic discharge of his duties as Superintendent of our Schools." Out of respect for his memory the City Council adjourned after having approved these resolutions.

On the 14th of October "The Board of Trustees of the Public Schools of Houston, desirous of expressing their heartfelt regrets at the sad and unexpected demise of Prof. Edward N. Clopper, late Superintendent of Public Schools of the City of Houston, Texas, have unanimously passed the following: RESOLVED that although it was our good fortune to have Superintendent E. N. Clopper in our midst but a short while, we recognized in him a man of superior attainments, one who was worthy of being entrusted with the responsible task of directing the education of our children. How earnest a worker he was, how faithfully he performed his manifold duties, how enthusiastic in the cause of education, is attested by the excellent standard to which he raised our Public Schools. His charming, bright, and gentlemanly disposition, as well as his whole-souled devotion to his duties, won for him the love and respect of this whole community, who unite in sincerely mourning for one who, too early, has been called from his sphere of eminent usefulness. *Our children loved him*, and no more appropriate or eloquent epitaph can we engraft upon his tomb to testify to his worth. His colleagues on this Board of Trustees lose in him *an active worker*, a wise counsellor, and a dear friend whose memory will be cherished by us forever . . . E. W. Taylor, B. C. Simpson, John Reichmann, Board of Trustees."

I have often, at Beechwood, looked at these resolutions of the school board's, inscribed within a border made by the flourishes of a skillful pen as was the fashion of those times, and have sensed the sincerity of their wording, even while smiling at the innocent ambiguity of the first clause after "RESOLVED"—and I am certain that, if there be any life after death, my father smiles with me through his tears.

For these tributes were genuine. Every word I have ever heard spoken about my father accords with them. When he died I was too young to have any recollection of him and have always envied those who had. Unquestionably he was a remarkable man, for only a remarkable man could have had his memory kept green for so many years in the minds and hearts of so many people. During a long period my own work took me to many parts of the country and reports of my activities in local newspapers often attracted the notice of his former pupils who happened to be in the vicinity, because my own name is the same as his; they would come to see me and ask whether I was related to him and, learning that I was his son, invariably spoke of him with real enthusiasm and affection. Others, with feeble step, have walked across the foot-bridge and up the hillside to our



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old homestead, Beechwood, just to pay respect to his memory. Surely a life, brief though it was, whose effect was so profound and lasting, was not lived in vain.

Charles P. Belknap was a teacher in the Camp Washington school when my father was its principal. At the age of 86 years he wrote to me saying, "Your father was one of the best, most kind-hearted men I have ever known. I was well acquainted with all the Cincinnati School Principals. Some of them gained great fame as disciplinarians, skilled promoters of the young idea, etc., etc., but not one of them was so universally beloved by all the pupils under his charge as was your father. He was firm, but kind and tho' I never knew him to use the rod, his control over the whole school was perfect. He had a keen sense of humor and his jovial laugh would ring out, filling the hearts of all with merriment and good will, in many a case where some other executive would have seen a darker side and filled the scene with gloom . . . Your father devoted all his leisure time to his home and to his church . . . Going south was a sad, sad mistake in your father's life—we teachers urged and entreated him not to go. He, physically, was so strong and healthy, had he been content to remain a Cincinnati School Principal he might have lived to a good old age, as did nearly all of his colleagues . . ."

The annual report of the Houston Public Schools for 1881-82, written by Edward's successor in office, F. E. Burnette, who came from Putnam, Connecticut, contains an historical account from which the following excerpts have been taken:

"A brief review of Prof. Clopper's administration, or so much of it as appears on the records, indicates that the Board had secured a Superintendent who united to the necessary mental and moral qualities a kindliness of disposition, and a geniality of manner and address, which secured for him the respect and support of the teachers, the confidence and esteem of the Board, the affection of the pupils, and the cordial regard of the patrons.

"His thorough acquaintance with improved methods of graded schools, his earnest sympathy with the work of his teachers, his keen sense of justice in deciding upon matters of difficulty, united to executive ability of a high order, stamped him as a true man and a true teacher. The influence exerted by such a man was incalculable, and the best monument which could be designed to commemorate the virtue and ability of E. N. Clopper is visible to the most casual eye in the results of his labors in the schools of Houston. As his successor in office I cannot fail to appreciate his handiwork, in that it materially aids my own labors, and I cannot forbear adding my testimonial to his worth as exhibited to me in the lasting impression he has left upon our educational system.

"During his administration the system of schools assumed more uniform and definite shape than had yet been possible, a higher standard of requirement was fixed for teachers, and a more searching examination insisted on, while the progress of



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pupils from grade to grade was rendered definite and uniform by thorough examinations at stated intervals.

"Mr. Clopper acted as ex-officio Principal of the High School. Miss Eunice Smith being Associate Principal and having personal supervision of the pupils. In March, 1880, a matter was broached by the School Board which promised much for the schools in the outset but which finally, owing to the antagonism of persons interested in the defeat of the matter, resulted in nothing. I refer to the written request of the School Board to the Executive Committee of the Volksfest, asking them to turn over to the schools the sum of \$2,000 (which had accumulated in the treasury of the latter, and \$1,000 of which had been sacredly devoted to the establishment of a German-English School) with the understanding that the German language should be taught free of charge in the Houston schools, the said amount to be used to aid in purchasing a school building. This plan, so fair and so evidently advantageous to both sides, at first was discussed favorably, but was at length defeated by a single vote. The \$2,000 was lent to the Houston Turn-Verein and, so far as known, is still in their possession, the German-English school not having obtained a cent of it. The School Board, in the meantime, as will presently appear, obtained the school building by a different method, German was introduced and, in the course of time, was taught as it still is taught, free of charge. While giving our German fellow-citizens due credit, therefore, for conscientious management of the fund, we must question the soundness of the judgment that led them to reject the offer of the School Board.

"An important event occurred during the month of August, 1880, whereby the schools received a lasting benefit. Reference is made to the purchase by the city authorities of Houston of what was known as the Houston Academy, with the block of ground on which it stands, for \$7,500 (or fifteen bonds of \$500 each) and its subsequent transfer to the Board of Trustees for school purposes. Centrally located, as was this building, its possession largely increased the school facilities and the Board, having accepted the trust, made the building ready for occupancy in the fall.

"The High School was opened early in September in a rented building, and the opening of the graded schools was delayed until October 18th, on account of repairs in progress on the Academy. A new course of study had been prepared by Sup't Clopper and adopted by the Board, presenting new and valuable educational features, and the prospects of the school system seemed brighter and based upon firmer foundations than ever before.

"On the 4th day of October, 1880, the Board was called together in special session and President Taylor conveyed to the members the melancholy tidings of the sudden death of Superintendent Clopper on Saturday, October 2nd.

"President Taylor was authorised to act as Superintendent until a successor could be selected. The death of Prof. Clopper



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was the subject of general and sorrowful comment on the part of the public, while the Board of Trustees, though shocked by the suddenness of the sad event, were urged to elect another Superintendent in time for the opening of schools. In response to a numerously signed petition of leading citizens, the building lately purchased and about to be occupied, was called 'Clopper Institute' in honor of the deceased, a title which it still bears and will, we hope, bear always as a testimonial of Houston's appreciation of a noble and successful teacher."

Edward was a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and both the Lone Star Lodge No. 1 of Houston and the Millcreek Lodge No. 249 of Cincinnati declared in appropriate resolutions their sorrow over his passing. The Houston body stated, "In all his public and private relations in life he was deservedly respected, honored, and beloved, and his example is most worthy of emulation." The Cincinnati lodge said, "Bro. Clopper was a man of energy and intellect, endowed by nature and education to fill in an eminent degree his professional calling, that of an educator. His Christian character marked him as a model worthy of imitation. In his social qualities he excelled, and as an Odd Fellow his life was a perpetual illustration of the grand tenets of our order: Friendship, Love, and Truth."

The Houston Presbyterian Sunday School, of which also he was superintendent, likewise drew up a set of resolutions concerning its grief over the taking off of its "honored and beloved leader" and added, "Yet, while we sorrow that our beloved brother will no more be in attendance upon our meetings nor encourage us by his happy smile, his loving words, and his good works, 'we mourn not as those without hope', for he has 'fought the good fight', he has 'kept the faith', and while he is enjoying the reward for the deeds done in the body, our loss is his eternal gain." Twenty-one names of his associates in the Sunday School are signed to this statement.

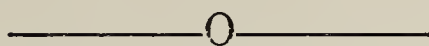
In the Autumn of 1880 the Cumminsville Presbyterian church celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding at Lingo and Langland Streets and on this occasion "A memorial cross at the foot of the pulpit bore the initials E. N. C., a tribute to the memory of the late E. N. Clopper whose sudden demise in Houston, Texas, startled his friends of the church but a few short weeks ago."

Edward's mother wrote to Bessie McClintock in Houston on October 10th, thanking her for her letter giving particulars of his death. She says that she had been informed of it on October 2nd by Mr. Livingston and recalls that she had parted from him only a few weeks before. Referring to Edward Jr. she writes that "dear babe" has been very sick but is now about. "I am told your sister expects to start with him for Texas this week [Mary Carrie did not go, however] . . . I would like some of my dear son's hair. I feel too much overcome to write more." She asks whether the ring he wore on his finger was taken off, if so, she would like



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to have it. Bessie McClintock had sent her a little spray of blossoms, for on an envelope, now empty, she wrote at the time, "These few flowers were inclosed in a letter to me by Bessie McClintock after *my son's death*. Oh! is he too gone! how can—O, how can I endure this *anguish* of soul—this unexpected, sudden, severe affliction—*my son*, *my idol*, *my all*—Oh my God, support me or I must sink under it." Poor old soul! she followed him into the next world just one year later.



This American family gave four of its sons to Texas. Some of them had gone there as members of Austin's colony in its first year. One was killed by Indians at the mouth of the Colorado before that year was out. Another died of fever at San Felipe on the Brazos in 1828. A third spent half of his life as a settler there and yielded it on the San Jacinto in 1853. These three were brothers. Now their nephew, only grandson of Nicholas the pioneer, breathed his last on Lone Star soil. Times had changed, hardships had given way to comforts, cities had been built where red men roamed only sixty years before, organised society with the refinements of life had taken the place of the rough and ready ways of the colonist, and one of the highest offices in the gift of this vigorous people had been entrusted to this scion of the old stock. He did his duty well. It would have warmed his grandfather's heart if he could have seen the flourishing city of Houston with its public schools committed to the direction of a Clopper and its residents beaming with pride, even though it was, as it were, but for a day.

## THE CLOPPER LINEAGE

1. Cornelius Jansen Clopper and Heyltje Pieters were married in New Amsterdam, 1657, and had
  2. Dina, born 1658; died young.
  3. Margaret, born 1660; married Olphert Suert 1682.
  4. Johannes, born 1663; died young.
  5. John, baptised February 8, 1665; died 1695.
  6. Catalina, born 1667; married 1st, Jan Dirckzen 1686; and 2nd, John Stephens 1692.
  7. Petronella, born 1669; married Albert van de Water 1688.
  8. Cornelius, born 1672; married Aefje Lucas 1696.
  9. Dina, born 1675; married William Cooley 1700.
  10. Pieter, born 1677; died young.
5. John Clopper married 1st, Maryken Sourt 1684 and had
  11. Ytje (Ilien), born 1685.  
John married 2nd, Margaret Hagen 1688 and had
  12. Cornelius II, born 1689; died 1740.
  13. Anna, born 1691; married 1st, Patrick McKnight; and 2nd, John Thompson.
12. Cornelius Clopper II married Catharine Grevenraet 1711 and had
  14. John II, born 1712; died 1786.
  15. Andries, born 1714.
  16. Cornelius Jr., born 1716; died 1797; married Catharine Keteltas 1749.
  17. Pieter, born 1718; died 1802; married Elizabeth Lefferts 1743.
  18. Isaac, born 1720; died 1732.
  19. Margarita, born 1722; married Anthony Rutgers, 1741.
  20. Anna, born 1724.
  21. Hendrickus, born 1726; died 1787; married Margaret Keteltas 1753.
  22. Catharina, born 1728; married John Van Alen 1767.
  23. Cornelia, born and died 1731.
14. John Clopper II married Elizabeth Ten Eyck 1734 and had
  24. Cornelius III, born in New York 1735; died in Baltimore 1798.
24. Cornelius Clopper III married 1st, Rachel Low 1757 and had
  25. Elizabeth, born 1758; married 1st, Benjamin May; and 2nd, Joseph Biays.
  26. John, born 1760; died at The Woodlands 1842; married 1st, Elizabeth .....; and 2nd, Sarah Noble.
  27. Peter, born 1764; died in Baltimore 1829; married Rachel Janvier, no issue.
  28. Nicholas, born 1766; died at Beechwood 1841.
  29. Rachel, born 1769; died in New York 1772.
  30. Andrew, born 1771; died in Baltimore 1824; married Ann Torrence.
  31. Edward Nicholas, born in Baltimore 1773; died in Greensburg, Penna., 1857; married 1st, Mrs. Grace Dorsey McCurdy; and 2nd, Mrs. Hetty Barclay Young.
  32. Abraham Duryea, born in Baltimore 1776; died 1826; unmarried.  
Cornelius Clopper III married 2nd, Christina Casaart, widow of Martin Nevius, 1783, and had
  33. Cornelius, born 1784; drowned at Baltimore 1794.
  34. Francis Cassatt, born 1786; died at The Woodlands 1868; married Ann Jane Byrne 1811.



## THE CLOPPER LINEAGE

28. Nicholas Clopper and Rebecca Chambers were married in Chambersburg, Penna., 1790, and had
  35. Andrew M., born in Chambersburg, 1791; died in Texas, 1853; unmarried.
  36. Robert C., (Andrew's twin) born 1791; died in Chambersburg, 1793.
  37. Rebecca C., born in Chambersburg 1792; died at Beechwood 1845; unmarried.
  38. Nicholas, born in Chambersburg 1794; killed by Indians in Texas 1822; unmarried.
  39. Edward, born in February and died in March, 1798 in Chambersburg.
  40. Caroline C., born in Chambersburg 1800; died at Beechwood, 1875; unmarried.
  41. Joseph C., born in Chambersburg 1802; died at Beechwood 1861.
  42. Edward Nicholas, born in Chambersburg 1803; died in Texas 1828; unmarried.
  43. Abraham, born in Chambersburg 1805; died there 1806.
  44. Mary Ann Catherine, born on Greenfield Farm, Maryland, 1807; died at Beechwood 1875; unmarried.
  45. Rachel Ruhamah, born on Greenfield Farm, Maryland, 1809; died at Beechwood 1845; unmarried.
  
41. Joseph C. Clopper and Mary McCune Este were married in Cincinnati 1829 and had
  46. Anna Rebecca, born at Millview 1837; died there 1838.
  47. Edward Nicholas, born at Millview 1840; died in Texas 1880.
  48. Mary, born and died at Millview 1844.
  
47. Edward Nicholas Clopper and Mary Caroline McClintock were married in Christ Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, in January of 1865 and had
  49. Augustus, born at Beechwood October 14, 1865; died next day.
  50. Joseph C., born at Beechwood June 17, 1867; died there on September 29, 1867.
  51. Alice, born and died at Beechwood July 5, 1868.
  52. Oliver M., born at Beechwood October 24, 1869; died at Sunnyside February 27, 1878.
  53. Bessie, born at Sunnyside October 6, 1871; married Thomas P. Bethell 1890; died at Evanston, Illinois, Dec. 31, 1944.
  54. Nellie, born at Sunnyside March 1, 1876; died there on March 30, 1876.
  55. Edward Nicholas, born at Sunnyside January 1, 1879.
  
55. Edward Nicholas Clopper and Grace Lydia Moser were married in the Moser family's residence, Mt. Healthy, Ohio, and had
  56. Rhoda, born at Beechwood 1900; married 1st, William A. Short at Beechwood, June, 1925, and had
    - Ellen Foster, born in Nashville, Tennessee, August 5, 1927.
    - Rhoda married 2nd, George F. Hubbard in Greenwich, Conn., April 4, 1945. Ellen's surname changed to Hubbard.
  57. Josephine, born in Mt. Healthy December 22, 1901; died in Greenwich, Connecticut, April 21, 1919, and ashes buried in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati.
  58. Cornelius Jansen, born in San Juan, Puerto Rico, May 29, 1904.
  
58. Cornelius Jansen Clopper and Helen Smith were married in Hackensack, New Jersey, December 31, 1927.

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